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## The Brains of the Family<sup>\*</sup>

A SIDE-SPLITTING DOMESTIC COMEDY

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ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DEREMEAUX

**B**ARBARA and Jasper had been excused from the dinner-table. The serving maid had also disappeared from the dining-room; but Phineas Warren and his wife lingered.

The head of the family stirred his coffee and regarded it with an affectionate but doubtful eye. He sighed. Then he thrust the cup slowly from him and reached into a waistcoat pocket, from which he extracted a small bottle. He unscrewed the cap of the bottle, poured three white pellets into his palm, transferred them to his mouth, and took a swallow of water.

Mrs. Warren did not even look up from her coffee, for she knew exactly what he was doing. He always did it.

"They won't do you the least bit of good," she said.

Mr. Warren did not bother even to glance at her. He knew in advance exactly what she was going to say. She always said it.

He straightened in his chair and passed a hand uneasily up and down his waistcoat. That garment felt very tight. Presently he would go up-stairs to his den and unbutton it.

"No medicine will do you any good," added Mrs. Warren, and sipped her coffee thoughtfully.

This time Phineas Warren looked up. The last remark was not according to the ritual. What Mrs. Warren should have said was:

"Why in the world don't you stop taking that patent medicine and have Dr. Walker's prescription filled? But you are so stubborn!"

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The fact that she had departed from the ritual occasioned a certain mild interest in him.

"Why won't medicine do me any good?" he asked.

"Because you are long past the rhubarb-and-soda stage, Phineas."

He bit off the end of a cigar before he answered; also he again stroked his vest, solicitously and gingerly.

"Do you think I'm taking rhubarb and soda?" he demanded. "I haven't touched the stuff in years. Rhubarb and soda! That's for infants. That's for the novice class. A barrel of rhubarb and soda wouldn't do me any good. I'm up among the postgraduates."

Mrs. Warren took another sip of coffee. He found no pleasure in the spectacle.

"Rhubarb and soda!" he repeated contemptuously. "You talk as if I'd gone back to the beginning of things."

"I believe you're actually proud of your indigestion," remarked his wife.

That stirred him. He pushed his chair back several inches and leaned forward, his elbows on the table.

"See here, Drusilla! I haven't got indigestion, and by this time you ought to know it. I've got dyspepsia."

"They're the same thing, Phineas. Move your glass; you'll upset it."

Mr. Warren moved his glass and stared at his wife aggressively.

"They're not the same thing," he said. "They're absolutely different. Indigestion is for beginners. Dyspepsia is what you get after you know the ropes; and I guess I know 'em."

"I guess you do, Phineas; but nevertheless I don't see any difference."

He shook his head irritably and made a gesture of despair.

"Drusilla," he said, "you are a good woman. You are an admirable woman. You are a handsome woman. You are an excellent wife and a fond mother; but you don't know beans when it comes to indigestion and dyspepsia. What's more, you refuse to learn. Now listen."

Mrs. Warren sighed.

"I'll give it to you so simply this time that you can't fail to get me. Indigestion is weather; you just have it from day to day. Dyspepsia is climate; you have it all the time. Weather is just a little piece of climate, but climate is the whole works. So is dyspepsia. There! Am I clear?"

Mrs. Warren appeared to consider.

"Weather is just something we have every day," she mused. "Is that right?"

"Exactly."

"But you have indigestion every day, Phineas."

"Dyspepsia! Because I have it all the time—like climate. Confound it, Drusilla, can't you get the idea?"

"No, I can't," she said. "You have it every day and you have it all the time. I can understand that. And we have weather and climate at the same time, don't we?"

"Go on," commanded Mr. Warren grimly.

"Now, if we had weather and climate separately, that would be one thing," his wife cautiously continued. "But having them together—well, anyhow, I don't see what it has to do with whatever ails you, Phineas."

Mr. Warren waved a hand helplessly.

"There's an argument for you!" he said.

"Where does it lead to? Nowhere! What's your conclusions? Huh! You started out to arrive at one, but you didn't get there. The main idea when you start an argument is to reach a conclusion."

"But I have reached one," said his wife modestly.

"That so? What is it, then? What have I got—indigestion or dyspepsia?"

"I think you have both, Phineas."

He slumped back in his chair and glared across the table. Mrs. Warren returned a placid look. It seemed to Phineas that she was smugly triumphant. Both! There was a conclusion for you. There was the result of trying to argue with your wife.

Was she making fun of him? He had an uneasy suspicion. Was she callous enough to make a jest of his torment? He was inclined to think that she might be. Did she imagine she was going to get the best of him in that fashion?

He dived his fingers into his waistcoat pocket again, brought forth the little bottle, and took three more pellets.

"Certainly I have both," he said. "I'm glad I've got you straightened out at last, Drusilla. It's just the point I was leading you up to."

Mrs. Warren nodded.

"And it all comes from my nerves," he added.

"Stomach, Phineas."

"What?"

"Stomach."

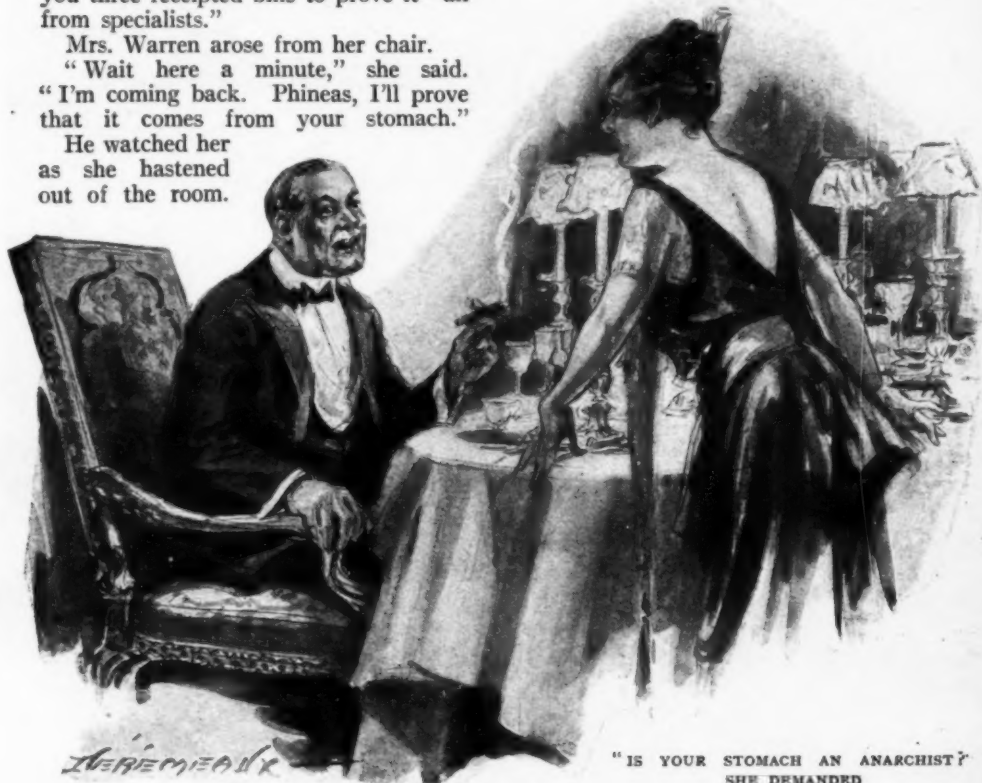


"Now don't talk nonsense again, Drusilla. Whose dyspepsia is this—mine or yours? I guess I ought to know what it comes from, hadn't I? I guess I paid a fancy price to find out, didn't I? It's nervous dyspepsia—all nerves. I can show you three receipted bills to prove it—all from specialists."

Mrs. Warren arose from her chair.

"Wait here a minute," she said. "I'm coming back. Phineas, I'll prove that it comes from your stomach."

He watched her as she hastened out of the room.



"IS YOUR STOMACH AN ANARCHIST?"  
SHE DEMANDED

"She started it, anyhow," he grumbled aloud. "She can't say that I began the argument."

He rubbed his waistcoat again, then unbuttoned it and sighed deeply. Dinner was over, and he felt that Drusilla would be indulgent.

Phineas Warren had reached an age when men ought to be comfortable; he was in the middle fifties. So far as money went, he was very comfortable. The same thing was true as to his excellent family, of which he was thoroughly proud; but when it came to the affair that explained the little vial of white pellets—ah, that was a different matter, and very uncomfortable.

Mrs. Warren reentered the dining-room and resumed her chair. Phineas could not but observe that she looked very well, and

somehow he felt that he was entitled to a share of credit for that.

Mrs. Warren was his second wife. He had chosen her not in the bloom and ardor of youth, but in the full blossom of ma-

turity, and it seemed to him, as he occasionally observed other women of contemporaneous age, that he had done exceptionally well. She and Phineas did not wholly agree on many things, but he was rather glad of that; it was an insurance against monotony. In business, he preached to his subordinates vigorous sermons against the evil of getting into ruts; he disliked ruts, even in his family life.

Both of the Warrens were "seconds." She was his second, and he was hers; but Phineas had been a widower considerably longer than she a widow. Barbara belonged to Phineas, Jasper to Drusilla. There was no offspring in whom they shared the pride of joint parentage; but just as Phineas and Drusilla were loyal to each other, so were they loyal to each other's children. It

was in no sense a house divided against itself. It was a house occasionally stirred by flurries; yet the flurries by no means invariably awakened a partizanship that followed lines of consanguinity.

lay a real bond, so that it was common talk among family friends that the Warrens always stood together against outside aggression—which was quite true, though it was a source of constant surprise to those who shook their heads when Phineas and Drusilla married.

One point of honor was strictly but tacitly preserved—neither Phineas nor his wife ever talked about "firsts," nor did their children. When they wanted to argue, they contrived to do it without rallying support from the past.

Mrs. Warren glanced across the table at her husband and then waved a small paper-covered pamphlet at him.



"SO LONG AS WE'RE  
LIVING LIKE SAV-  
AGES," SAID THE  
COOK, "I WISH WE'D  
EAT LIKE 'EM"

There were times when Jasper and his mother stood together, as did Barbara and her father; but there were other times when Jasper and Mr. Warren would find themselves in alliance against the women, and again when Jasper and Barbara would unite for defense against their parents. And now and then there would be an occasion when one member of the family would stand single-handed against three. Yet these contests were ephemeral things; beneath them

"Is your stomach an anarchist?" she demanded.

Phineas stared, blinked, and removed his cigar from his mouth.

"W-h-a-t?"

"I'm quoting," she explained. "See—'Is Your Stomach an Anarchist?' It's the title of the pamphlet."

"It's a fool pamphlet," said Phineas.

"Oh, no! It's a wise one. Listen. 'Tens of thousands of people swallow bombs every day. Hundreds of thousands of people—'"

"Drusilla, cut it out. That's bunk. Do you mean to tell me that I swallow bombs?"

"Exactly. 'Do you permit an anarchist

to overthrow the constitution of your government?" it says in the pamphlet. "No. Then why permit an anarchist to overthrow your physical constitution? Do the forces of law and order allow the anarchist to manufacture and disseminate his deadly bombs? No. Then why allow your stomach to be an anarchist?"

Mr. Warren made an impatient gesture.

"Don't shake your head," said his wife. "I'm not going to ask you to take any medicine, Phineas. All I want you to do is to learn *how* to eat."

"Been at it for fifty-four years. Who says I don't know how?"

"Dr. Pagan."

"Pagan? Never heard of the erroneous gentleman."

"But he's not erroneous, Phineas; he's right. None of us has ever learned how to eat. Now wait a minute. Mrs. McCutcheon gave me this pamphlet, and it's wonderful. Your indiges—your dyspepsia hasn't anything to do with your nerves. It's because your stomach is an anarchist; and it's an anarchist because it hasn't been treated right."

"Poppycock!"

"Not a bit! You ask Mrs. McCutcheon. She'll tell you all about her husband's case. He was exactly like you—simply awful."

"I thank you."

"Never mind, Phineas; but he learned how to eat, and you ought to see him now."

Phineas Warren's eyes gleamed triumphantly.

"See him now!" he echoed. "Why, darn it, Drusilla, he broke his leg last week."

"You know perfectly well that had nothing to do with his stomach. He slipped on an orange-peel; but his stomach never gives him any more trouble. He has read all of Dr. Pagan's ten little books."

"And now you expect me to read an encyclopedia on grub?"

"They're *little* books, I said. They simply teach you common sense. All you do is to follow the lessons. You can start at any time you like—because I've borrowed Mr. McCutcheon's set."

Mr. Warren groaned and reached for the pill-bottle.

"I'll tell you something else, too, Phineas. I'm taking a course myself."

He shook his head mournfully as he contemplated the plump proportions of Mrs. Warren.

"Won't they let anybody have indigestion in peace?" he demanded.

"But my digestion is so good that it makes me stout," said Mrs. Warren.

Phineas roused himself and pounded his knee with a determined fist.

"Right there I object, Drusilla. You're not too stout. You're—well, you're just the way I want you."

She smiled indulgently.

"That's very nice. Just the same, I'm too stout. I weigh—well, never mind. I don't think the scales were right. What I'm getting at is, I've taken up a course."

"Drusilla, I wish you'd quit fooling with destiny. You diet; you take Turkish baths. You diet some more; you take Swedish baths. You diet again; you take Russian baths. When it comes to baths, you are a rank internationalist. Why, if I had your digestion, I'd eat the constitutional limit."

"Ah! But I'm not dieting any more," said Mrs. Warren.

"No?"

"I'm eating myself slender."

Phineas leaned forward and surveyed his wife with critical eyes.

"Come again with that, Drusilla."

"Eating myself slender. It's a special course. I got it from Mrs. Williamson."

"Who has been a human skeleton from birth," he growled.

"Nonsense! Her figure is girlish, that's all. She never diets; she eats herself slender."

"What's the game—cannibalism?"

"Dieting is a relic of barbarism," said Mrs. Warren, ignoring his mood. "It is blind ignorance. It is a negation of modern knowledge. Dieting was first practised—"

"Drusilla, quit reciting a book at me!"

"Well, anyhow, I'm not dieting any more. I'm eating what I like—and growing slender."

"When did you begin?" he demanded.

"Oh, well, it hasn't had time to show yet; but just you wait."

She arose from her chair and took a turn about the room. Presently she came back to him, very serious.

"Phineas, it's no joking matter—for either of us. We've been letting ourselves go. We're getting to be middle-aged. Oh, yes, we are! We've been going along too comfortably. We're getting slack. I can feel it; I can see it. You can't go on having an anarchist stomach for the rest of your days, and I can't go on getting fat. I

won't! It's time we did something. Do you know that our children are beginning to notice it?"

"Huh!"

"Certainly. I overheard Barbara tell Jasper that you were a buddy of every stomach specialist in New York."

Mr. Warren grinned.

"And Jasper said they just passed you around from one to another, so that everybody could get a whack."

He grinned again.

"Have they been saying anything about you, Drusilla?"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised; and I don't blame them, Phineas. We *must* do something!"

Mr. Warren arose from his chair and smoothed his waistcoat. Things were more comfortable within; the pills were taking hold.

"Well, Drusilla, let me tell you that we are going to do something."

She looked at him in frank surprise.

"Really? Just what do you mean, Phineas?"

"I was going to tell you before, but you butted in with that anarchist stuff. Here's the idea—I'm going away for three months."

"Phineas!"

"And you're going, too. Everybody's going."

"Where?"

"Know Billy Payne's camp, up in the Adirondacks? Well, I've leased it for the summer. Drusilla, you say my trouble isn't nerves. I say it is; but the immediate point is, whether it's nerves or anarchy, I'm tired. I'm dead tired of working. I'm not getting ready to quit business, understand. There isn't anything superannuated about me; but I'm going to take a whale of a rest, and I'm not going to any country club or society hang-out in order to make a bluff at it. I'm going in for the real thing. I've fixed everything at the office. It'll do 'em good for me to go away. It's about time I found out whether that gang down there can run the business when I'm away. They'll get a chance now, and if they don't make good, I'll fire 'em when I get back. For three months, me for the simple!"

Mrs. Warren stood with clasped hands. She always admired her husband when he was in a brisk and decisive mood.

"Phineas! I'm crazy with delight!"

"Well, I thought you wouldn't kick."

She leaned over and kissed him exuberantly.

"Oh, it's just fine, Phineas! It will be such a wonderful chance to improve ourselves—uninterrupted."

"Huh? Oh, maybe. We can go up there next week, if you're ready."

Mrs. Warren became suddenly thoughtful.

"Have you said anything to Barbara?" she asked.

"Not a word. Will she fight?"

"Well, she has been counting on the seashore, I think. We may find that this will disappoint her."

"How about Jasper?"

"Oh, he'll go in a jiffy—I'm certain of that; but our daughter—"

Phineas always liked to hear Drusilla talk about "our" daughter.

"I figured on having both the children along when I rented the camp," he said.

"Of course. They'll have to come, too; but we must expect Barbara to object."

Mr. Warren considered the situation for an instant.

"Well, anyhow, you're with me on this, aren't you?" he asked.

His wife nodded.

"It's understood that we line up together—hard and fast combination?"

"Absolutely, Phineas."

"Shake!"

They shook hands gravely—a ceremony upon which Phineas insisted whenever he and Drusilla formed an alliance.

"And we'll probably have Jasper with us, which makes three," he added. "All right! Send for Barbara."

"Let's wait till morning, Phineas. She's dressing now—going to the theater with Ray Lambert. I don't want to upset her evening."

"All right! I leave it to you."

He was headed toward the door when his wife called after him:

"Those ten little books of Dr. Pagan's—I put them on the table in your den."

## II

It was announced at breakfast, just as Mrs. Warren planned, and it affected Barbara exactly as was feared. In fact, Mrs. Warren shooed her husband out of the house early, so that she could give all her attention to the task of making Barbara view the matter as it ought to be viewed.

"Your father needs this rest, Barbara,"



said Mrs. Warren, "and he'll never get the benefit of it if we're not all with him. He'd be worrying about you if you went somewhere else."

"But couldn't I go somewhere else just part of the time? The Maxsons would just love to take me down to their place, mother. They really mean it."

"Something like that might be arranged later; but I wouldn't count on it, Barbara. You know how father is."

"Yes, I know."

Barbara frowned at the toe of her slipper, as she sat with her arms tightly folded and her chin depressed. She was not sulky. She was not the kind that is easily plunged into the sulky mood; but she was disappointed, and a bit resentful, into the bargain. She had been pleasantly planning the summer for weeks and weeks—not in detail, nor with any sense of definiteness, but rather with a large enthusiasm that generalized on such matters as seashores and verandas and club lawns and motors and yachts, and perhaps now and then a mountain or two. The outlines of the picture were as yet vague in her mind, but its colors were vividly alluring.

She was a tall, dark girl—the sort of girl that begins by gangling and then subtly and mysteriously slips into a loose gracefulness, accomplishing the transformation without being aware of it, and quite independently of effort or design. She was pretty, too; and since she had lost her awkwardness her stepmother was tremendously encouraged. There had been a time when Mrs. Warren feared that Barbara would never succeed in keeping her arms and legs out of the foreground; but now they fitted into the general scheme very well indeed, so that the effect was lissome rather than angular, and on the whole decidedly pleasing.

"It's just for a few months," Mrs. Warren was saying; "and I've always heard that the Paynes' camp is delightful."

"But it's off on an island, father says; it's out in the middle of a lake. Why, we won't even have neighbors!"

"It will be restful for all of us, my dear."

Barbara stretched.

"I'm not tired," she said.

"But your father is, Barbara, and I think I am. Besides, it will be such a wonderful opportunity for both of us to improve ourselves."

"But I think you're perfectly all right the way you are, mother. Please don't start fads!"

"I'm not starting them. I've never been a bit faddish, Barbara; but I'm not going to let my figure go, either. And as for your father, he simply must do something about his indigestion."

Barbara sighed and nodded.

"If he ever cures it," she said, "half of the medicine factories will go out of business. Heaven knows how many he supports!"

"Exactly," assented Mrs. Warren. "And he's going to cure it, Barbara. He read four of Dr. Pagan's little books last night."

"I wondered what made him ask for soft-boiled eggs this morning."

"It was Dr. Pagan. Your father has begun."

Barbara eyed her stepmother with a hint of amusement.

"It takes you to have faith," she said.

"Faith? Oh, nonsense! It's just common sense—and reason. There's room for improvement in all of us."

"That used to be in my copy-book," mused Barbara. "Honestly, mother, you pick up the queerest ideas! You never seem to be satisfied with having us just the way we come."

"You're young yet, Barbara. When you reach my age—"

"I won't be half as lovely as you are," declared Barbara, as she sailed out of the room.

Up-stairs, Jasper was sitting in Mr. Warren's den, examining a split bamboo rod that he had just removed from its case. Barbara looked in.

"It suits you, of course," she commented. "You wouldn't care if we went a thousand miles from anywhere!"

"Uhuh," assented Jasper, without looking up.

"I think it's horrible. Just because father has indigestion, we must all retire from the world."

"It 'll do you good," said Jasper indifferently. "There's nothing in this society game. You're going blooey over it."

"I'm glad I'm not an unsocial animal!"

Jasper began to whistle. He was thin and dark, not unlike Barbara; but he was only eighteen, and therefore her junior by nearly two years.

"Jap, please stop whistling! I want to talk to you."



He whistled on.

"Jap!"

More whistling.

Barbara reached for a leather pillow and flung it. Jasper dodged mechanically. The middle section of the rod struck sharply against the arm of his chair and splintered itself.

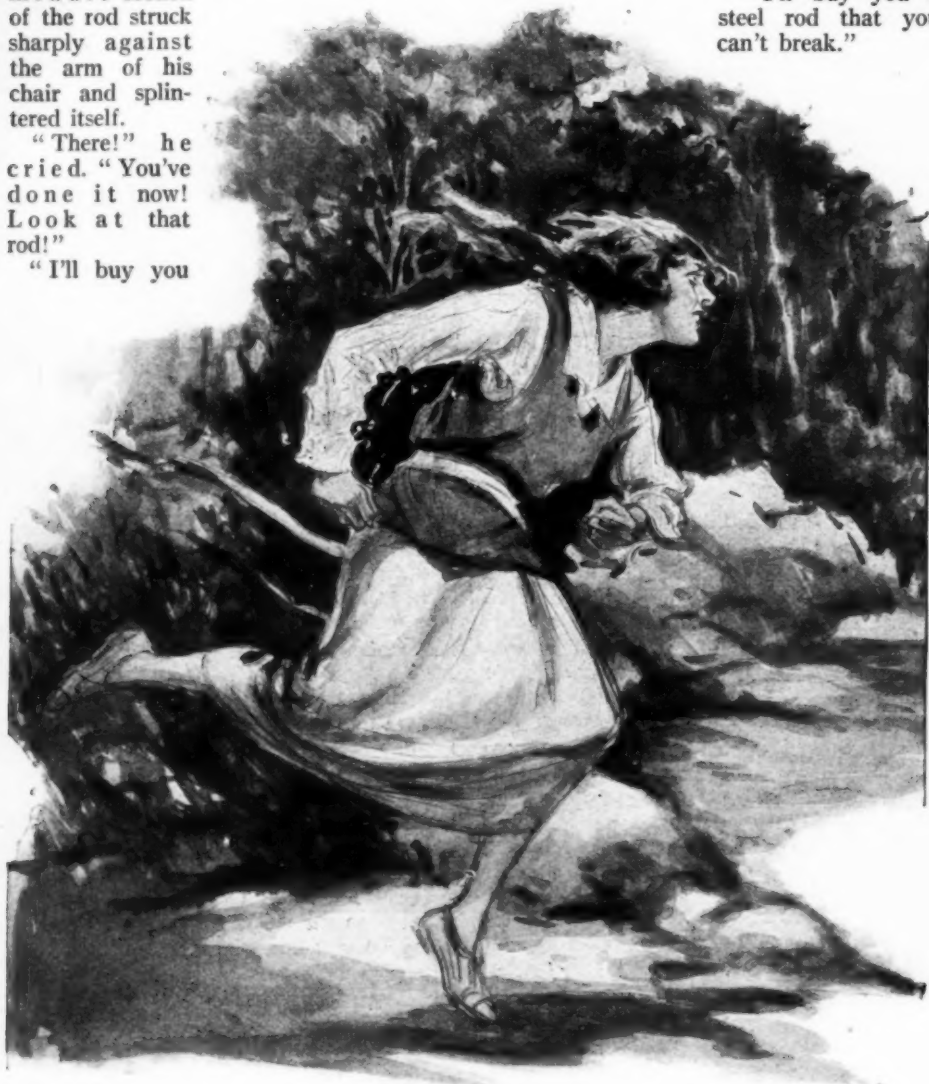
"There!" he cried. "You've done it now! Look at that rod!"

"I'll buy you

"Oh, well, I don't believe father ever used it, anyhow."

"But he was going to let me use it," said Jasper. "Now it's done for, and you've gone and ruined my whole summer!"

"I'll buy you a steel rod that you can't break."



another," said Barbara, undismayed. "That's what you get for being rude."

Jasper was staring at the broken rod with an expression that closely simulated horror.

"Darn it, Barb! It's dad's rod, and the fellow who made it is dead. You *can't* buy another!"

"Steel!" he echoed contemptuously. "You know a whole lot about rods, don't you?"

"And as for ruining your summer, what about mine? Just as soon as I get to know a few people, I'm packed off to the woods to be a hermit."

"Oh, you make me sick! As a matter

of fact, about every other person you know is Ray Lambert."

Barbara tightened her lips.

"That's a perfectly absurd remark, Jap."

"I notice it gets your agate."

"Now you're becoming inane."

"Mother thinks he's a real nice young man," drawled Jasper.

Barbara drew a quick breath, and her eyes glinted; but she checked herself. She would not give Jasper the satisfaction of playing his game.

"Do you realize," she said, "that both of us have to be shut up on an island all summer long while our parents are improving themselves?"

"Well, what of it?"

"If he heard that, he'd cut your allowance. And she's gone in for something else."

"Bully for Drusilla!"

"Jasper! She'd be perfectly furious if she knew you said that. Haven't you any sense of respect?"

"I only meant it affectionately. But, anyhow, they've got as much right to learn things as we have. If you had to do a lot of studying, I guess you'd be glad to see somebody else in the same boat. I'm in favor of it."



"SUSIE ALWAYS GETS WHAT SHE WANTS!" GURGLED JASPER

They've got a right to improve, haven't they?"

"But they don't need it!"

"That's for them to decide," said Jasper generously.

"She's got father reading those little books."

"Good for the old man!"

"I wouldn't care if they really studied something," said Barbara. "That is, something worth while; but this is all something Mrs. McCutcheon started—and it's unutterably silly!"

"Then you oughtn't to utter it," advised Jasper. "When are you going to give me the money for another rod?"

"When I get it—perhaps."

Barbara stalked out of the den and crossed the hall to the library, where she flung herself into her father's chair and crossed her legs under her, like a little girl.

"It seems to me," she mused, "that the Warren family is determined to become thoroughly impossible."

She sat there for quite a while, considering the fate of the family and her own probable destiny as an incident thereto. If somebody had told her that it was going to rain all summer, she would have agreed at once.

"Oh, well, I'm in for it," she sighed.

Her glance wandered to the table and came to rest upon Dr. Pagan's ten little books, all neatly piled. Barbara glowered at them. It mattered not that her father had leased the camp long before he heard of the little books. She adjudged them guilty, nevertheless.

"At his age!" she exclaimed wrathfully.

She picked up the little books and glanced idly at their titles. Ten lessons, all duly numbered. Bosh! And then she found there was an eleventh book. It was in a different binding from the others; it did not seem to belong to the series. She turned the cover and found that Mrs. McCutcheon's name was written within. Evidently it was something that had been thrown in for good measure.

The title of the book was printed in bold, clear letters:

GO GET IT.

"Get what?" asked Barbara, and she turned another page.

On this page there was a picture, and under the picture a line said:

SHE COMPELLED HIM TO DO JUST WHAT SHE  
WANTED.

Barbara settled back in the big leather chair with a skeptical frown and studied the picture. It was very well drawn—probably worked over from a photograph. The scene was somebody's business office. A stern, elderly gentleman was sitting at a desk—one of those immaculately clean desks that exist in the advertisements, where the last paper has been cleared off, where nothing ever accumulates, and where large affairs are sped nonchalantly on their swift way—zip—just like that!

On the other side of the desk sat a pretty girl in a very businesslike suit. She was

smiling charmingly, and was offering an important-looking paper to the elderly gentleman in the swivel chair, who would presently take it and sign it without further argument. Barbara could tell instantly that the pretty girl had been having her way about something, and was going to get oodles of money as a result.

The story in the advertisement was fascinating, and Barbara found herself reading it, for she wanted to find out how the pretty girl had compelled the stern old gentleman to do just what she wanted. It was all about a contract—a most important contract, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. The company had been trying to get the old gentleman to sign it, but he wouldn't. It had sent every one of its experts to him, so often that it lost count of the times; but none could persuade him. Then one day up spoke the office stenographer—she who had long been known as *Speechless Susie*, because of her taciturn habits.

*Susan* said she wished they would let her try to get the stern old gentleman's signature. Everybody in the office laughed. What? Send *Speechless Susie*? She was an excellent stenographer, but she couldn't converse for thirty consecutive seconds. They were even cruel enough to laugh right in *Susie's* presence. But the president said:

"Let her try, if she likes. At least it can't do any harm."

So *Susie* set forth with the contract in her pocket, and the same afternoon she reappeared with a quiet smile on her lips. The contract had been signed!

There was a sensation in the office. The men crowded around her. The president congratulated her and immediately promoted her.

"For Heaven's sake, *Susie*, how did you do it?" they asked.

*Susie* was very modest about it. She had learned it all out of a book—a very wonderful book. For a long time she had been aware of her inability to talk to people. She knew that they called her *Speechless Susie*, and the knowledge rankled deep. A friend called her attention to the book. She purchased one. She studied; she practised; and then, like magic, the secret was disclosed to her. The book taught her how to become a compelling conversationalist!

She could make people do what she wanted, just by talking to them. She had not cajoled the stern old gentleman; she had

not threatened him; she had not even mildly flirted with him. She had simply *compelled* him to sign that contract by her new-found power. And the amazing part of it was that he did not know he had been compelled! The poor old thing thought he did it of his own free will. She had not merely persuaded him; she had actually *compelled* him.

After that nobody ever called her *Speechless Susie*. She became extremely prosperous, handled all the big contracts, and got ever so many signatures. It seems that *Susie* always had this compelling conversation locked up in her system, but she did not know how to get it out until the book told her.

All this Barbara read, to the very last word.

"It's perfectly preposterous," she told herself.

Then she studied the picture of *Susie* and the stern old gentleman for the second time, and again read the advertisement.

"There's a catch in it somewhere," said Barbara. "I'll just bet she flirted with him!"

She tossed the book aside and mused for a while. Then she picked it up again and looked at *Susie*. Eventually she settled down to read again.

"Not that I believe a word of it," she said; "but if they're going to put me away on an island for all summer, I may as well be doing something to occupy my time."

### III

THERE were "three in help" at Payne's Island, and in the early dusk they went down to what served for a wharf, looking out across a stretch of lake that was as smooth and placid as ice. Beyond it lay a darkly wooded ridge. Had they chosen to go to the other side of the island, another ridge would have risen at the farther limit of the water.

Payne's Island lay in a bight of the lake, and from no point in its circumference was there anything in sight save water and woods and hills and sky. Elsewhere, on the borders of the lake, were a few scattered camps, but this was the only island camp. There were no other islands.

"Lonesome is not the word," said Henrietta. "We might just as well be in another world—in Mars, maybe."

"That is, if you think anybody lives in Mars," said Owen. "Pers'nally, I don't."

"You're always arguing. I never said anybody lived there. I said we might just as well *be* there; and we might, too!"

"Yes," said Sabina. "Or in Jupiter."

Henrietta was housemaid in the Warren family, and a very trim, alert, and sharp-looking one. She was not only a capable maid, but she was pretty. She had ambitions. She did not intend always to be a maid. Her ambitions, nevertheless, did not make her a snob among the help, for she had a practical spirit of democracy; but they enabled her to look confidently into circles of life beyond her own. She did not cringe before employers, but rather contemplated their estate as one into which she herself might enter without hesitation or fear. It was this breadth of outlook, perhaps, that enabled Henrietta to visualize a state of existence in Mars.

Owen was the Warrens' chauffeur. He was serious-minded, competent, and thirty. He knew a great deal about engines that operated on the explosion principle. There was no automobile on Payne's Island, for the island had no roads; but there was a motor-launch that went with the camp, and of that Owen was now the driver. In addition, he was very useful about the island itself, for there was wood to be cut, and other things to be done that are most easily handled by a man.

Sabina was the cook. She was a sincere and settled product of the city, well past the frivolity of youth, and altogether a person whose character had been stabilized by sufficient years. She had served under the original Mrs. Warren, and when a second came she suffered nothing whatever, either in status or in equipoise. She had a faithfulness that was admirable and a measure of independence that matched it. Sabina always felt tranquil and secure.

These were the three that sat on and beside the little wharf, in all the stillness of a June evening in the great woods.

"The point is," said Henrietta, "there isn't any place to go after the day is over."

"I'll take you for a sail," said Owen.

Henrietta shrugged.

"There isn't any place to sail to."

"The real point," observed Sabina, "is that we have a lot more work here than we do at home. I think the nights are rheumatic, too."

"Well, I can't say I notice any more work," said Henrietta. "Seems to me it's just about the same."



"You'd notice it if you cooked, Henrietta. It's not a case of getting three meals a day any more. It's getting nine meals.

There's the regular family meals, of course—that's three a

something different yet—and that's three more meals; and I don't see that she's any slenderer."

"She isn't," affirmed Henrietta. "I've been watching her corset-strings."

"The trouble with you women is that you haven't been brought up natural. This place suits me fine."

Owen sat on the bow of the motor-boat and stared up at clouds that had been painted pink by the lowering sun and were now slowly deepening into purple.

"He is talking like a cave man," said Henrietta to Sabina; "but if it came to living in one permanently, he'd want elec-



"ONE STEP NEARER AND OVERBOARD IT GOES!" HE ANNOUNCED

day. And then there's Mr. Warren's special meals, since he took up with this anarchist stomach man—that's three more. And then there's Mrs. Warren, who is doing

tric lights and a telephone. As for me, I'm not claiming that it suits me fine out here. It's not going to kill me, of course; but, just the same, you're not hearing me



rave about nature. I'd make an awful poor savage!"

Sabina sighed.

"So long as we're living like savages," she said, "I wish we'd eat like 'em; but instead of being easier out here, it's more complicated. Henrietta, I never had so many kitchen worries in my life. Back home we just ate food. Now they're eating calories. Mr. Warren, he eats so many a day, and Mrs. Warren, she eats so many. They keep count of it in books, separate from each other; and if it doesn't add up right every night, you'd think they'd been poisoned. And it isn't only the calories, mind you. It seems they can't eat one kind of food with another, and neither of 'em can eat what the other one eats. They can't eat what they call per—pernicious combinations."

"I don't get that," observed Owen.

"Well, it's something like this," explained Sabina. "Some kinds of calories don't get along with other kinds—like people. Maybe, for instance, you want to eat pork. All right, but you mustn't eat beans, too. That's pernicious. I'm not saying I believe it, mind you; but that's the way it is in their books. It doesn't have to be pork and beans; maybe it's something else. It might be anything. You've got to follow the books, morning, noon, and night. And mind you, I'm cooking regular meals besides, for us and for the young people. And only this morning Mrs. Warren asked me did I enjoy my vacation!"

"Well, it's nice and quiet, anyhow," said Owen optimistically.

The women looked at him scornfully.

"The wonder to me is," observed Sabina, "that Miss Barbara puts up with it."

"It's because she's got her mind on something," explained Henrietta. "Haven't you noticed?"

Sabina shook her head.

"Well, she has. There's something kind of queer about her lately. There's times when she doesn't talk to you at all. Then all of a sudden she lets loose. She makes regular speeches, like a Senator I heard once, and she's as good at it as he was, and sometimes better."

"That don't sound natural," commented Sabina.

"It isn't; and yet it's interesting, too. You ought to have heard her carry on this morning. She wanted me to see if I could find her sweater, and I'll bet she told me

about it for five minutes straight. It was all explaining how important the sweater was, and why she needed it, and why I ought to find it, and what was the best way to look for it, and—well, nobody ever talked so much about finding a sweater in all my life. Why, I could have started to find it fifty times while she was talking, but she wouldn't let me go. You'd have thought I didn't intend to find it, the way she went on; and all the time I was only waiting for a chance to begin."

"It's queer," said Sabina.

"But you can't get mad at her," added Henrietta, musing. "She's as pleasant as anything all through it; only she makes speeches."

"Well, even if she makes speeches," observed Owen, "it don't interfere with things being nice and quiet."

*Crash!* Henrietta scrambled to her feet with a suppressed cry, Owen sat up suddenly, and Sabina, who was stout, squirmed about as rapidly as she could manage. *Crash! Crash!* Something was tearing through the underbrush close to the shore. Henrietta's hand flew to her throat, and her face went white.

"A bear!"

More crashes, and a sound of thudding feet. A wild laugh that made Sabina shiver. A shrill cry of rage. A commotion in the bushes at the edge of the woods.

Jasper Warren plunged into view and paused, panting. His face was red, one of the sleeves of his flannel shirt was hanging by a shred, and he had no hat; but his eyes were blazing with exultation, and he looked thoroughly happy.

*Crash!* Another commotion in the underbrush. Barbara, disheveled but determined, sprang into the open.

"Give me that book!" she gasped.

Jasper thrust something behind him, grinned, and backed off a pace.

"The book!"

He shook his head, still grinning.

"Jasper Warren, it's my property!"

"Oh, *Susie!*" said Jasper.

Barbara's face flamed again. She made a dash forward, tried to change her course as Jasper dodged, tripped, and sprawled in the rough grass.

He jeered as she sprang to her feet and flew at him again. Once more he dodged, but the margin was so narrow that he left his tattered shirt-sleeve in her hand. She flung it on the ground and stamped on it.

"Speechless Susie!" crooned Jasper.

Owen laid aside his pipe and rose slowly to his feet. He felt that something was expected of him.

"Perhaps I can get the book for you, miss," he said, as he stepped ashore from the motor-boat.

Barbara shook her head fiercely.

"Keep out of this," she replied hotly.

"If I want help, I'll ask for it."

Owen shrugged. If he had consulted Sabina, he would have been saved a rebuke. Sabina knew the ways of the Warrens.

"Susie always gets what she wants!" gurgled Jasper, waving the book.

Barbara reached swiftly for a stick that lay at her feet, and flung it. He evaded the missile with ease and laughed triumphantly. She flung a stone, and again missed the mark; he did not even need to dodge. She was hunting for another stone when he whirled about and began running along the shore, hurdling logs, rocks, and all obstructions that lay in his path. Barbara flew after him. Presently they disappeared around a point of the island, with Barbara apparently closing the gap.

"It's very nice and quiet," said Henrietta, as she resumed her seat.

Sabina measured Owen with a wise glance.

"Let that be a lesson to you," she said. "Never interfere with any of 'em when they're attending to their personal affairs."

Beyond the point Jasper was still running, following the line of the shore. It was far too scratchy to take to the brush again. Barbara was undoubtedly gaining. Those long legs that used to gangle could run.

A second point jutted into the lake, narrow and rocky. Jasper fled out upon it, clear to the tip. Seeing that she had him cornered, Barbara slackened her pace and advanced more deliberately.

"Now you'll give me that book!" she said grimly, as she picked her way along the rocks.

Jasper held the book aloft and waved it gently.

"One step nearer, and overboard it goes!" he announced.

"You haven't the nerve!"

"Try it and see—Susie!"

"Jasper Warren, if you call me that name again—"

She advanced a step. He drew back his arm to throw, but checked the impulse. There was plenty of time yet.

"You're the most contemptible creature in the world!" she said bitterly. "You may throw it overboard, but before you get off this point you'll wish you'd never been born!"

Jasper laughed.

"It was dishonorable of you to take it, in the first place; and now it is simply vicious of you to threaten to destroy it."

"You never gave me the money for the rod."

"Father got another one for you."

"Just the same, you didn't give me the money."

"You didn't need it, after you got another rod. Will you give me that book?"

He shook his head.

"This is your last chance," she warned.

"I mean that. Do I get the book?"

"Su-u-u-sie!"

Barbara lowered her head and sprang. There was a flirt of his arms, and the paper-covered book described a gentle arc and landed with a soft splash a dozen yards from shore.

Then he turned swiftly to the defense; but he turned too late. Barbara was charging more rapidly than he believed possible over the uneven rocks. She flung herself against him with outstretched arms before he could raise his own. The impact hurled him back a step, then another. A third step met nothing but air.

"Leggo, Barb! I'm—"

"There!" she gasped.

Jasper made the best of it and managed a back dive into the lake.

"Now you get me that book before it sinks!" she commanded, as his head reappeared.

"Get it yourself," he said calmly, as he began swimming leisurely toward the shore of the island.

Barbara tightened her lips and began unhooking her skirt.

"I'll get it for you," said a voice from the lake.

She turned so swiftly that she nearly followed Jasper. A canoe was advancing out of the dusk. She rehooked her skirt and waited. The occupant of the canoe dropped a hand from the paddle, reached over the side of the canoe, and held a dripping object up to view.

"It's a bit wet," he said, "but it seems to be all here."

He allowed the canoe to drift toward the point, resting his paddle across the gun-

wales. Jasper had paused to tread water and observe.

"You did a very good job," said the man in the canoe. "I saw him go over. Would you like to have me push him under and drown him, or something like that?"

Barbara was studying the stranger as the canoe drifted nearer. What she noticed most was a pair of quizzical eyes and a mouth that smiled at the corners. He seemed to be fairly young. Even in the growing gloom she could see that he needed a shave.

"I can attend to him myself, thank you," she said rather coldly.

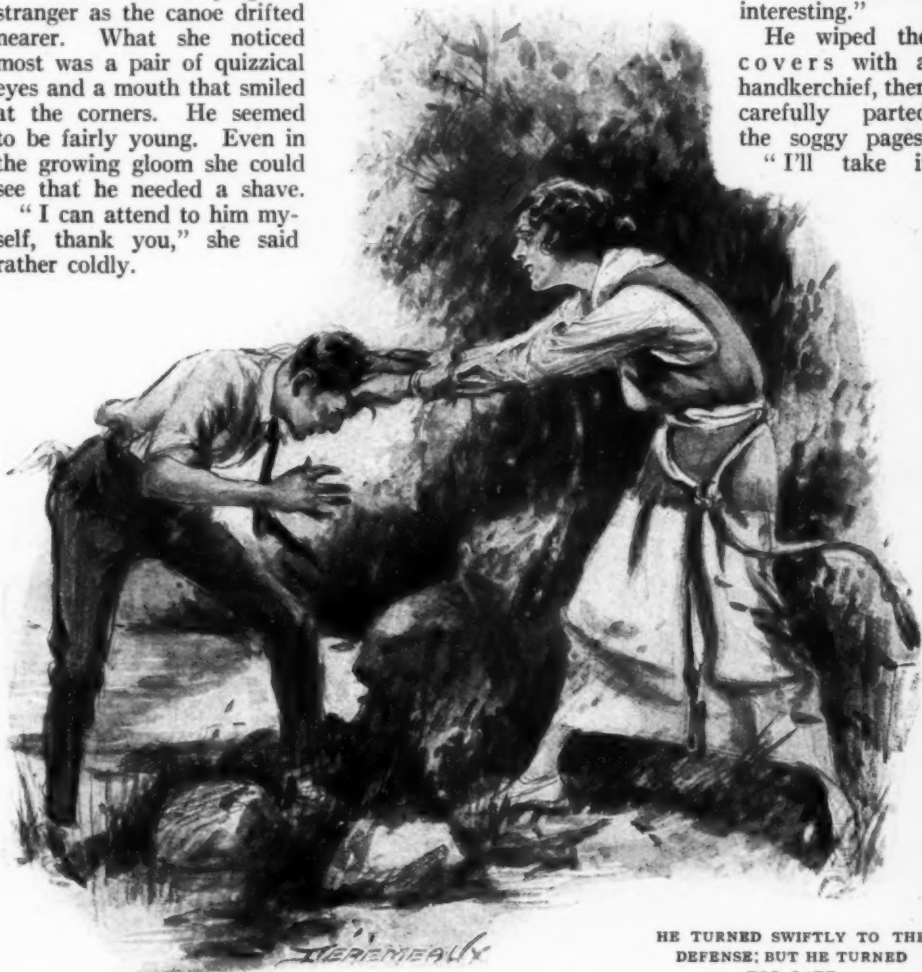
"I'm inclined to agree with you." He glanced at the cover of the book. "'Go Get It,'" he read aloud.

"I'll take it now, if you please," said Barbara.

"Is it a novel?" the stranger inquired. "The name sounds interesting."

He wiped the covers with a handkerchief, then carefully parted the soggy pages.

"I'll take it



HE TURNED SWIFTLY TO THE DEFENSE; BUT HE TURNED TOO LATE

"Su-u-u-sie!" drawled the voice of Jasper from the water.

Barbara began searching for a stone, and the swimmer hastily resumed his course for the shore. The stem of the canoe bumped gently against the point, and the young man lifted the book out of the bottom.

"Sure you wouldn't like to have him spanked?" he inquired.

"No, thank you. Whatever is necessary I can do myself."

now," said Barbara. "Please! You mustn't read it."

He glanced up at her.

"What is it—a diary?"

"Will you please give it to me?"

Barbara despised herself for blushing.

"Of course, if it's a diary—"

"It's personal," she said.

"I'm a slave to curiosity," said the young man. "If it's a diary, I'm not privileged, of course; but if it's a printed book—"

The voice of Jasper was heard from the shore.

"Hey! I'll tell you what's in it. It's all about—"

"Jasper!"

Barbara was again hunting for a stone.

"If you tell me, I'll go ashore and lick you," said the young man, picking up his paddle.

Jasper mumbled something and stalked off into the darkness.

"Please give me the book," said Barbara once more.

"Of course, it wouldn't have been fair to let him tell me," remarked the young man; "but you're the owner of the book, which gives you the right. Did you say it was not a diary?"

"I said it was personal. If you are anxious to complete a kind act, you will hand it to me."

"I shall become morbid with curiosity," he said, as he laid the book on the blade of the paddle and extended it toward her.

"Thank you very much," said Barbara.

"Is it a thriller?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Will you lend it to me when you have read it?"

"No."

"That's what I call being perverse. Are you camping here?"

"Good night," said Barbara pleasantly. She began picking her way along the rocks.

"Good night, Susie!"

She halted and turned upon him with a savage gesture.

"If you ever call me that again—oh!"

The young man in the canoe chuckled and pushed off from the point.

"I'll be around soon," he said.

#### IV

BARBARA'S resentment against Jasper did not last long, for it never did; but as against herself, it survived to annoy her for hours. She realized that she had not recovered her book in the manner prescribed in its pages. She had not compelled the young man in the canoe to give it to her; she had not bent him to her will by irresistible statement and argument. It annoyed her to remember that she had coaxed him, that she had employed a weak and feminine plea, rather than an overwhelming attack of logic and force. *Susie* would have handled the matter quite differently.

It was indeed irritating to reflect that she

had missed her first shining opportunity. Sending Henrietta to hunt for her sweater was no test whatever, for Henrietta was willing to go. What Barbara sought was opposition, and at the first show of it she had forgotten every rule in the book.

As for the young man in the canoe, who said that he would be around soon, Barbara hoped that he would. Next time she would handle the conversation according to a new method. Next time she would compel that young man to do just what she wanted. It did not particularly concern her who he was; to Barbara he was simply a person to be compelled.

The island on which the Warrens were camped for the summer was an eminently suitable place for self-improvement. There was practically nothing to do except eat, sleep, and improve. It was not large enough for extensive exploration; half a day easily sufficed.

Save for the clearing at the camp itself, the island was thickly wooded, like the shores that encircled the lake. There were a few paths, where the brush had been cut out; but for the most part the woods were clogged with undergrowth, through which Jasper had led Barbara in such desperate chase.

The house went by the name of a camp, but it contained no hint of the primitive, save for its log walls. In most respects it was an establishment as luxurious as the city home of the Warrens. It contained an immense living-room filled with leather furniture; a great porch, on which the family dined; and suites of bedrooms and baths. It had a supply of running water, with a windmill to do the pumping; everything, in fact, but a garage, a telephone, and electric lights. As for the lighting, there was a private gas-plant that Owen operated with ready success.

Phineas Warren and his wife liked the place from the first. They settled down to their summer of improvement with great content. Phineas had read all of the ten little books, and was reading them over again, discovering new truths on every page and new tasks for Sabina, to whom calories became ghosts that haunted her kitchen day and night. Drusilla Warren went placidly about her purpose to eat herself slender. She was faithful in the crusade upon which Mrs. Williamson had despatched her, even to the point of rigor. She resisted like a Spartan matron every allurement that Sa-



bina set before Jasper and Barbara, whose appetites, if charted, would have shown an upward curve like the side of Pike's Peak. All that Drusilla lacked at the camp was a set of scales, on which she could have made a daily demonstration of her success.

Jasper was restless. He did not find the fishing all that he had hoped. There were plenty of fish in the lake, but they did not always feed in the waters adjacent to Payne's Island, and he had not the patience to sit through empty hours, waiting for them to visit his hook. It was more profitable, as a manner of occupying time, to tease Barbara.

She had been studiously hiding the book from him, and Jasper was furious. In a moment of inadvertence on her part it fell into his hands, and none realized better than Jasper its almost unlimited resources as an inspiration to jeer.

Even after the book was back in her possession he was prone to call her *Su-u-u-sie*, until at length she compelled him to desist—not in the fashion of the book, but by the simpler device of getting a grip on his hair with her strong young fingers and threatening to remove it wholly or in part unless he delivered a solemn promise.

"But you didn't make me do it by talking to me," he said, as he carefully felt his aching scalp.

"Talk is only for persons who are capable of understanding it," answered Barbara contemptuously. "First of all, it requires a mind."

"Anything the matter with mine?"

Barbara waved her hand toward the woods.

"It's nothing but underbrush, Jap. It's almost impossible to get through it."

"I guess it'll stack up against yours."

"Don't be silly! Certainly not."

"You hate your brains, don't you? Men have more brains than women; any physiology will tell you so. My brains weigh more than yours."

"So does your foot," said Barbara; "but look at it!"

Jasper was sensitive about his feet; they were undeniably large, and he had not yet acquired a bulk that matched them.

"This improvement business makes me tired," he retorted irrelevantly.

"Back in town you were upholding the right of mother and dad to go in for it."

"I'm talking about that bunk you're studying."

"That's just the jealousy of a brain that isn't capable of studying."

Jasper glowered at her.

"I could outstudy you if I wanted to."

"Try it and see. It's time you did something useful."

"I don't have to study." Jasper yawned. "I didn't come up here to study; but you can go as far as you like. I won't touch your book again."

"You bet you won't!"

Yet somehow, for all the carelessness with which he tossed them aside, Barbara's taunts annoyed him. He felt that she was treating him with an air of tolerant superiority. She withdrew herself into her little book for hours at a time, only emerging to burst into showers of fluent speech, which were not merely a source of perplexity to the servants, but even attracted the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Warren.

"She's positively garrulous," remarked Mrs. Warren. "That is, at times. At other times you would not think she was even aware that anybody else was living on this island."

"Barbara always was handy with her tongue, Drusilla."

"Yes; but lately—"

"I know. She talks like an insurance agent. Maybe it's the change of environment. By the way, Drusilla, where did you put those little pills of mine?"

"Phineas! You're not taking medicine again?"

"No-o; but in case I needed it—"

"Read Dr. Pagan," she said firmly.

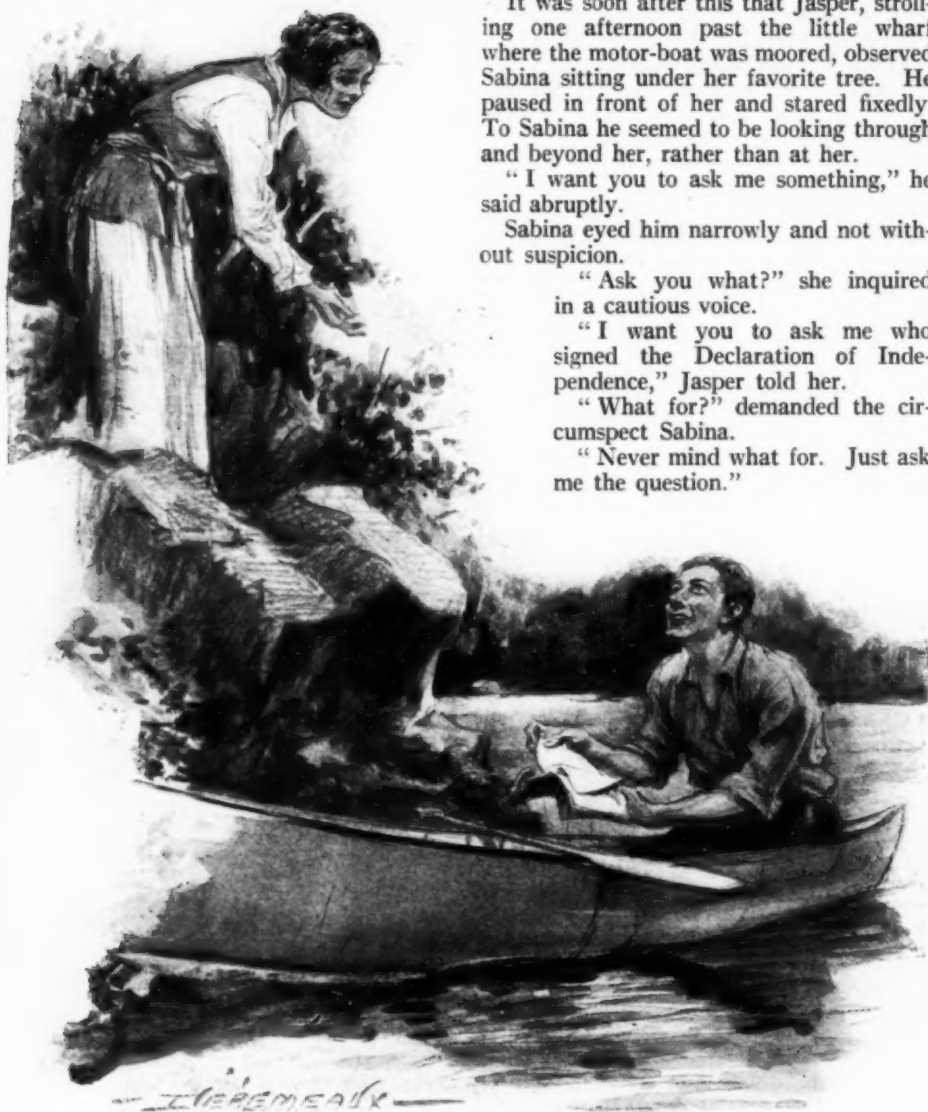
"I suppose so," and Phineas sighed.

Only Jasper understood just why Barbara had become peculiar, and Jasper did not tell. Something so absorbing had come into his own life that he had no time to bother with Barbara.

It began on a rainy day, when the wind was too high for any comfort while fishing, and the woods were too wet for an exploration on the mainland. There was a considerable library belonging to the owner of the camp, and Jasper searched it for thrills. At last he came upon a book whose contents he examined at first with indifference, then with sudden attention. Eventually he carried it off to a corner of the living-room, where he spent the afternoon with it. When dinner-time came he took it to his room, for safe-keeping. After that it was his secret companion.

He became unsocial. He took to wan-





"I'LL TAKE THE BOOK NOW," SAID BARBARA. "PLEASE! YOU MUSTN'T READ IT"

dering off to the farther end of the island, where one day Barbara found him so absorbed in his reading that she was able to approach almost near enough to see what the book contained. He closed it with a snap and made a remark about snoops.

"Love-story?" she inquired.

"Yeah—all about Ray Lambert."

Barbara's reply was a look of scorn and a flush that she concealed by walking abruptly away.

It was soon after this that Jasper, strolling one afternoon past the little wharf where the motor-boat was moored, observed Sabina sitting under her favorite tree. He paused in front of her and stared fixedly. To Sabina he seemed to be looking through and beyond her, rather than at her.

"I want you to ask me something," he said abruptly.

Sabina eyed him narrowly and not without suspicion.

"Ask you what?" she inquired in a cautious voice.

"I want you to ask me who signed the Declaration of Independence," Jasper told her.

"What for?" demanded the circumspect Sabina.

"Never mind what for. Just ask me the question."

She considered the matter for a moment before speaking again.

"You're not sick, Mr. Jasper?"

He shook his head impatiently.

"Go on and ask me."

"I suppose it's a catch," she sighed.

"Well, who signed it?"

Jasper drew a deep breath, set his shoulders, lifted his glance to a point on the tree-trunk a foot above her head, and kept it there with frowning concentration. Then,

in a swift and solemn monotone, there issued from his lips:

"John Hancock, Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry, Stephen Hopkins, William—"

"Mercy me! All those people?" asked Sabina.

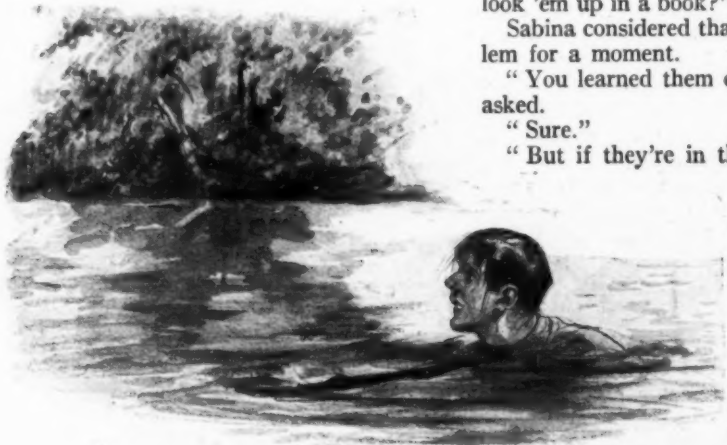
Jasper rebuked the interruption with an impatient gesture.

"William Ellery, Roger Sherman—"

His voice droned along, his eyes watched the spot on the tree, his brow furrowed itself deep. Clear to the end he went, Sabina listening and slowly shaking her head.

"There!" exclaimed Jasper. "I did it! Fifty-six of 'em, without a break. Did you count?"

"No," said Sabina; "but there must have been at least that."



"HEY! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S IN IT. IT'S ALL ABOUT—"

"Fifty-six," repeated Jasper. "Now I'll say 'em backward."

He drew another breath and concentrated on the tree.

"George Walton, Lyman Hall, Button Gwinnett—"

And on and on and on, from the bottom to the top, ending with a "John Hancock" no less bold and triumphant than the famous autograph itself.

"Now begin in the middle somewhere," said Jasper. "Take Benjamin Franklin. Ask me who signed after Franklin."

"Who?" asked Sabina patiently.

"John Morton," and Jasper said it with such speed and certainty that she was sure it must be so.

"Ask me who signed just in front of Franklin."

But this time Sabina shook her head.

"No use," she declared. "You know it. You know 'em all, Mr. Jasper."

"Learned 'em in an hour," he informed her carelessly.

"Dear me! And now what do you do with them?"

"Do with 'em?" he asked in amazement.

"Why, I learned them, I tell you."

"I know," nodded Sabina. "But what do you *do* with them?"

"Why, you don't *do* anything with 'em. You just remember 'em."

"What for?"

Jasper shook his learned head with a weary movement.

"Don't you understand, Sabina, if you remember 'em you don't have to go and look 'em up in a book?"

Sabina considered that phase of the problem for a moment.

"You learned them out of a book?" she asked.

"Sure."

"But if they're in the book, why don't you let them stay there, and then when you want one of their names you know where to find it?"

"Sabina, you don't get the idea at all. It doesn't improve your memory to leave them in the book. You've got to learn 'em."

"But what good are they, Mr. Jasper, when you've learned them?"

"Gee whiz! Don't you get it yet? Why, they improve your memory."

"Oh!"

She considered that for a while, as Jasper stood staring at her. He was concentrating again. His lips were muttering cabalistic words.

"I am improving my memory," he said.

"It's a new system. I can remember a lot of things already. Ask me who were the Presidents of the United States—backward."

Sabina struggled to her feet and smoothed her apron.

"I just remember I left a roast in the

oven," she said. "I've got to go and see to it."

She went away and left him there, telling off the Presidents of the United States on his fingers—backward.

"They weren't elected backward," muttered Sabina, as she hastened toward the house. "And I'll bet all those other people didn't sign their names backward. What's the sense of turning 'em around, I'd like to know?"

That was only a beginning with Jasper. From that point it became a grim game. The thing could be done; he had proved it. He could put away in his head an amazing number of things—and he did. He could take them out again, examine them, exhibit them, flaunt them in the faces of wondering people, and then put them back, all so quickly and mysteriously that nobody could understand how on earth it was done.

"I'll show Barb," said Jasper to his amazing memory. "She thinks she's learning how to talk; but what's the use of talking if you can't remember anything to say? She didn't begin right."

Of course, Barbara was aware that something peculiar was taking place in the case of Jasper. He had formed a new habit of seeking solitude. He was continually preoccupied. He did not talk much, even at meals, and when anybody addressed him he would look up and stare and then would seem to grope his way slowly from somewhere back in the past and stand blinking in the present.

Jasper did not explain. He was not yet ready for that. He had made a single test with Sabina; the rest could wait until he was fully prepared to overwhelm the family. And beyond the family lay the whole world, which might some day prostrate itself at the feet of his astounding memory.

It was not until an afternoon when she was sitting at the edge of the lake, staring intently across the water, that Barbara had a glimmer of understanding in the case of Jasper Warren. He came strolling along the shore, his head bent, as if searching for something among the rocks. Barbara beckoned to him.

"Jap, come here!"

Jasper advanced obediently enough, but his abstraction was such that she was not sure she had really compelled him to do so. He came mechanically.

"That man in the canoe out there—do

you see him?" said Barbara, pointing. "Is that the one who picked my book out of the water?"

Jasper looked out in the direction of the canoe; but his eyes were focused on something that lay far, far beyond it, even through and beyond the mountain that rose at the farther edge of the lake.

"I'm sure it's the same man," said Barbara; "but your eyes are better than mine. Is it?"

"Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachu—" Jasper murmured.

"Jasper!"

He turned slowly and blinked at her.

"What in the world are you saying?" she demanded. "I asked you a question, and I wish you'd answer it."

He looked toward the canoe again and became tense.

"Now backward," he said. "Wyoming, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Washington, Virginia—"

"Jasper Warren!" Barbara sprang up, seized him by the shoulders, and shook him violently. "Are you crazy?" she demanded.

He wrenched loose and made a gesture of annoyance.

"You busted in on me," he said. "I'm remembering things."

"Remembering things!"

"Sure!"

"Is *that* what you've been doing for the past week?"

"Uhuh!"

"And pray what kind of things are you remembering?"

Jasper favored her with a condescending look.

"Everything," he said. "Utah, Texas, Tennessee—"

Barbara boxed his ear sharply.

"Come out of it!" she commanded.

"Don't stare at me with that vacant look on your face. I believe you're losing your mind!"

"I'm not," said Jasper resentfully. "Next time you box me on the ear I'll soak you one. Don't you worry about my mind. I'm learning something useful. I'm filling it up with pictures."

"Well, fill it up with that canoe out on the water and tell me what you make of it," she ordered.

He glanced again in the direction of the canoe.

"South Dakota, South Carolina, Rhode Island, Penn—"

Barbara fled.

The man in the canoe, who said that he would come around soon, had invented a singularly perverse way of annoying Barbara. His idea of coming around, it seemed, was to appear in the vicinity of Payne's Island at least once a day and often three or four times, but never to stop and never

to approach within conversational distance. Whenever he saw her he waved a hand, giving her a friendly but careless greeting, yet always conveying a certain suggestion of indifference.

Barbara did not like people to be indifferent. Once she waved an answer, being careful that the gesture could not be interpreted as an invitation; but she never repeated it, because she discovered that from another point along the coast of their insular possessions Henrietta was also waving, and in a manner that might easily be understood as saying:

"Welcome to our island!"

If he had come within ear-shot, so that



"I SUPPOSE IT'S A CATCH,"  
SHE SIGHED. "WELL,  
WHO SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE?"

it would not be necessary to shout, Barbara would have had an opportunity to test the power of conversational compulsion; but he was always too far from shore. He piqued her; he irritated her beyond all proportion to his offense. What was still worse, he stirred her curiosity. She felt that he was excessively rude. Telling her that he would be around soon was an impertinence, in the first place; but failure to keep his word more nearly resembled an insult.

What Barbara wanted most was somebody to talk to. She was tired of talking to the family. It had become almost impossible even to quarrel with Jasper, who was busy putting all sorts of odds and ends into mental storage and then occasionally paying them a visit, to make sure they were still there.

"I think I'll write to Ray Lambert," said Barbara. "We have plenty of room, and he can spend his vacation here just as well as not."

She did. She told Ray that her father and mother would be very glad to have him

join them as a house guest; but she warned him:

You won't find much excitement. It's very quiet, and we are all leading a rather serious life. Dad and mother are taking special courses for their health. Jasper spends nearly all of his time improving his memory. He is becoming rather remarkable, although I would not tell him so. As for me, I have been studying a conversational system. It's extremely interesting and very, very valuable. I never knew before how poorly most of us talk; I mean how ineffectively.

She wondered if Ray would sense anything personal in that. He was a nice young man, but Barbara was aware that his mind seemed to operate in a limited field and to express itself in stereotyped phrases. But she let it stand, and then added:

Even our servants have begun courses of study; it's such a wonderfully quiet place for study. All three of them are giving their spare time to something serious, so you can see that altogether we are spending an unexciting summer, although it is very profitable. If you'd like to come and see us under those conditions, we'd love to have you. Don't think I'm trying to scare you off; I'm just being frank.

*(To be continued in the November number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)*

### THE JOY OF BEING

WHITHER my road is leading me  
Perhaps I do not know;  
But oh, the path is fair to see,  
And sweet the winds that blow!  
In sun or storm, by day or night,  
If skies are lowering or bright,  
The highroad holds so much delight  
I run with heart aglow.

The lanes may thorny be, and lead  
To steep heart-breaking high;  
The forests wild with bush and weed  
My strength may mortify;  
Yet, with resolve to do and dare,  
I hold within my soul small care  
For hazards spread o'er pathways where  
The goals worth winning lie.

It is enough to live and plan,  
To joy in earth and sea;  
To do what things a mortal can  
With spirit blithe and free;  
To prove one's strength of soul, and will  
To meet and overcome the ill,  
And in the end to gain the thrill  
Of manful mastery!

*John Kendrick Bangs*



# Our Memorials of Columbus

THE MANY AND NOTEWORTHY MONUMENTS THAT AMERICA HAS ERECTED IN HONOR OF THE GREAT ITALIAN WHO DISCOVERED THE NEW WORLD

By Frank Owen Payne

**C**HRISTOPHER COLUMBUS probably enjoys the distinction of having been honored with a greater number of public memorials than any other character of profane history. Italy, the land of his birth, is dotted over with sculptured monuments of him, the splendid statue in Genoa being the most noteworthy. Spain, the land which owed most to his achievement, after letting him die in disgrace, showed a tardy recognition of the man whose intellect conceived a new world and whose genius and perseverance sent him to find it, by naming cities after him and erecting statues in his honor. The Columbus monuments at Barcelona and in Madrid are among the finest in the Spanish kingdom.

But it is the western hemisphere that has done most to honor the great navigator's memory. Almost every capital city from Cape Horn to the arctic circle can show one or more statues of Columbus. Every South American country has at least one city named after him, and one nation, Colombia, has taken his name—very appropriately, since the only continental American coast that he ever saw was that of the region now known as Colombia and Venezuela. Only Canada seems to have ignored him in so far as concerns the erection of public monuments.

Practically every one of our forty-eight States has a town, or a county, or both, named after Columbus. The national capital is located in that unique territory known as the District of Columbia. Columbus, Colombia, Columbiana, and Colon are



STATUE OF COLUMBUS MODELED BY BARTHOLDI, AND CAST IN SILVER BY THE GORHAM COMPANY FOR THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION OF 1893



"THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," A RELIEF BY SALLY JAMES FARNHAM IN THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS, WASHINGTON

among the commonest names on the map. Colleges, avenues, and parks offer abundant evidence of the surpassing honor in which his name is held. It is the purpose of this article to consider some of the more noteworthy memorials which have been erected in the United States of America.

Most of the art works relating to Columbus are either paintings, which as a rule are the property of private owners, or sculptures, which are to be found in public streets or parks. The paintings are reputed portraits of historic scenes, in which both the man and his surroundings are depicted according to the imagination of the artist. The statues are of two distinct types—those of the Italian school, copies or imitations of the celebrated Genoa statue, and those of a more realistic sort, agreeable to our modern ideas of the man. This difference will be more clearly noted if one compares the work of the earlier sculptors with that of the artists of the present day.

#### COLUMBUS MEMORIALS IN WASHINGTON

One of the first objects to greet the eye of the tourist upon his arrival in Washington is the imposing marble fountain erected in honor of the discoverer. It stands immediately in front of the Union Station, and is the work of the well-known Western sculptor, Lorado Taft.

It shows Columbus enveloped in a cloak. At his back, upon a massive plinth, is a globe flanked by symbolic eagles. Before him is the prow of a ship, having a grace-

fully draped Victory for its figurehead. To right and left are kneeling figures bearing tablets. At either side of the pool are huge lions couchant. The whole work is executed in pure white marble, which makes it stand out in sharp relief against the soft gray background of the Union Station façade.

The face of Columbus is noble and calm. In simple dignity and commanding presence, the work is worthy of the place it occupies. It deservedly ranks among the masterpieces of the eminent American artist who created it.

As one approaches the Capitol, there is seen on the left side of the eastern steps Persico's colossal marble group entitled "The Discovery of America," representing Columbus and an Indian girl. The navigator's armor is copied from a suit said to have been worn by him, and now preserved in a museum at Genoa. This work, like most of the sculpture of its day, is stiff and unnatural in pose. It lacks vitality and convincing power. Moreover, the action of the elements has so affected it as to make it resemble a real antique.

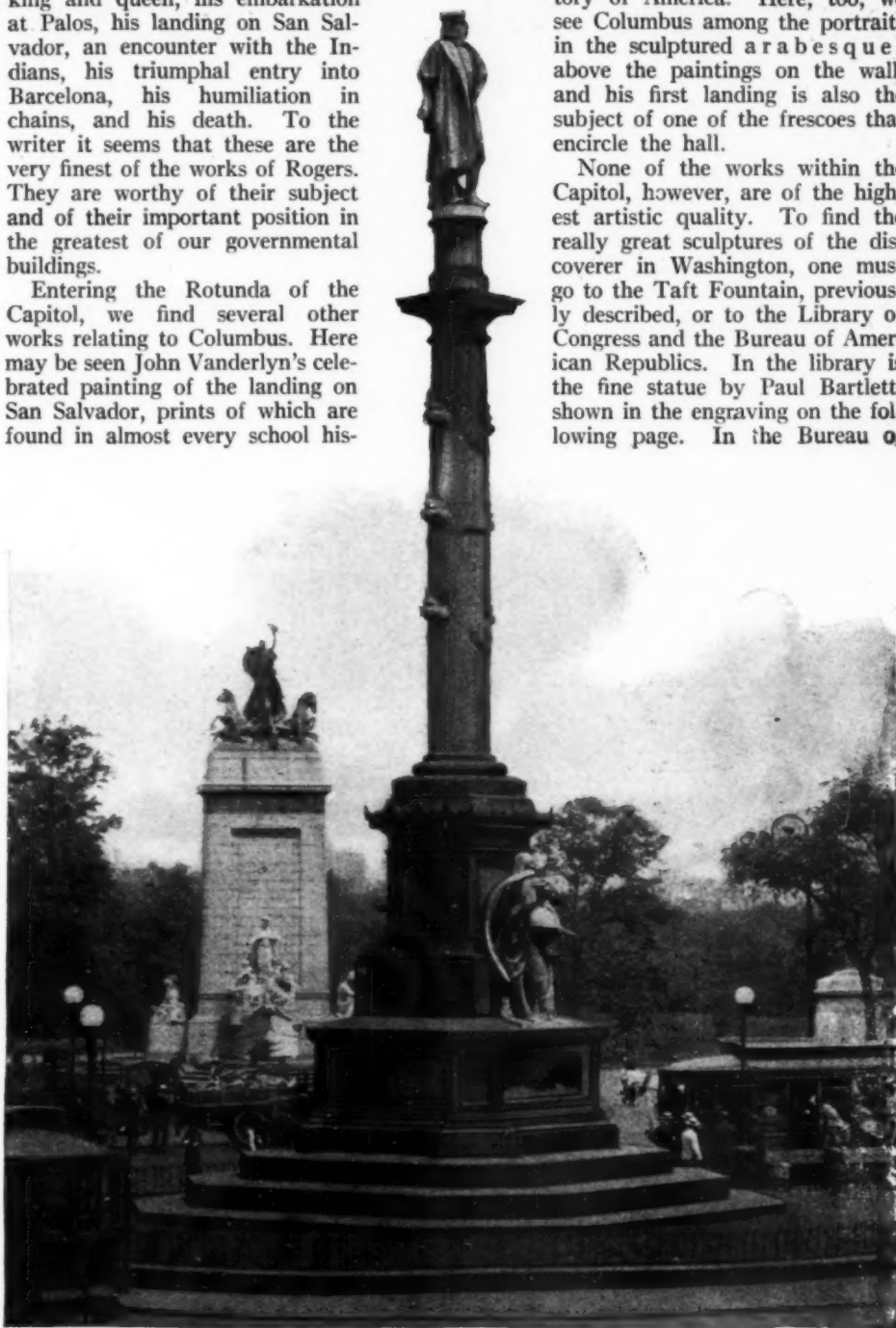
Having ascended the steps of the Capitol, one is confronted by the great central portals of bronze, the work of Randolph Rogers. These superb doors were modeled in Rome in 1858, and were cast in Munich. The nine reliefs in the panels illustrate scenes in the career of Columbus—the council at Salamanca, his departure from La Rabida, his audience with the Spanish

king and queen, his embarkation at Palos, his landing on San Salvador, an encounter with the Indians, his triumphal entry into Barcelona, his humiliation in chains, and his death. To the writer it seems that these are the very finest of the works of Rogers. They are worthy of their subject and of their important position in the greatest of our governmental buildings.

Entering the Rotunda of the Capitol, we find several other works relating to Columbus. Here may be seen John Vanderlyn's celebrated painting of the landing on San Salvador, prints of which are found in almost every school his-

tory of America. Here, too, we see Columbus among the portraits in the sculptured arabesques above the paintings on the wall, and his first landing is also the subject of one of the frescoes that encircle the hall.

None of the works within the Capitol, however, are of the highest artistic quality. To find the really great sculptures of the discoverer in Washington, one must go to the Taft Fountain, previously described, or to the Library of Congress and the Bureau of American Republics. In the library is the fine statue by Paul Bartlett, shown in the engraving on the following page. In the Bureau of



NEW YORK'S MOST CONSPICUOUS MONUMENT OF COLUMBUS, WHICH STANDS IN THE CENTER OF COLUMBUS CIRCLE, BROADWAY AND FIFTY-NINTH STREET—THE STATUE OF THE DISCOVERER WAS MODELED BY AN ITALIAN SCULPTOR, GAETANO RUSSO



PAUL BARTLETT'S FINE STATUE OF COLUMBUS, WHICH STANDS  
IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS, WASHINGTON

American Republics the "Landing"—shown in the engraving on page 24—is one of the best of the admirable series of reliefs executed by Sally James Farnham.

Paul Bartlett has given us a most virile and satisfying representation of Columbus. It occupies a place of honor in the rotunda of the National Library, and ranks among the very finest statues in that remarkable

edifice, where America's greatest artists have vied with one another in producing their most striking work. The sculptor has represented Columbus with his head thrown back, his whole figure vibrant with life and feeling, and an expression of triumph upon his proud and virile countenance. So must he have appeared as he stood before the sovereigns to whom he presented a new world. Bartlett has followed the Genoa statue in its essentials, but has imparted to the great explorer a degree of life and vigor not seen in the Italian work.

Mrs. Sally James Farnham's frieze in the Bureau of American Republics has been warmly and justly praised. For her representation of the navigator's landing on San Salvador she has chosen the moment when Columbus knelt to offer a prayer of gratitude for the success that had crowned his daring voyage.

Several other Columbus memorials have been projected for the national capital, but it is very doubtful whether any of them will be carried out. Congress once appropriated seventy-five thousand dollars for a monument at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue, where the Peace Monument now stands, and a great triumphal arch was also proposed at the head of Sixteenth Street. So far as can be learned, nothing has ever come of either scheme.

New York rejoices in the possession of four sculptures and several paintings relating to Christopher Columbus. Of the sculptures, the most conspicuous is the monument in the center of Columbus Circle. This imposing work was presented to the city by Italian citizens in 1893, to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. It is the work



of a celebrated Italian artist, Gaetano Russo, and was executed in Italy.

Columbus is seen in the garb of a Spanish admiral. The statue surmounts a pillar seventy-five feet in height, adorned with the prows and sterns of his three ships. At the base, in front, is a youthful figure of the Genius of Discovery, with a globe. At the rear is an admirably modeled figure of an eagle. The pedestal is ornamented with reliefs representing historic scenes in the life of Columbus.

Ever since the establishment of Columbus Day as a holiday, this fine monument has been handsomely decorated on the 12th of October with symbolic floral emblems, while the Spanish and Italian citizens vie with the Knights of Columbus in thus honoring the man who more than any other was responsible for making the New World known to civilization.

Two statues of Columbus adorn, or adorned, Central Park. One of these stands at the beginning of the Mall. It is the work of Suñol, and was erected with imposing ceremonies.

The other statue, the gift of Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, was the work of Emma Stebbins, and bears the inscription "Roma, 1867," giving the place and date of its execution. It represents Columbus in the garb of a sailor. In his "History of American Sculpture," Lorado Taft says of it:

It was highly praised in its day, but is now lost sight of.

For years this really fine statue stood desolate, deserted, and forlorn in the abandoned McGowan's Pass Tavern in Central Park. When that building was demolished, it was removed to the old Armory, where at latest accounts it was seen utterly neglected and covered with

dust and grime. It is a great pity that up to the present no effort has been made to give it a worthy location. If such is to be the fate of works of art which come into possession of New York, there is little inducement to lead people of wealth to give statues for the ornamentation of the public parks of the metropolis.



"GENOA"—A COLOSSAL FIGURE OF COLUMBUS ON THE  
FACADE OF THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE  
MODELED BY HENRY LUKEMAN



STATUE OF COLUMBUS MODELED BY EMMA STEBBINS,  
PRESENTED TO NEW YORK BY MRS. MARSHALL  
ROBERTS, NOW LYING NEGLECTED IN  
THE CENTRAL PARK ARMORY

Among the excellent statues which adorn the façade of the New York Custom House, the colossal series representing the historic nations of the earth is most interesting. To

the student of history, as well as to the lover of art, these huge sculptures are a perpetual source of delight.

The figure of Columbus is here employed to typify the great commercial city of Genoa, the home city of the discoverer. It is the work of Lukeman, and in pose and workmanship it is equal to the best portraiture of the great admiral. It may fitly be ranked with the works of Bartlett and Taft in Washington.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art possesses only two works connected with Columbus. One of these is the historic painting by Brozik, representing "Columbus at the Court of Queen Isabella"—an imaginary depiction of an event which never happened. The other is the famous portrait by Sebastiano del Piombo. Although no man knows how Columbus really looked, there being wide discrepancies among the innumerable alleged portraits handed down to us, this is generally accepted as the most authentic. It agrees reasonably well with the description of the navigator left by his son.

Among the collections of New York connoisseurs there are two works relating to Columbus which deserve mention here. One is a pastel by Marechal, representing the broken-hearted Columbus returning to Spain in chains. This striking work and its companion piece, "Galileo," are the property of Mr. J. W. Boyle. They may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum, to which they have been loaned for exhibition.

The other is Sorolla's fine painting showing Columbus on the deck of his ship. The studies for this work were presented to the Hispanic Society, and may be seen in the Hispanic Museum. The finished work is the property of Mr. Thomas F. Ryan.

Personal property of Columbus is among the rarest of all historic objects. The New York Geographic Society has what is said to have been a snuff-box or a spectacle-case once the property of the discoverer. It is a richly decorated box of silver, hallmarked with letters and figures. It ought not be difficult, one would think, to determine the authenticity of such an object.

A very fine medallion of Columbus may be seen on the front of the Brooklyn Historical Society's building. It is the work of Olin Warner, done in terra cotta. It is modeled after the Genoa statue, but the head-dress is greatly modified.

A list of Columbus memorials published

in Spain, in 1893, as part of that year's celebration in honor of the discoverer, mentions a picture of a group in marble by David d'Angers entitled "Pointing Out the Light." This is said to have belonged to the late Napoleon Sarony, the well-known New York photographer and art collector; but careful inquiries among Mr. Sarony's heirs and successors have failed to obtain any information regarding its present whereabouts.

#### MONUMENTS IN OTHER CITIES

The late Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, the famous French sculptor, was commissioned to execute for the Gorham Company a statue of the discoverer for exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition, in 1893. The result of this commission was a superb work cast in silver, the largest piece of silverware ever constructed. The original silver statue was broken up to be used for other purposes, but a replica in bronze was erected in Providence, Rhode Island, where it stands not far from the great foundry of the Gorham Company. It is shown in the engraving on page 23.

Baltimore has three memorials of Columbus. The first, a simple shaft, was erected in Druid Hill Park by a Frenchman who greatly admired the navigator. A more pretentious work in the same park was erected at the expense of Italians resident in Baltimore. It is the work of Achille Canessa, a well-known Italian sculptor. The third Columbus statue in the Monumental City stands in the grounds of the Blind Asylum.

Boston contributes to our list a figure in Louisburg Square, the work of an Italian sculptor, presented to the city by one of her Greek citizens, Joseph Iasigi, in 1849. It

represents Columbus in the conventional sailor costume with all the accompanying insignia.

Boston also possesses, in her fine Art Museum, one of the most unique of all Columbian statues. This is the beautiful "Boy Columbus," by Giulio Monteverde. A charming Italian boy is seen seated upon a pile at the end of a quay, while a froth-capped wave at the base almost laves his feet. The modeling of this lovely figure is exquisite, and the beauty and strength of the boy have been admirably wrought out.

Out of a single block of Carrara marble weighing many tons, Larkin G. Mead executed a colossal group which was purchased by the late D. O. Mills for sixty thousand dollars, and presented by him to the State of California. It is a striking work, though done on somewhat conventional lines. It may be seen in the rotunda of the State capitol at Sacramento, and is shown in the engraving on page 30.

In the autumn of 1876, just as the Centennial Exposition was closing, a marble statue of Columbus was presented to the city of Philadelphia by her Italian citizens. It stands not far from the Horticultural

Hall in Fairmount Park. Like so many others of the works of Italian artists, we see here the anchor, the bit of cable, and the other nautical insignia so often present in representations of the great discoverer.

No other city of the world spent so much time, money, and energy in celebrating the glory of the discovery of America as did Chicago, when she conceived and carried out to a successful issue her magnificent exposition of 1893. This greatest of all world's fairs covered nearly seven hundred



"THE BOY COLUMBUS," BY GIULIO MONTEVERDE, IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON



"COLUMBUS BEFORE QUEEN ISABELLA," A COLOSSAL GROUP BY LARKIN G. MEAD, IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CALIFORNIA STATE CAPITOL AT SACRAMENTO

acres of ground, with a quarter of a million exhibits housed in one hundred and fifty buildings. Its total cost was more than thirty millions of dollars, most of which was provided by the splendid enterprise and liberality of the citizens of Chicago. In the six months during which its gates

stood open the wonders of the exhibition were seen by more than twenty-seven million visitors.

So immense was this stupendous fair that it eclipsed all the minor features whereby the famous navigator was honored. Compared with the great White



City by the lake, with its scores of dazzling structures, it is no wonder that the fine statues by Park and Ezekiel, and the great Columbian Fountain by Macmonnies, scarcely received the notice to which their artistic merit entitled them.

The exposition also brought to Chicago two of the so-called "authentic" portraits of Columbus—the Antonio Moro and the Lotto. Unfortunately these two paintings have not the slightest resemblance to each other, and it is safe to say that they cannot both be correct.

One of the most imposing of all the American memorials of Columbus is the massive gold-bronze statue of heroic size in the city of St. Louis. This was cast in Munich, and is a close copy of the Genoa statue.

Of the Columbus statues in general it may be declared that all the earlier works are copies or imitations of the monument in Genoa. All of them are dominated by the influence of Canova. They excel in

finish, and are conventional in the use of nautical insignia. They lack life and motion. They are not convincing, and they fail to arouse our sympathy. Such are the statues of the navigator in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, and the earlier works to be found in New York and Washington.

The same is also true of the earlier historical paintings. These are stiff, unnatural, and unconvincing.

More recent works are far more realistic, virile, and alive in their rendering of the great discoverer. When one beholds the splendid figures which have been given us by Bartholdi, Lukeman, Bartlett, and Taft—when one stands before the glowing canvas of Sorolla, or feasts the eye on the delicate pastels of Marechall—he cannot help feeling that in these later works we have representations more truly in accord with our ideal of the man Columbus in his unique and romantic life of struggle and action.

#### BALLADE OF THE BEES OF TREBIZOND

THERE blooms a flower in Trebizond  
 Stored with such honey for the bee—  
 So saith the antique book I conned—  
 Of such alluring fragrancy,  
 Not sweeter smells the Eden tree.  
 Thither the maddened feasters fly;  
 Yet—so, alas, is it with me!  
 To taste that honey is to die.

Belovèd, I, as foolish fond,  
 Feast still my eyes and heart on thee,  
 Asking no blessedness beyond  
 Thy face from morn till night to see.  
 Ensorcelled past all remedy  
 Even as those foolish bees am I,  
 Though well I know my destiny  
 To taste that honey is to die.

O'er such a doom shall I despond?  
 I would not from thy snare go free!  
 Release me not from thy sweet bond;  
 I live but in thy mystery.  
 Though all my senses from me flee,  
 I still would glut my glazing eye,  
 Thou nectar of mortality!  
 To taste that honey is to die.

#### ENVOI

Princess, before I cease to be,  
 Bend o'er my lips so burning dry  
 Thy honeycombs of ivory—  
 To taste that honey is to die!

*Richard Leigh*

# The Organization of the Theater

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THE STAGE, FROM ANCIENT ATHENS TO MODERN NEW YORK—A FRANK ESTIMATE OF THE FAULTS AND THE MERITS OF OUR EXISTING THEATRICAL SYSTEM

By Brander Matthews

Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University

THE drama is now, and always has been, dependent upon the theater. It is only in the playhouse itself that a play reveals its full force. To try to appreciate a vital drama by reading it alone in the library is a vain effort, akin to the attempt to judge a richly glowing picture by a pale photograph.

For the complete disclosure of its power, a drama demands not only the theater itself, with the actors and all the accessories—it requires also the presence of the spectators, that we may feel the contagion of communal emotion aroused by its passionate appeal. It has to be born on the stage, and to prove thereon its right to live, before it can hope for survival in the study. It must perforce please the playgoers of its own time and of its own country, for whom it was specially composed, because only after it has gained their approval is there any chance of its winning the favor of succeeding generations.

The theater can exist without the drama—as it did in imperial Rome, when the stage was given over to dancers and acrobats and animal-trainers; but the drama can never exist without the theater. It was because there was no properly organized theater in Italy during the Renaissance, with competent companies of actors and with traditions accepted by their accustomed audiences, that the Italian literature of that superb epoch is so deficient in tragedies and comedies.

Thus it is that those of us who love the drama of our own tongue, and who wish to see it flourish luxuriously both to-day and

to-morrow, cannot but take a keen interest in the organization of the theater. We would like to see it organized on a sound and secure basis, for we are well aware that any defect in its organization will necessarily react injuriously upon the development of the drama.

It need not surprise us that the organization of the theater in the United States in the opening decades of the twentieth century has been the subject of attacks as violent as they are vociferous. I say that it need not surprise us, because all students of the history of the stage are aware that the organization of the theater has never been entirely satisfactory in any country or at any period—except possibly in Greece, in the glorious days when Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides brought forth their rival masterpieces in the spacious Theater of Dionysus just below the towering Acropolis.

And we cannot tell whether or not the organization of the Athenian theater was really as satisfactory as it seems to have been, since there may have been many an adverse criticism which has not come down to us after more than twenty centuries. We do know that the organization of the theater in Rome, in the period of Plautus and Terence, was most unsatisfactory, with its actors who were slaves, and who might be scourged if they failed to receive the plaudits for which they begged piteously at the end of the play, and with their audiences made up of a mob of freedmen often imperfectly familiar with the Latin tongue.

The organization of the theater in England under Elizabeth, and in France under Louis XIV, was not approved by many of the subjects of those monarchs; and the better we know it, the less it approves itself to us, since it imposed harsh restrictions upon actors and authors alike. The organization of the French theater under Louis XVI was bitterly attacked by Beaumarchais; and every reader of the "Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber" will recall his diatribes against the conditions which obtained in England in his time.

So, too, every reader of Joseph Jefferson's "Autobiography" will recall his account of the squalid life led by the wandering companies of actors here in the United States in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Within the past year or two Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. William Poel have declaimed against the organization of the theater in England at the present time; and Mr. Poel has gone so far as to demand drastic legislation to remedy a situation which he deems utterly intolerable.

This being the state of affairs in other lands and in other centuries, we need not be surprised, as has already been remarked, by the vehement protests against the existing organization of the theater here in America. Nor, on the other hand, need we assume that these present protests have as little foundation as had many of those which were raised in the past. We had better keep our minds open and examine the facts as they are to-day, to discover, if we can, what is peculiar to us, and what justification there may be for the incessant and wearisome outcry. When we have ascertained the facts, we shall be in a better position to ask whether there are remedies for any evils which may then be apparent to us.

#### THEATRICAL SYSTEMS OF THE PAST

The first thing we find when we undertake the investigation is that the organization of the theater here and now is unlike any other which has ever existed anywhere else.

In Greece, the annual performances were in the hands of the state. In Rome, performances were given gratuitously, more often than not, the cost being borne by an aspiring politician wishing to win the suffrages of the mob. In the Middle Ages,

the performances were at first in the churches under the complete control of the priests; and later they were out of doors on church festivals, and in charge of the trade gilds.

In Shakespeare's time and in Molière's, a number of the more important actors associated themselves together, arranged for a theater, hired the subordinate performers, and divided the takings at the door, share and share alike. In these companies one of the actors undertook the function of manager, representing his comrades, and more or less guiding their fortunes; but these managers had only so much authority as might be delegated to them by their fellow sharers. They were not autocrats, engaging and discharging the members of the company according to their own caprice; their risk or their profit was not larger than that of their associates.

In the company at the Globe Theater, Burbage seems to have been the dominant personality; yet from all we have been able to gather we may venture a guess that Shakespeare, with his gift for friendship, his solidity of character, and his shrewdness in business, was probably the second in command, so to speak.

In the company at the Palais Royal, Molière was the honored chief, to whom his fellow players were loyally devoted; but the associated actors managed their affairs in town-meeting, and as an actor Molière shared equally with the others, although he received extra allowances from time to time to reward his special service as the stock playwright of the theater. This type of organization is still seen now and again in the United States, when a company, deserted by its manager, continues its existence as a "commonwealth"; and it is the type which has been preserved by the Comédie Française in Paris ever since that institution was established by Molière.

The French government provides the theater and an annual subvention, in return for which it designates a manager, who has a stated salary, and also his equal share of the profits. But this appointed manager is not supreme; he can make no important decision without the advice and consent of the committee chosen by the associated actors. He is, in fact, an executive only; and his relations with the company depend on his tact, his ability, and his powers of persuasion. If he has these

qualifications, and if he is successful in rolling up the profits—which are annually divided by the associated actors, and are in addition to their modest salaries—he may be allowed to have his own way more or less. If, on the other hand, he is fussy and feeble, and especially if the receipts fall off, then the associated actors make his life a burden, and the last state of that manager is worse than the first.

#### THE ADVENT OF THE MANAGER

Although this type of organization has many evident advantages, and was once almost universal in France, in England, and in Italy, it has been generally abandoned in favor of a simpler type, whereby the power and the profit are concentrated in the hands of a manager who is solely responsible for the recruiting of the company, for the choice of the plays, and for the debts of the concern. The change seems to have taken place slowly. Colley Cibber was one of three actors who directed the destiny of the theater to which he was attached; yet at that very time the rival theater was most autocratically managed by an illiterate speculator named Rich.

The reason for the change is not far to seek. The management of a theater is, after all, a complicated business enterprise, exceedingly difficult to conduct successfully; and a business enterprise is always one man's job. A commonwealth is impossible, unless there is the cordiality which makes for cooperation; and actors are often superabundantly endowed with the "artistic temperament" which makes them kittle cattle to drive.

Even in Paris, it would probably be impossible to start a rival company to the *Comédie Française*, organized on the same basis. Indeed, the *Comédie Française* itself has more than once been on the edge of shipwreck. From time to time it has been deserted by its most popular actors and actresses—Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin and Guitry. Its continued existence is due to the cohesive force of its inherited traditions, some of which go back to the days of Molière, while others are codified in the famous decree signed at Moscow by Napoleon.

In the eighteenth century the two rival theaters in London, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, were managed for long periods by the elder George Colman and by David Garrick. They had secured as

members of their respective companies almost every actor and actress in Great Britain who had achieved outstanding reputation; and the companies they collected remained almost unchanged from year to year, new recruits being drafted from the provinces only as the veterans ceased to lag superfluous on the stage.

As a result of this continuity of association, the tragedians and comedians knew each other intimately, and were accustomed to the team-play which is essential to an effective performance. When Garrick retired, and turned his theater over to Sheridan, he left the new manager in command of what was probably the most accomplished gathering of comic actors and actresses ever attached to a single theater in any English-speaking country—unless it was surpassed by that of a half-century earlier, the members of which still live again in the brisk and brilliant pages of Colley Cibber's autobiography.

In the nineteenth century, Montigny made the *Gymnase* the most attractive playhouse in Paris, excepting only the *Théâtre Français*. Mme. Vestris gave a temporary vogue to Covent Garden; and Buckstone held the reins for a longer period at the Haymarket.

#### FAMOUS AMERICAN STOCK COMPANIES

In New York there were stock companies of a similar permanence, although of a less even excellence, first at the Park Theater, next at Burton's, and finally at Wallack's and at Daly's. In Boston, at the so-called Museum, R. M. Field was able to keep together for a term of years—in fact, for more than a quarter of a century—a strong and coherent company of comedians headed by William Warren; and in San Francisco, for a briefer period, John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett surrounded themselves with actors and actresses of tried and tested ability.

It was only in the last third of the nineteenth century that this type of theatrical organization slowly disappeared. When the Bancrofts had firmly established themselves in London in the little Prince of Wales's Theater, they began to engage actors not for the whole of a single theatrical season, but only for "the run of the piece." It is true that half a dozen of the more important performers remained with them, and were provided with parts in play after play; but there was no longer any recog-



nized permanence in the membership of the company.

The example of the Bancrofts was followed by the Kendals, by Wyndham, by Hare, and even by Henry Irving. These managers all engaged special performers to suit the characters of the successive plays that they produced; and they were thus relieved of the increasing expense of maintaining a stock company capable of presenting any kind of play—comedy, tragedy, or melodrama.

As England is only a comparatively small island, and as the multiplying railroads made it easily accessible from all parts of the kingdom, people from the provinces flocked to the capital, and the plays presented in the London ran for constantly increasing periods, from a hundred to even a thousand nights. During these runs the manager was not paying salaries to actors whose names were absent from the program. So it came about that the stock companies ceased to be, and that the leading performers became part-time workers, appearing now in one playhouse and now in another, but still being more or less familiar with the methods of the other performers likely to be engaged with them for any new play, or for any revival of an old play.

#### THE PASSING OF THE STOCK COMPANY

The abandonment of the permanent stock companies and the introduction of engagements only for "the run of the piece" were brought about in Great Britain by economic pressure due in part to geographic conditions. A similar change was brought about in the United States almost simultaneously by a similar economic pressure due to widely different geographic conditions.

The organization of the American theater prior to 1870 was very much what the organization of the British theater had been a century earlier. In every town of any importance there was at least one theater, occasionally owned by the manager, but more generally leased by him. It was his private enterprise; he engaged the actors and the actresses, who were likely to remain with him season after season; he accumulated his own scenery, costumes, and properties; he stood ready always and at forty-eight hours' notice to put up "Hamlet" or the "School for Scandal," the "Lady of Lyons" or "Camille,"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "Mazeppa" or the "Naiad Queen," without having to invoke any outside assistance.

If wandering stars came along—Forrest or Booth, "Jim Crow" Rice or Lotta—they were supported by his company and clothed from his wardrobe. They used properties from his own storehouse and the primitive stock scenery which had been seen in a hundred other plays.

The manners and customs of those distant days are preserved for us in the autobiographies of Anna Cora Mowatt, Joseph Jefferson, and Clara Morris. More often than not, the manager was himself an actor—like Burton or Wallack—appearing now and again on his own stage; and his wife was not infrequently the leading lady. Sometimes the manager was a playwright—like William Dunlap or Augustin Daly; and then he found his profit in presenting his own pieces. Sometimes he had been recruited from some other calling—like R. M. Field or A. M. Palmer; but always he was devoted to the drama, thoroughly familiar with the traditions of the stage, and thoroughly enjoying his association with the theater. He was a local institution; and sometimes, like Caldwell in New Orleans or Rice in Chicago, he was one of the leading citizens of the town.

When a popular minstrel company wanted the theater for a week or two, the manager was sometimes obliging enough to send his company to play in a smaller city if its "opera-house" chanced to be unoccupied. He did this more willingly when a glittering spectacle, such as the "Black Crook" or the "Twelve Temptations" asked him to turn out; but this complaisance hastened his downfall, since his well-worn scenery had a pallid look after the effulgent splendor of the interloper.

#### THE PERIOD OF TRAVELING COMPANIES

Then, after a while, one and another of the more prominent stars—Joseph Jefferson, first of all, as he confesses in his autobiography—dissatisfied with the inadequacy of the mounting of their plays, and disgusted by the carelessness and incompetence with which they were only too often supported by the stock-actors, began to engage companies of their own. They selected performers specially fitted for the characters they were to impersonate; they arranged to carry with them the special

scenery required by the plays they intended to present that season. Soon there were so many of these that at least one theater in each of the larger cities gave up its own company and relied exclusively upon these "combinations," as the traveling companies were then called.

For a few years the managers of the stock-company houses made a valiant fight; but in the end they had to retire from the field defeated. It had been a severe blow to them when they were deprived of the potent attraction of the stars, who had early seen the advantage of the touring company. Without these stars—and, in fact, in opposition to them—the performances given by the stock companies were found to be inferior. The local scenery, costumes, and properties were discovered to be mere makeshifts, unworthy at their best, and often worse than unworthy, especially when they were compared with the stricter propriety of the scenic equipment provided for the elaborate "productions" sent out from New York. The local offerings appeared to be provincial and inferior, whereas those which were brought from afar bore the stamp of metropolitan approval.

So it was that sooner or later the managers of stock companies had to withdraw from a lost battle. Some of them kept their theaters, and sank to the humble position of janitors. Some moved to New York, and became producers on their own account and managers of traveling companies. Some retired to obscurity; some died in time to escape bankruptcy.

Whether the vanquishing of the local stock companies by the traveling companies was advantageous or not, it was inevitable, for it was the result of inexorable economic conditions, in conjunction with equally inexorable geographic conditions. It was a swift and startling change in the methods of conducting the business of the theater—a change brought about by forces wholly beyond the control of those engaged in that business.

Before the end of the nineteenth century the organization of the theater in the United States became what it is now. In New York, in all the larger cities, and in most of the smaller, the playhouses are controlled by one or the other of the two rival "syndicates." The resident managers of these playhouses are scarcely more than caretakers, since they can exercise lit-

tle or no choice as to the "attractions" that play engagements in their theaters. The producing managers choose plays, engage actors, and are responsible for all the accessories. Most of these producing managers are in partnership with one or the other of the syndicates, because the syndicates control all the important theaters in all the important towns. Thus it is that the artistic guidance of the drama is in the hands of the producing managers, and the financial government is in the hands of the syndicates.

#### THE CRY OF COMMERCIALISM

Many of the producing managers are akin in type to the managers of the resident stock companies—that is to say, they are sometimes actors, sometimes playwrights, and sometimes men drawn from other callings by the lure of the theater. Most of the members of the syndicates are men of affairs, who have gone into the theater business as they would go into any other trade, mainly for their own profit. Their interest in the drama as an art is intermittent, whereas their interest in the theater as a business is incessant. Their attitude and their actions have called for sharp criticism, summed up in the accusation that they have "commercialized the theater."

Now all students of stage history know that there has always been a commercial side to the theater—except in ancient Greece and in the Middle Ages, when the drama was more or less religious in its associations. In more modern times we have ascertained that the drama cannot flourish as an art unless the theater prospers as a business.

No art can survive unless it affords a fairly satisfactory living to those who devote themselves to it; and as the appeal of the drama is to the people as a whole, it can never be independent of the takings at the door. Even in the few subsidized theaters of Europe, national or municipal, the grant in aid made by the government is never enough to support the enterprise without box-office receipts.

Commercialism in the theater is often bitterly denounced by young persons who conceive of art as ethereally detached from all financial considerations. The real question is not whether the theater is commercial, but whether it is unduly commercial, whether it has money-making for its chief

aim, whether it is willing to sacrifice its artistic aspirations to the single purpose of making money.

The theater was commercial, to a certain extent, in the time of Shakespeare and Molière, of Sheridan and Beaumarchais; but it was not then unduly commercial. Is it unduly commercial now and here, to-day in the United States? Is its organization exclusively in the control of men who are thinking only of the profits to be made, and who know nothing and care less about the drama as an art?

Here again it is necessary to distinguish and to point out the yawning gulf between the playhouses which are truly homes of the drama and the playhouses which have been surrendered outright to mere "shows" divorced from the drama.

There is in our theaters to-day a heterogeneity of so-called "musical comedies," summer song pieces, "Follies" and "Passing Shows," sometimes beautifully mounted, but often empty of anything but glitter and violent movement, far-fetched fun, and unnecessary noise. These exhibitions occupy the stages of theaters where we might hope to see something better worth while; they are money-making speculations, no more and no less; they supply nothing but vacuous entertainment for those who go to a show warranted to demand no mental effort from the spectators; they are examples of naked commercialism. As far as the drama is concerned, they are utterly negligible—as negligible as is the circus, which now invades the theater only at very rare intervals.

#### STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF OUR STAGE

There remains to be considered the large proportion of our theaters the stage doors of which remain open to the drama in all its various manifestations—tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, problem play, or what not.

Now, nobody familiar with the facts can deny or doubt that the theater here and now is hospitable to the drama. No really noteworthy European play, no matter where it was originally brought out, fails to be presented sooner or later in New York. It may be gay—the latest Parisian farce, for example; and then its chance comes sooner. It may be somber or even gloomy—the "Weavers" of Herr Hauptmann for instance, the "John Ferguson" of Mr. St. John Irvine, or the "Jest" of

Signor Sem Benelli; and then its chance may be late in coming. And side by side with these more or less important importations we see a host of native pieces of every degree of merit, reflecting almost every aspect of American life and character, from the "Salvation Nell" of Mr. Edward Sheldon to the "Why Marry?" of Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, from the "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" of Mr. Augustus Thomas to the "Get Rich Quick" of Mr. George M. Cohan.

Nor is the drama of the past without its opportunity also. Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe draw audiences limited only by the capacity of the houses in which they appear; Mr. Robert Mantell carries with him a varied repertory; and Mr. Walter Hampden is enabled to present "Hamlet" for an unexpected series of performances. It must be confessed that Shakespeare is more fortunate than Sheridan, and that we have not now the privilege of beholding "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," or any of the so-called "old comedies" of Sheridan's predecessors and successors—"She Would and She Would Not," "Money," "The Road to Ruin," and "London Assurance"—as frequently as we used to have it in the days when Burton and Wallack and Daly managed their own theaters, and had permanent companies accustomed to present these specimens of a form of the drama which is now regrettably neglected.

Perhaps some way will be found whereby the "old comedies" will again be allowed to revisit the playhouses of to-day. It is likely to arrive whenever New York shall have a theater with a manager who is more than a janitor, and who shall rely upon his fellow New Yorkers for support. The economic conditions being what they are, this manager will need to have his path made easy for him, and to be helped to travel along it.

It is a lamentable fact, the full significance of which is grasped only by a few, that New York, perhaps the most populous city in the world, is at the present time entirely dependent on "road shows." It has no theater managed with an eye single to its appeal to the population of Manhattan. It has to rely absolutely upon traveling combinations.

It is true, of course, that many of these combinations do not travel, for they begin and end their careers here in New York;

but they were all of them intended to travel, if they had first succeeded in New York. The stars open their season where it is most convenient, and they come into New York when they can; but the immense majority of new plays—American, British, or translated from foreign tongues—are produced in New York, even if many of them may have a trial week in Washington or Atlantic City. If these new plays please Broadway, they stay as long as they can, and then pack up and begin their wanderings to other cities. Experience has shown that this is the only profitable way to conduct the theatrical business; and economic conditions are as inexorable in the theatrical as in any other business.

Geographical conditions reenforce the economic conditions; and in the United States geographical conditions differ widely from those in any other country—more especially from those in Great Britain.

As London is an easily accessible capital of a small country, the heaviest receipts are to be expected from the performances there. The London companies are engaged for the run of the piece, and do not "go on the road," the provinces being visited by inferior touring companies. As New York is a far longer distance from most of the other large cities of the United States, and as there are many of these large cities, as well as many smaller towns, equally eager to welcome any play which had won metropolitan approval, the heaviest receipts are rarely in New York itself; they are in the multitude of these other cities and towns. As a result, New York is, in the eyes of the producing managers, often only a starting-point. Their ultimate goal lies in the vast territory which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The outside market, so to speak, is so wide, and the demand so insatiable, that the producing managers are hard put to supply it; and when they happen to hit on an attractive piece, their profits may be enormous.

#### PROSPERITY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

One reason why the American theater seems to many to be unduly commercialized is that it is surpassingly prosperous. Until toward the end of the nineteenth century, the theatrical was a most precarious business, extra-hazardous for the managers, the actors, and the authors. Shakespeare and Molière, when they died, were able to leave to their families only a mod-

est competence. David Garrick is almost the only manager in all the long history of the theater in Great Britain and the United States who was able to retire with a fortune. Benefits had to be arranged for Lester Wallack and A. M. Palmer.

The playwrights were in no better case than the players or the managers; and in the nineteenth century more than one potential dramatist turned novelist simply because novel-writing was easier and more profitable than play-writing. Charles Reade, for example, testified that he was a dramatist forced to write fiction because of the inadequacy of the British and American laws.

But in the final third of the last century the right of a foreign author to control his own work was internationally recognized, thus relieving the playwrights of our language from competition with pieces purloined from French and German writers. The right of a British author to control his work in the United States was also established, relieving the American playwright from competition with pieces imported from England without payment. The far-flung British commonwealth continued to expand; and the remoter regions of the United States became more densely populated. And the most successful pieces of British and American authorship were discovered to be exportable to France and Germany and Italy.

In consequence of all these causes, the possible profits of a lucky dramatist are now as abundant as those of the lucky novelist, and on occasion even more so. One play in every score draws a prize; one in every hundred draws a grand prize of several hundred thousand dollars. In addition to the ordinary business profit, there is now the possibility of holding one of these superlatively lucky numbers in the lottery; and two or three of these may come out of the wheel of fortune in the same season.

This possibility is encouraging to those possessed by the spirit of speculation, and rather discouraging to those who are more inclined to honor the drama as an art. At best the presentation of a play is a gamble, since no one, not even the most expert, can do more than guess at the impression it will make on the public. What every one can see is that the broader and bolder the topic and the treatment of a drama, the more likely it is to prove at-



tractive to the largest body of playgoers, while the comedy of lighter fabric and of more delicate texture will probably please only a smaller group of the more refined and intelligent.

Of course, this has always been the case; and the managers of the past have always been tempted to enlarge their audiences with sensation and with spectacle. But today the temptation is greater than ever before, and perhaps it is more often yielded to than before.

#### THE RUSH FOR POPULAR SUCCESSES

And here we feel the unfortunate power of the purely commercial syndicates, who are ready always to smooth the path of the overwhelming success by opening all their theaters to it, while they are less hospitable to plays of a less emphatic allurements. This is perhaps the most obvious defect of the present organization of the theater in America—that it puts great power in the hands of a small group of men, most of whom take little or no interest in the drama as an art, regarding a play as a manufactured article out of which it is their business to make all that the traffic will bear.

As this present organization is the result of economic and geographic causes, it is idle to declaim against it; and it is foolish to indulge in offensive personalities. What is, is; and what will be, will be. We can find comfort in the fact that the most meritorious plays of this burgeoning dramatic epoch do get acted and have their chance, here and now.

And we can hope that some device will be discovered to make easier the production of plays of the highest class—whatever that class may be. There are managers now, and not a few of them, who have aspirations and ambitions, and who would be contented with a modest profit on a fair business risk without seeking always for wealth beyond the dreams of avarice through a long-shot gamble.

Perhaps it may be well to remark, in conclusion, that the present organization of the theater is not responsible for the fact that the average play presented to-day is often seen to be a pretty poor thing. In this respect the present is no worse than the past. The average play has always been a pretty poor thing; and playhouses of other times and other lands have presented a host of plays below the average. "Titus Andronicus," which is more or less Shakespeare's, is a barbarous and brutal piece; and "Measure for Measure" is only a little better in its blatant crudity of motive and method. The contemporaries of Corneille, Molière, and Racine are deservedly forgotten to-day; and so are the contemporaries of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Only devoted explorers of the annals of the drama are fully aware of the ineptness and imbecility to be found in the pieces of the inferior playwrights, even in the most glorious epochs of the theater.

Certainly the average play of 1920 is a better play, it is better acted, and it is better mounted, than the average play of 1870 or 1820.

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#### THE ACTOR

THIRTY long years he had been on the stage,  
 Thirty short lines had been his longest part;  
 You would have thought that long ago his heart  
 Would have grown bitter after such an age  
 Of futile toil. Yet in the narrow cage  
 He called his room, I heard him walk apart  
 Deep in the lives of greatest classic art,  
 Evoking *Hamlet's* doubt, *Othello's* rage,  
*Faustus's* magic. Late into the night  
 He walked and spoke and lived and loved and bled;  
 Touched hands and lips and soul with joy and sorrow.  
 The wonder spent, an hour before the light  
 Of day would break, he sat on his hard bed,  
 Speaking, ere sleep, his farce-lines for the morrow.

Paul Tanaquil

# The Duke's Opera

BY JACQUES BELDEN

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

**A**LONG a beachless coast, the black hills of Kerranach rise sharp and sudden out of the very edge of a storm-ridden sea. They build a country of mists and mosses and sodden soil, of cloud-choked skies and rain-filled air, a country of sunless days, of shadows and sorrows and dreams and songs. Men call it the Land of the Rains.

Tarne Derraght was born in that country. He sang there years before the world and you and I had ever heard his name or known the vivid glory which is his voice. Along the muddy lanes he sang, and up across the black hills where the rocks hang loose and dangerous, and down the gullies; with the wet moss slithering under his bare feet, and the rain dripping from his black hair, he sang.

I never see him now, vague and blurred and far-away, on the stage of some great opera-house, I never hear the magic thrill of his voice drifting across the wide, dark gaps that lie between men's souls, I never listen to those who speak his name as if he were at once their dear, near friend and some distant, strange god, without remembering Kerranach—Kerranach, adrip with rain and banked about with clouds.

It seems a dreary country for a boy to grow up in, but Tarne Derraght did not find it so. Poor and often hungry, yet happy and singing for all the hills to hear, he lived his childhood out and came to eighteen. Then, suddenly, without a single hot breath of warning, he began to love. He dared to love—Aileen.

Aileen! A little mystery of a girl, change-ful as the twilight. A dainty, shy-glancing maiden, with shadow-blue eyes like the depth of a violet cup—eyes that spoke and called you while her voice was silent, and softened and brightened at you below the strays of slate-black hair that wandered so lightly across her forehead.

Aileen! Proud lady of Kerranach's scanty, scattered aristocracy—daughter of Sir Renal Roylan, him who was called Hawk Roylan for his crafty face and cruel temper, and of a gipsy dancing-girl, come out of the distance of the South to marry him, and, in a year, gone from him into another and a greater distance. Wayward, wilful child, spoiled by her father and by the whole county, following her own way no matter where it might lead her.

Tarne Derraght dared to love Aileen; and she—she smiled on him. Of all the ragged, hungry boys who dwelt among Kerranach's hills, she smiled on him alone.

Sometimes she met him in the streets of Kerranach town, and walked with him down their crooked ways and through the square and along the path that winds beside the river. Sometimes she rode about in her high, handsome carriage, quite openly looking for him; and when she found him, she took him in to sit beside her, and bade the coachman drive them through the broad roads of the restricted lands and of the duke's park. Sometimes she only threw him a single bright glance as she passed him by on horseback, riding with the duke's youngest son, but just a glance of hers was enough, in those days, to make him happy.

Once she led him up the avenue to the great stone house her father's father's father had builded, and took him into the wide hall where the fire glowed, and sat with him there—she in a cushioned chair, he on a low seat close to the blaze—and talked with him and made him sing and sing and sing to her. Then, when he rose to go, she told the servants, in his hearing, how he was always to be admitted when he should come again. And he, standing there, flushing, embarrassed, his bare feet restless against the rich rug, his gray cap crumpled nervously in his hand, had to promise that he would come soon.

So, through a little, happy time, he lived in the golden haze of a dream.

## II

THERE came an afternoon when the black chill of the rain lay heavy upon the hills and the greedy moss hung sodden and satisfied against the walls of the houses of the poor.

Tarne Derraght, his bare head bent to the drive of the storm, his bare feet scattering the slippery mud-drifts that clogged the road, his fearless eyes bright with the happiness of his fearless heart, swung eagerly along the way which led from his home to Sir Renal Roylan's.

The desolate, black day touched him no more than a summer shadow touches a sunlit sea, for his whole soul was afire with the golden blaze of the song which trembled upon his lips. At last he had it—that elusive, half-possible melody which had sung itself for so many days the distance of a breath beyond his reach. At last he was its master—to hold it or to let it go as he pleased, to call it back and prison it again, to watch it change and brighten and grow more beautiful in the soft restraint of his heart.

It was all Aileen's, he knew. Its first vague note had come to him in the instant that the blue shadow of her eyes had for the first time softened the vivid clearness of his own, and the vision of its perfection had never left him since. It turned the whole world into music for him. He could feel nothing else. Every step of his way the air was full of the singing of it, although his lips were silent.

For he was taking it at last to Aileen—going to lay it at her feet, to press it upon her brow, to fold it gently about her with his arms and his kiss and the eternity of his love. He gasped with joy as a little new turn came suddenly into the end of it, making it as perfect—almost as perfect—as the shadow-blue miracle which was herself.

Close to the standing-stones of Balrea Castle he came upon Byrne O'Byrne, his good friend. Byrne O'Byrne, old for his twenty-one years, and with a drop of Scottish blood in him somewhere, watched Tarne Derraght silently from under the peak of his cap, drawing his heavy, patched coat a little closer about him as he noticed how the other's ragged garment hung half-open across his chest.

"A fine, bright day!" said Byrne O'Byrne, as his friend would have passed him by.

Tarne Derraght stopped short and glanced quickly at the sky, as if he expected to find sunlight streaming there. Then he laughed and looked away a little, and Byrne O'Byrne's expression changed. He laid his hand on the shoulder of the ragged coat.

"Tarneen, lad," he said gently, "it's myself is destroyed with a great fear for you this day. I was meeting just now with old Peter up here above, and him telling me the way it is with you, and the way you'd not give a listen at all to the good words he made for you, and him a big, wise man, God mend him! But sure, it'd take no wise man to find out the way you're going in, but a big fool itself could see it, without he was blind."

Tarne Derraght moved his head restlessly, and would not meet the look with which Byrne O'Byrne went on:

"And isn't it wild and wandering you must be, Tarneen, to be putting a trust in the ways of a woman the like of Hawk Roylan's daughter, when it's herself will only be making a sport and a game out of you before she'll be throwing you out of her way like nothing at all? The devil destroy her then, and all her kind in Kerranach!" raged Byrne O'Byrne.

Impatiently Tarne Derraght shook the friendly hand off his shoulder.

"If that 'll be all the talk you have then, Byrne O'Byrne," he said coldly, "I'll bid you good day. I'll thank you kindly to keep your fine words to yourself!"

His face was dark as he strode off through the mud, but in a moment it began to clear. The memory of his song came slowly back to him, and presently, as it had been before, the world held for him only his melody and his Aileen.

## III

So, singing a little, shivering a little, dripping, dreaming, Tarne Derraght passed through Kerranach town and up the hill to the great house of Sir Renal Roylan. Under the arch of the door he paused. He looked questioningly at his poor clothes; he smoothed his tangling, wet hair, wringing out of it a shower of drops. Then, glancing quickly around to see that he was not observed, he pulled from under his coat a bright red cap.



THE DESOLATE, BLACK DAY TOUCHED HIM NO MORE THAN A SUMMER SHADOW TOUCHES A SUNLIT SEA, FOR HIS WHOLE SOUL WAS AFIRE WITH THE GOLDEN BLAZE OF HIS SONG

It was a flaming, flaunting, foolish thing, of a kind that is worn oftenest by the wild gipsy traders who come out of the South with every autumn. But Renal Roylan's daughter had whispered idly one day that such a cap would make Tarne Derraght the handsomest boy in all the North, and after

that he had not rested until he had saved the few pence it cost him.

He pulled it down across his dark hair with a new thrill of joy in having done her pleasure, and stood there, quiet, for a moment, with his song, and his scarlet trapping, and his trusting, brave boy's heart.





"ISN'T IT WILD AND  
WANDERING YOU MUST  
BE, TARNEEN, TO BE PUTTING  
A TRUST IN THE WAYS OF A  
WOMAN THE LIKE OF HAWK  
ROYLAN'S DAUGHTER?"

Then he knocked.

The door led straight into a wide, dim hall, with an open fire at its far end, which blinked blurrily at the ceiling and the walls. Before its blaze a thousand shadows tangled, and among them, vague and mysterious, Aileen sat in her cushioned chair.

Tarne Derraght went forward quickly, his eager eyes seeing nothing beside herself; but close to her side he stopped as if he had come against a rock. The song that burned on his lips chilled suddenly and hung there, flameless, dying. The music which had clung and quivered about him for long and long, dropped and fell, like a fairy cloak that turns, when the magic fails, to rags. He stood, silent and still.

For, in the dusk beyond the fire, leaning carelessly against the chimneyside, very near Aileen, lounged the duke's youngest son, Heran—Lord Heran of Carveagh. His fat, white hand lay on the back of the chair, too close to her cheek; his thick lips rolled heavily in a devouring smile; his froth-gray eyes drew slowly away from hers to rest scornfully upon the intruder.

She spoke first; and at the sound of her voice the boy made a sudden snatch at his red cap, tore it off, and stood with it crumpled in his hand.

"Heran, this is Tarne Derraght, whom I call my singing boy," she said quietly. "Tarne, dear, you know Lord Heran, of course."

Tarne Derraght stood there without a word, looking at her as if he knew no one else in the world.

"Really, Aileen—" said Lord Heran.

"I'm glad you came, boy," went on Renal Roylan's

daughter. "Sit down—there where you always sit."

She pointed to his low bench on the other side of the fire. His eyes never once left hers as he moved past her and took his seat.

Lord Heran twisted his lips and muttered something, but she did not notice him.

"Sing to us," she said softly.

Then Tarne Derraght spoke.

"No," he answered, and his beautiful voice cracked and broke like a falling icicle.

Aileen watched his face for the time it took her to draw one breath. Then she smiled and turned to the duke's son.

"He knows," she said. "It must be in the air. Shall we tell him?"

The duke's son moved his heavy head indifferently.

"Or shall we not?" went on the lady, letting her eyes wander slowly back to Tarne Derraght's, strained and intent in the firelight. "It might—perhaps—be dangerous—I think."

"Dangerous!" sneered the duke's son. "Dangerous!"

"Look—where look—and you will see danger," she murmured, her face still turned away from him.

Lord Heran straightened himself so impatiently that Aileen's chair shook under his hand.

"Tell him and have an end of it," he said shortly.

"Oh, well!" She paused for an instant, and then went on, without the slightest tremble in her voice: "Lord Heran is to wed me, Tarne, dear."

She sat there looking full into his face, and a moment of utter stillness passed; but presently Tarne Derraght spoke for the second time.

"No!" he cried.

The echo of the word filled the whole room. Lord Heran took a quick step forward, but a little motion of Aileen's hand stopped him.

"No?" she said gently. "Do you say no, Tarne Derraght? Then say also—why not?"

The boy rose slowly and stood looking down on them both. Although slighter of frame, he was taller than the duke's son, and straighter, and built to better proportions. He did not hesitate.

"Because it's I will wed you," he answered steadily.

Lord Heran choked angrily, but he did not speak. Aileen smiled and turned to him.

"Do you hear that, Heran?" she asked, a hint of excitement in her tone. "You have a rival, it seems. Do you—do you yield to him?"

"For God's sake, Aileen!" the duke's son broke out furiously. "What sort of a jest do you call this?"

"Jest?" Her answering voice was reproving. "It's no jest indeed, Heran. You heard him. He will wed me, he says. 'Tis worth a thought. After all, what is it you offer me? Perhaps he brings something better."

For a moment the young nobleman struggled with the words which rose in his throat.

Then, turning away suddenly, he crossed the room and picked up his hat and cloak from the table, where they lay with his riding-whip and gloves; but, as Aileen spoke, he laid them down again uncertainly.

"Pardon!" breathed the lady, giving the word the French accent she liked to affect. "I remember now that you have told me already what you have to offer. It is much—much." She raised her eyes to Tarne Derraght's. "He offers me—just think of all he offers me! Honor—the honor of the Duke of Kerranach's family! Power—the power of the wife of that duke's third son! Money—all the rents of Carveagh!"

"Carveagh—where the people starve!" put in Tarne Derraght suddenly.

She paused, surprised, and then laughed musically.

"Starve?" she said reprovingly. "Oh, no, they do not starve in Carveagh. And rank he offers me, too." She took up the words again. "A lord's lady I shall be, at least; and perhaps some day—since neither the marquis nor Lord Gilvan has an heir—perhaps some day—I shall be a duchess. Aileen, Duchess of Kerranach!" she whispered to herself exultingly.

Her breath came quickly, and her eyes glowed momentarily through their shadow-blue. Then they softened as she smiled again at Tarne Derraght standing there before her with—how strange!—tears come suddenly into his dark eyes.

"What is it *you* have to offer me, my singing boy?" she asked him gently.

He waited before he spoke, struggling with an incomprehensible sob.

"A song!" he said hoarsely. "A song!"

The sound of his voice deadened into silence. Aileen sat amazed, looking up at him—at his tense-drawn brow, his firm-set chin, his clouded eyes with the tears hanging close to their long lashes. She saw his hands clenched against his ragged pockets, and the muscles straining across his bare throat. Was this the happy lad of Kerranach hills who had so easily amused her through the lightest hours of a year?

It was Lord Heran who destroyed the stillness.

"Aileen, Duchess of Kerranach," he said, "have you not played long enough?"

At the words she rose from her chair, raising her chin with a little jerk that moved the stray ringlets on her forehead. It was a pretty trick of hers. She laid her hand tenderly on Tarne Derraght's sleeve.

"Tarne, dear," she said, "you make me very happy. I love your song—and you. 'Tis the same way that I love the sunshine and the flowers and the rain. But Lord Heran—him I love as a woman loves her husband, and it is he will wed me."

Tarne Derraght caught his breath with a hoarse rasp. For an instant he flung his hand up sharply, palm outward, across his eyes, as if some flaring flame were blinding them.

"Aileen!" he cried. It was the first time he had ever spoken her name alone like that. "Aileen! 'Tis the truth itself, then, that old Peter, and Byrne O'Byrne, and the many of them, spoke at all! 'Tis the truth itself—that you'd not be caring, but making a mock of me the whole of the while!"

He set his lips, and his mouth took a firm, straight line that changed it from a boy's to a man's.

She smiled up at him.

"Won't you wish me a little of happiness, Tarne Derraght?" she breathed, in the soft half-voice she knew he loved.

He shot a glance at the duke's son, whose heavy brow, part hidden by the shadow, frowned ominously.

"Happiness, is it?" he said slowly. "Ah! 'Tis not all the wishing in the world would send you a straw's width of happiness, once you'd be wedding with a man the like of himself! The duke's son he is, no less—and, by the same token, a dirty, foul-mouthed blackguard that cursed and beat old Maura Killone when the harvest—"

The iron of Lord Heran's boot-heel scraped the polished stone floor as he sprang across the room. With a sound like the slash of a sword his heavy riding-whip struck Tarne Derraght full across the face.

"You lying rat!" he foamed, and raised the whip again.

He was used to seeing people cower and shudder under his blows; but the boy who sang through the deep of the hills, with no fear for the silence and the glory of the wide night sky, was not the one to tremble before a duke's son.

With fingers as strong as chains, Tarne Derraght caught the upraised arm. He turned it as easily as if it had been a handful of straw, and locked it, with its mate, behind Lord Heran's back. He twisted the whip away and lifted it high, every muscle tensed for the fury of the blow he meant to strike.

Then—his eyes met Aileen's.

She had left her place by the fire, and had come softly to them. She did not speak or move, but she stood quite close to Tarne Derraght and looked up into his face with a shadowy, blue, wistful gaze, reproachful, trustful, irresistible.

The blazing fury which menaced the duke's son turned suddenly to ashes, and the heart of Tarne Derraght sank like a wet leaf falling in the rain. His arm, which gripped Lord Heran's, relaxed as if it had died. His hand, which held the whip, sank slowly till it hung limp. The whip dropped dully at Aileen's feet.

Released, the duke's son staggered, panting, back against the wall. His lower lip drooped wet and heavy, and his chin worked, but he did not speak as Aileen went to him and took his hand.

Tarne Derraght, moving in a lost, lifeless way, stooped and picked up from the floor his trampled red cap. Carefully he tried to smooth its wrinkles out—as if they mattered, with his heart all creased and torn! But he stood there, fumbling with it, while the firelight blazed and fell and blazed and fell again, his head bent till his face was all in shadow.

Aileen spoke softly to the lordling, and a catch of laughter fluttered about her words.

Tarne Derraght started. Turning quickly, he walked to the door and threw it open, letting in a moment's glimpse of the dash of the rain and the whirl of the wind. Then he swung it shut behind him and was gone.

He was gone from Aileen and from Kerranach. In all the far and wide of the county, Tarne Derraght was seen no more—neither along the black hills, nor through the forests, nor by the edge of the cliff-shadowed sea. The sound of his song was absent in the great gray rains, and in the pale gleams of sunshine, and in the hearts of many men who missed it sadly, scarce knowing what it was they missed.

A few there were who sought him for a little, but they did not find him. Away to the south of Sir Renal Roylan's house there runs a road which leads at last to London. And Tarne Derraght walked a long, long way that night.

#### IV

So the storms and the clouds and the little, distant glints of sunlight chased one another across Kerranach for twenty years. And then Kerranach sent a call to Tarne

Derraght, and Tarne Derraght came home. All winter he had sung in London, but the season had worn to near its end. The soulless singer, they called him there. Not because his voice lacked feeling; not because he could not grip the souls of other men, each time he sang, with a hold as strong as a heartbreak; not because he was hard, or cruel, or without sympathy; but

Little Mlle. Cloti, the French girl with the rippling hair and the autumn-brown eyes, who had stayed in the chorus of the Royal Opera all that year, scorning a better opportunity in another place, came to him



THE SONG THAT BURNED ON HIS LIPS CHILLED SUDDENLY AND HUNG THERE, FLAMELESS, DYING

because he was so friendless, so humorless, so passionless, so lost to the love of women—of the many women who longed to love him.

when the performance was over on the night the season ended.

"Ah, *mon ami!*" she cried, raising herself easily to sit on the table's edge. "Of





IN THE DUSK, BEYOND THE FIRE,  
LEANING CARELESSLY AGAINST  
THE CHIMNEYSIDE, LOUNGED THE  
DUKE'S YOUNGEST SON

you what have I hear? You will go up into ze Norse—ze col', col' Norse, zere to sing, jus' one time only, 'L'Arlequin Rouge'?"

"It is true, *ma'm'selle*," said the soulless singer, in the low, monotonous tone he used for speaking.

"Ah, *mon Dieu*! But you are ka-razee!" she exclaimed, balancing herself on the smallest possible width of mahogany. "Up in zat derreadful col' country it rain con-

tin-ually! All your voice, so sweet, so gran', he will be choke' wiz ze wetness—he will be ruin'. Ah, *chéri*, zat hor'ble Kerranach, I know him. Chauvelle, my cousin, have tol' me of him only to-day. To go zere—zat is not ze journey for a so won'ful voice to take—oh, no!"

He did not reply at all, and she went on, flushing:

"Who is he zen, zis great, foolish, fat

duke, who desire to hear, jus' one night only, ze artistes of ze Royal Opera? Who have comman' zis performance of 'L'Arlequin Rouge' to be give' in ze ol' worn-out musique hall of his ver' stormy town? He is nossing at all to sink about, *chéri*. Chauvelle have tol' me of him. Only for himself he care, an' not for his country, no—no more zan you an' I. But all ze long time he travel about in la France, in Italie, in Greece, an' all ze long time his people, zey starve, zey freeze, zey cry out. He laugh and say, 'La-la-la-la!' At last one sends to him ze message. Ze message—Chauvelle himself have seen it—it beg, it implore him zat he come home. 'Ze people will rise,' it say, 'zey will rise an' kill an' burn if you do not come. Zey are eas' to manage, yes,' it say, 'but zey mus' sometime see zeir duke. To believe zat all is well zey mus' see him in Kerranach each year a little time—perhaps one monse.' So ze fat duke he go grum'ling home for one monse. But in a little day he grow—what is it?—bore', oh, very bore'. He mus' have great pleasure an' laugh an' song. An' ze duchesse, too, she mus' have fête an' play. So zey srow open ze musique hall, an' zey sen' to London wiz great courtesie to invite ze artistes of ze Royal Opera zat zey may come an' sing 'L'Arlequin Rouge' among zat rain an' mist zat choke ze sroat an' give ze great influenza in ze head. Ah, do not go, *chéri*! Stay here an' sing to little Cloti!"

Tarne Derraght shook his head.

"There's a very sweet taste in the mist of Kerranach, Cloti," he said.

She looked at him in much surprise.

"You are so ka-weer!" she remarked plaintively, "an' a ver' great fool, *mon ami*. Listen! Chauvelle he is jus' come from zere. An' he tell me. He say—ze coming home of ze duke an' ze duchesse will not make ze difference—it is too late. Ze people of Kerranach will rise, he say. Zey are jus' at ze point to rise."

"Well, now, may God increase them!" exclaimed Tarne Derraght, flushing suddenly and rising from his chair. "Sure, they always were just on the point of rising, but perhaps this time—Have they found a leader, then?" he asked eagerly.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I sink so, yes," she replied indifferently. "Chauvelle have say, I sink, zat zey have a leader name' O'Byrne. But jus' consider! You would not wish to be zere

when zey rise—in all ze riot an' ze fuss—perhaps to be kill'?"

"I? And why wouldn't I be with them as well as Byrne O'Byrne?" demanded Tarne Derraght. "Am I not one of them, then, the same as himself?"

Cloti looked at him for a moment, and then shook her head gravely.

"You are quite, quite stupide, *chéri*!" she said. "I do not un'stan' all what you say, but I sink you mean to tell zat which ever' one have some time hear of you in a little whisper—zat you yourself have come once from among ze poor. But you forget zat you are of ze poor no longer. You are rich, *mon ami*, an' great fame you have. You are, indeed, much, much more great in all ze worl' an' in Englan' zan is zat large, fat, stupide Duke Heran, or zat ver' friv'lous, ver' selfish Duchesse Aileen—"

She stopped suddenly, slipped from the table, and stood still. She had seen the change in his dark eyes, and had read it well.

"Good night, Cloti," he said, in his old inflectionless tone, "and good-by. This time to-morrow I shall be gone."

## V

HE did not reach Kerranach town until the very day of the opera.

The gray rain was falling with its old, familiar drip, and the wind sobbed across from the hills as if it had never ceased since the afternoon he went away. Against his cheek the wet air dallied with a soft assurance, which was the nearest to a welcome he had found in all Kerranach.

The men and women who had been his friends only stared vaguely as he went by. Home at last, among his own black, moss-thick hills, he was farther away from his people than when all the wandering miles of the London Road had lain between them. They saw in him no more the barefoot boy whose song had called out a soul and a glory from the desolate rainland clouds, but only a rich man, the power of whose voice was bought and sold for money amid the applause of kings and dukes. Even if they had heard his name, by some chance, they would not have known him; for the twenty years that Tarne Derraght had huddled about his wounded heart masked and disguised him well.

Straying half-heartedly along the crooked ways which had not changed at all, he came to the beginning of a soggy, turfy path—a

path which sprang rockily up a steep before it crept off into the hiding of a thicket tangle. He had loved it once, because it led him quickly into the stillest part of all the hills, where the very gloom turned bright and colorful with melody, and songs lurked close about amid the shadows, eager to soar into a boy's throat at the faintest hint of a call.

For a moment he looked at it wistfully, hesitating. Then, forgetting his light clothing and thin shoes, giving no thought at all to the treacherous, crowding swirls of dusk-white mist, whose choking fingers rose curling toward his throat, he set his foot surely on the lowest rock and bounded up the rough way as lightly as if it were still his daily habit.

Into the swaying shelter of the forest, where the path turned to a riot of anarchist grasses, rebellious, earth-renouncing roots, and far-blown, adventurous leaves, he stepped eagerly, his heart grown warm with joy. Now and then he laid a hand gently against the sodden bark of a tree with a touch like a caress.

As long as the daylight lasted, he wandered there.

Coming back to the traveled road as the early, sunless dusk began to gather, he met an old man driving a mournful-eyed cow. The hundred thin wrinkles of the old man's face deepened with sudden interest as he saw Tarne Derraght, and Tarne Derraght's heart quivered with a quick thrill, as if a friendly hand had laid itself silently in his.

"Eh, then!" creaked the old man's old voice in a moment. "God save you, mister! Was a moment only, I thought to know you for one I'd seen before—for one who's been lost these twenty years and all. You've the very eyes of him on you the while, God mend us all! But 'tis a fine gentleman you are itself, and him a poor lad of the hills, with only a song would beat the world, and a heart like the wing of a butterfly the way you could break it to bits with a little blow of your breath. Asking your pardon, mister, and send you health! Good day!"

It was old Peter Finn—old Peter twenty years ago, old Peter still. Wise old Peter, who had urged Tarne Derraght not to lay his whole life's love in the shadow of Aileen's blue eyes, and had shaken his head sorrowfully when the boy had only smiled and dreamed on. Tarne Derraght could not let him go without a few words more.

"A queer thing!" he said, smiling. "And what sort would he be, then, this man you took me for?"

Old Peter's eyes grew sad.

"Is it himself?" he said softly. "Eh, then, no finer lad than Tarne Derraght will have ever walked abroad in Kerranach County, rest his soul! With a song to sing you'd never hear the like of through the years, and the truest, faithfulest heart to love! And with it all, a big fool the way you'd never believe it, a tearing the soul of him to bits for the sake of a lady—a lady, mind, and him no more than a pretty pebble in the road before her eyes. Oh, a great sorrow and a folly it was at all, and at the last he did be finding it out of a sudden, and by the same token he was off and gone before one of us could raise up a hand to help. A bitter day!" muttered the old man. "A bitter, sad day, that turned Kerranach a different place at all, and it not like to ever be the same again without he'd maybe some day come back!"

"Will he be coming back, then, do you say?" asked Tarne Derraght with a kind of superstition.

The old man shook his head.

"It's myself indeed knows he will not," he answered; "for wasn't it me did find the red cap of him all torn and crumpled along the sharp of the cliff on the London Road? And wasn't it over the cliff he'll have gone, no doubt, and down to the rocks and the water that would break his bones and drown his breath, the same way the terrible ending of his love had broke his heart and drowned the song in the soul of him? Eh, no, then, mister, it's not Tarne Derraght will be coming back to Kerranach any more at all!"

The old man's voice sank low, and he muttered on unintelligibly for a little. Then, his face changing all at once, he began again inquisitively:

"Eh, mister, you'll be one of the fine gentlemen come from the far of the county to sit at the duke's opera, perhaps?"

Tarne Derraght nodded.

"Yes."

Peter's eyes flashed eagerly.

"'Tis maybe great doings and strange things you'll be seeing then," he murmured. "Eh—a grand evening—a grand evening!" He hesitated, and, getting no answer, went on ramblingly: "Eh, and it's a great man the duke himself, no doubt! But isn't it Byrne O'Byrne will be perhaps a greater?"

Will you have seen the hungry people of Kerranach, mister, the mothers with their babes half-starving at their breasts, and the fathers that can hardly keep their bones underneath their skin at all, and the young men, the way the gnawing at their bellies will be turning to a black fury and running all through their blood? And will you maybe have seen Byrne O'Byrne himself, with the gray hair and the quiet look and the grand, fine talk of him, the way he tells us what we'll do, and us a harking to his words the way we'd never hark to any on earth before? Eh, a great day for us all, God save us, mister! A great day, and a great evening for the duke himself, and the duchess, and all the fine folk that are come together at their call! Ah-ha-ha-ha!" he cackled feebly. "A fine day after all, God save you, mister!"

Laughing and nodding foolishly, old Peter urged his cow into motion and continued his slow way up toward the hills.

Tarne Derraght stood still gazing after him until the gray of the fluttering, ragged coat and of the ragged hair and wrinkled face merged with the gray of the dusk-light mist. Then, turning listlessly toward Kerranach town, he bent his head against the rain and walked as he had been used to long ago.

The black drops dripped from his black hair, and the chill of the wind crept through his soaking clothes, but he did not mind. With all his soul he sought to hold a distant, vague quiver which stirred at once in his heart and in his throat. It was as if, along some broken cord of memory, one of the old, beloved songs struggled to come back.

## VI

THE square blazed golden with many lights, a single bright spot in the covert darkness.

The old public hall, altered and decorated for this one evening's sake until it was almost a fine opera-house, stood radiant, filled to its doors with the rich and mighty of Kerranach.

In the red garb of the jester—the foolish, flaming cap, the spangled, scarlet doublet and hose which are the costume of *Rellané* in "*L'Arlequin Rouge*"—Tarne Derraght came out upon the stage.

A long moment of applause welcomed him, and under its cover he glanced swiftly about. There, right before him, in the deep box which filled the whole gallery above the

doors, he saw her sitting at her husband's side. Aileen!

Aileen! A girl no longer, but a woman—a woman with carefully hidden wrinkles, and a sharp, cruel curve to her lips, and strange, stiff curls where had once been her soft and straying waves of slate-black hair. Her smile broke cold, her cheek looked hard and worn. Of all her one-time loveliness she kept the violet-blue eyes alone; only now it seemed that the shadows in them were deeper, the blue far, far less clear.

Tarne Derraght saw her lean forward to look at him; he saw her turn, when she had looked, with that little, dear jerk of her head, and speak, laughing, to the duke, fat, pale-eyed, brutal, at her side.

The red of the jester's dress burned like a flame across Tarne Derraght's heart. A fool Aileen had made of him before she let him go; and now he had come back to her—a fool!

The sound of the clapping silenced, and he began to sing.

It is a wonderful opera just of itself, "*L'Arlequin Rouge*"; and those who have heard Tarne Derraght sing it say that there has never been, nor will there be in the world, another *Rellané* like him.

Perhaps there is something especially appealing to him in the simple, sad old story of the fool who loves a lady with all the courage and selflessness and devotion of his fool's heart, in the wistful words set to melodies like a rainbow for their curious mixture of color and laughter and tears. And perhaps there was something in the tear-wet air of Kerranach that night which made him feel a special pathos in the part; for he sang it with the echo of a heart-break so softly clear in the shadow of his voice that his audience wept as many of them had never wept before.

At the end of the first act the eyes of the haughty duchess were quite wet, and she bent forward once or twice with a wondering, disturbed look, to scan the face of the singer. She had been quite sure, when for an idle instant she had thought of it, that this great London star could not by any possibility be the lost Kerranach boy whose name he carried. But the sound of his song, and the strange way the music of his voice caught at her throat and choked it into sobs, came to her as something dear and familiar and forgotten.

After that one first look he did not raise his eyes to hers again, but oftener and



oftener she fixed her own on him, until, as the opera neared its end, she came to see nothing else.

The opera was almost over. He and Larine Dumay were going through the scene where the jester-lover bids his lady a last heart-broken farewell. He stood beneath

strange and poignant lilt of emotion which has never lived in another voice than his, the bright flower-leaves began to flutter softly from the trellis over the balcony and to fall about the singer. With a distant, dreamy trill, the answer of the unseen lady came back:

"AH, MON  
AMI! OF  
YOU WHAT  
HAVE I  
HEAR?"



her flower-hung balcony, all in his red fool's garb, and sang:

"Roses are scattering, flower by flower—  
Farewell in the garden of June!  
They jested away their golden hour,  
And their petals fall in a rose-red shower.  
None will be left for my lady's bower,  
In the empty garden of June!"

As the words swung upward from his lips, their music broken beautifully by that

"Only the song of *Rellané*!

*Rellané's* song is the song of a fool.  
Throw him a penny and send him away,  
And draw the curtain—the air blows cool."

The silken, golden folds spread slowly across the width of the window, and *Rellané* stood looking up, his face, his eyes, full of a desperate longing which even caught the cruel words with a gasp of joy because they were hers; but Tarne Der-

raght was not listening to them. Beyond the clear contralto of Larine Dumay, beyond the rioting confusion of lights and jewels, beyond even the wide stillness of the audience, he heard a sound—a far-off, unaccountable, ominous sound—a sound whose like he had never heard before, yet which he recognized at once.

It was the sound of many voices—the mutter of the rising mob.

A low, harsh, stifled moan, like the beginning, among the hills, of a dreadful, destroying wind, it circled covertly round and round, and swayed in a muffled murmur back and forth and back and forth in the distance.

"Sunlight is scattering, ray by ray—  
Farewell in the garden of June!  
In sparkling motley it danced all day,  
Making a jest for my lady's play,  
Now she is weary—it slips away  
From the empty garden of June!"

The crimson light died softly across the stageland sky, and he pulled off his red cap and bowed his head to hear Larine Dumay answer:

"His voice is hoarse and his quips are old,  
A fool is all he will ever be;  
Throw him a flower and a piece of gold,  
And send him away—he wearies me!"

The lurking, waiting roar of the mob was close upon them. He could hear it rising dully, now suppressed, now bursting on all sides at once, and his quick sympathy told him that the desperate people were coming like an ordered army through each of the six streets that lead to the square. An endless, tireless wail of vengeance, their voice surged about and about. Was it possible that no one else perceived it?

"Lovers are scattering, man by man—  
Farewell in the garden of June!  
Each had his day in the golden span,  
Sorrow has touched them as sorrow can,  
*Rellané* ends as he began—  
A fool in the garden of June!"

He raised the hand that held the red cap high above his head, and turned his face up toward the balcony where a few last rose-leaves fluttered still. Back came the hopeless answer:

"Empty song of a witless fool!  
Cast him a coin and bid him go.  
Close the casement—"

With a roll like the signal of a drum, the heavy doors at the back of the hall swung open, and the menacing rumble outside

broke into a sort of wild, hoarse cheer, that grew, in quick waves, into a furious echoing clamor. The song of Larine Dumay died drowning in the roar of it; the orchestra, struggling on for a few discordant bars, wandered lost and forsaken in the din of it. Tarne Derraght turned slowly about where he was, and stood facing those who entered the hall.

As his eyes met the eyes of their leader, his heart blazed suddenly with an incredibly great joy. The courage and strength and the wide, bright vision which filled the gaze of Byrne O'Byrne called Tarne Derraght back in an instant, across the blur of twenty feverish, lost years, to the comradeship of his own kind. He wanted to raise up his voice and join their cry of triumph. He wanted to fling away his tawdry make-up and slip down from the stage and take his place among them.

The great crowd pressed surgingly back and forth by the doors, as Byrne O'Byrne and six others, gaunt, quiet, clear-eyed men, advanced slowly and came down the wide center aisle. Close to the footlights they paused and turned toward the audience. As they did so, Tarne Derraght saw suddenly, in their determined faces, the fixed, gray presage of death.

A man sitting at the side of the duke's box—an old man with sunken lips and feeble voice—rose to his feet.

"What do you want?" he demanded in a tone of contempt.

For a moment Byrne O'Byrne let the wordless speaking of the tumult in the outside darkness answer for him. Then he said, quite slowly, the decisive measure of his voice cutting through the lonely heart of Tarne Derraght with a sheer agony of homesickness:

"We want—nothing. It's for the last time we have *asked*. This is the end!" And he set his lips with a look which no one could mistake.

In the flag-hung box a strange flutter arose. The duke, his fat, pale cheeks gone green with terror, suddenly sank down in his seat, cowering, against his wife, shrinking, shivering.

Unconsciously, Tarne Derraght's glance joined the many others which rose to look upon the great lord's humiliation. And, as he looked, a dimness came into his eyes, which only a second before had been so clear, and a shadow sank over his heart as a cloud of mist overcasts a glory of sun-

shine. His joy in the triumph of his own people, his rapture in the fulfilment of that vision of liberty which was to him the soul of rain-swept Kerranach, dulled and faded like a wonderful dream surprised by blank, mid-morning light.

And yet he only saw Aileen, sitting straight and still, raise her little hand and stretch it out toward him as if for help. Her eyes, like star-strewn midnights, rested terror-stricken upon his face.

Through the heavy wall of years, an ageless memory came back and clutched and crushed him. Familiar, puzzled-over, sorrowed-over words spoke themselves out of the past:

"What is it you have to offer me, my singing boy?"

And the answer:

"A song! A song!"

He glanced around him desperately. Many men were crowding in through the open doors—men with clubs and whips and stones and guns; a few women, fierce-eyed, ready; now and then a child. What could turn them from their purpose?

Instantly, silently, it came to him. A song! A song which had sung itself up and down his soul long twenty years before. A song which had been home and friend and love and hope and the whole worth of living to him through days and days of the rain and clouds and hunger of his neglected life. A song he had kept true and brave and pure for her—and which he had brought her, all faultless for her pleasure, on that last of the old days. The song which had, in an heart-breaking instant, died on his lips unsung, never to know a breath of life again till now. It sprang back into his heart alive and perfect, a harmony of love and of rain and of sunshine and of clouds and of home—the song of Kerranach and of Aileen!

He crumpled in his hand *Rellané's* grotesque red cap, and his black hair tangled across his forehead as it used to tangle in the rains of long ago. Clutching the bit of scarlet as if he would crush it into nothing, he moved to the very front of the stage. His eyes were on the threatening throng, but he only saw Aileen.

He began to sing:

"A grass-grown way from the fall of the hill—  
The rock-path across, and the spring-stone beneath—

And it's there we'll be shivering, hiding, and still,  
For it's there lies the slough of the Kiverankil,

All dancing alive with the breath of the  
wraith—  
With the breath of the withering wraith!"

Unaccompanied by any instrument, as lonely as ever a human sound has been in all the world, his voice rose up. Along the widening path of a melody more strangely sweet than even those wild strains which the wraith-breaths of Kiverankil are said to tempt from the shrouded heart of the wet west wind, his song drove up and across the air:

"And it's clouds all around with their hearts  
made of rain,  
But it's like and it's like they'll be breaking  
some day,  
And the sunshine, like gold, will be piling the  
thrane—"

The whole harsh babel of voices had hushed to a perfect stillness. Faces turned slowly, amazedly, toward the singer, and rested, fascinated, in the gaze of his dark eyes, which, fixed on some wonder theirs could not see, flashed to them now and then a passing reflection of its glory.

"And the sunshine, like gold, will be piling the  
thrane,  
Will be dripping around us like Glenwithin grain,  
Till the wraith-breath of Kiverankil is away—  
All twisted and gray in the sunshine away!"

Outside in the square, where most of the mob still crowded, the words came only as broken fragments of sound, but the urging beauty of the melody flooded and drenched all hearing, and turned to an angel-thronged miracle the very air they breathed. It caught and crushed every heart:

"It's the ghost-folk that dance over Kiverankil,  
And the fear of their breath has the threal of  
us woke;  
And we're waiting and waiting and waiting until  
The sun breaks the hearts of the clouds on the hill,  
And catches the wraith-breath and melts it like  
smoke—  
The ghost-folk all vanished like smoke!"

Strange it was indeed how those furious people softened and grew gentle at the touch of the heaven-wide beauty of the song. A glory's crown of harmony, it hung above them and changed them from their sordid selves into kings—kings whose realm lay in the music-flooded mystery of the hills of Kerranach.

Only Byrne O'Byrne's face had gone white and desperate, and his square-set shoulders sagged a little as he drew his fascinated eyes away from Tarne Der-

raght's. Alone of all the audience he turned and looked no more.

"Sure, then, what's there to do but to wait and to wait?"

And it's easy enough to be waiting the while,  
When the wide of Kerranach is stretched at your feet,

And the kiss of Kerranach is tasting so sweet,  
And the end of your waiting will bring you a smile—"

For the first time the singer  
turned his look full on the  
spot where Aileen sat,  
watching him stilly out of  
the depth of her shadow-  
blue radiance.

"And the end of your waiting will bring you a smile—

The sunshine's gold smile—and your lady's own smile!"

The golden rapture of the  
music, rising on its last note,



AILEEN'S EYES, LIKE  
STAR-STREWN MID-  
NIGHTS, RESTED  
TERROR-STRICKEN  
UPON TARNE'S FACE



swelled away and away across the echoing spaces of the air, more distant, more beautiful with each circle of distance, until at last the world could hold its wonder no longer, and it was gone.



THE WHOLE HARSH BABEL OF VOICES  
HAD HUSHED TO A PERFECT STILLNESS.  
FACES TURNED SLOWLY, AMAZEDLY, TOWARD  
THE SINGER, AND RESTED, FASCINATED, IN  
THE GAZE OF HIS DARK EYES

Tarne Derraght stood there alone before them amid the great, amazed stillness, until at last a little movement in the duke's box broke it. The singer raised

listless eyes to the sound, and after a moment his voice spoke, hoarsely, tonelessly.

"Kerranach," he said, "your duchess comes to you!"

The throng fell back dumbly to let Aileen pass among them. The only stir in the great silence, she came down the long aisle and up the steps until she stood at Tarne Derraght's side. Her face was a little pale, her lips were frightened, though she held them firm. In a breath of a voice she whispered to him:

"What must I say?"

He reassured her with a single slight motion of his lips. She could not have told the one word he answered—if, indeed, it was a word. But her heart-beats steadied suddenly and her cold cheek grew warm. Tarne Derraght spoke to the mob:

"Your lady will listen," he said simply. "What is it you have to ask?"

For a moment there was no reply. Then Byrne O'Byrne spoke, dully and with laboring breath, like an old man whose life is broken of its power. He did not address Aileen.

"Is it you, then, God forgive you, Tarne Derraght?" he said. "And is it to deal us a blow the like of this you've come back after twenty years?"

Tarne Derraght's hand clenched convulsively at his side. His lips moved dryly before he could speak. He repeated, just audibly:

"What is it you have to ask?"

A sudden, terrible laughter jangled in the voice of Byrne O'Byrne.

"Ask?" he cried. "Ask, is it? And what 'll there ever be again for the like of us to ask? The way we were a bit ago, and it's you—aye, you, duchess, and you, lord duke, and—and—and all of you—would have been down on your knees this minute to us, and asking, and begging, and praying for the spare of your lives alone.

But now, now"—Byrne O'Byrne gazed about him wildly, his look crossing each face like a blaze of white fire—"now, what is there left of it all? And where was God himself, then, to be letting such music loose from the tongue of you, Tarne Derraght, this night alone when all Kerranach had come to believe in the deed it had to do? And where's the man of us all could stand up and do it now, in the air that's held a singing the like of yours? God save us!" cried Byrne O'Byrne desperately. "God save us! For from this moment forever it's lost and destroyed we are entirely!"

He broke off sharply and sank down into a seat. A tall man on his left looked up at Tarne Derraght, and presently he spoke:

"I'm thinking it's right he is, mister," he said uncertainly. "There was a deed to do, we did be dreaming once, but somehow the heart of it's now lost and gone. God saving you kindly, and her grace the duchess the same, we'll be going back to our homes."

He turned away, and one by one the others of his kind began to follow him. Their steps, as they grew many, took on a slow, tramping sound like a dirge march.

At Tarne Derraght's side Aileen stood watching them, motionless, until the last one vanished, and only Byrne O'Byrne, aimlessly, hopelessly waiting, remained. She turned then to the singer with her old, old look—her winsome, shadow-blue, magic glance; but he, holding his red cap across his heart, bowed low.

"My lady," he said in the cold, emotionless voice which Cloti and the others in London knew so well, "the duke awaits you."

And, standing there, he gave no look at all to see her go, but stared down into the shadow of the footlights at the bent, betrayed head of Byrne O'Byrne, who had been his friend.

#### AT PARTING

STAR-GROUPS are dwindling one by one  
Before the advent of the sun;  
And soon the earth, redeemed with light,  
Will shed the darkness of the night.

But in my heart no cheering rays  
Illumine the parting of the ways;  
Love passes to a realm afar,  
Beyond the reach of sun or star!

*Hamilton Williams*

# Victory Over Blindness— The Story of St. Dunstan's

THE AUTHOR, WHO LOST HIS SIGHT SOME YEARS AGO, AND WHO HAS SINCE  
DEVOTED HIMSELF TO WORK FOR THE BLIND, TELLS OF THE WONDERFUL  
THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN DONE FOR THE BLINDED  
SOLDIERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

By Sir Arthur Pearson

THE editor has asked me to write for the readers of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE an account of the work of St. Dunstan's—that is, of the training and progress of the soldiers of the British imperial forces who lost their sight in the great war.

St. Dunstan's is the London residence of Mr. Otto H. Kahn, of New York. At the outset of the war he and Mrs. Kahn, with the utmost generosity, placed this

house, in Regent's Park, with its magnificent grounds, at my disposal as a hostel for the blinded soldiers. It became the official training-center not only for the men of our own army, but for the Canadians, the South Africans, the Australians, and the New Zealanders. In this way practically without exception all of them who were blinded came under my care.

Before the outbreak of the war failing



A DANCE ON THE LAWN AT ST. DUNSTAN'S—DANCING IS ONE OF THE FAVORITE RECREATIONS  
OF THE BLINDED SOLDIERS

sight had compelled me to relinquish my active work as a newspaper proprietor, and I was already devoting a great deal of my time to problems connected with the welfare of our blind civilian population. I had the conviction that the usual attitude toward the blind was mistaken—so much talk of pity, of their affliction; so many

that they should feel themselves still in close touch with the ordinary interests of life; that they should be treated and should bear themselves as nearly as might be like normal people.

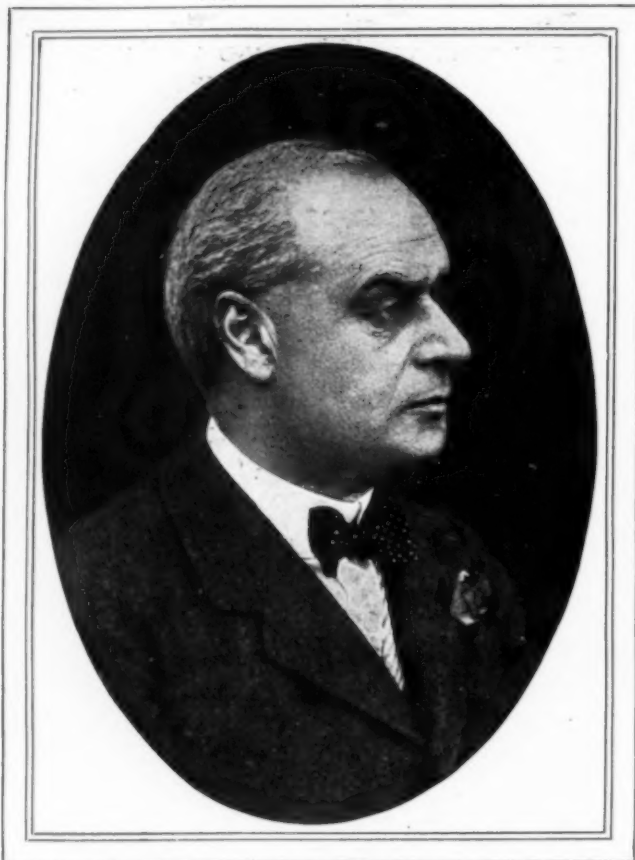
Nearly two thousand men of the British imperial forces were actually blinded in the war. Of these the greater proportion

have been set up in the world as workers, able to earn their own living, many of them more successfully than before they lost their sight. The remainder—very many of whom were delayed in their progress by lengthy periods in hospital, or by ill-health after they were discharged—are still under training, and are rapidly gaining the same proficiency. They are happy because they are proud of their accomplishments, and of their exceptional ability in the art of seeing without sight.

To help the blinded soldiers over the trying period of reeducation there gathered at St. Dunstan's a devoted band of workers—a certain number of men, and a little army of women. The hostel quickly became one of the busiest places in London, and one of the most cheerful. Yes, these men, living and working in darkness, gave always an amazing example of courage. They enjoyed their work and their play, entered into

all the entertainments provided, and found pleasure in each step they made toward the conquest of their handicap.

It was arranged that as far as possible all the blinded men should be brought to one hospital in London. There I, or one of the blinded officers—Captain Ian Fraser, of whom I shall say more later, acting as my deputy—visited them. We sought that from the very first they should be inspired with the thought that in spite of

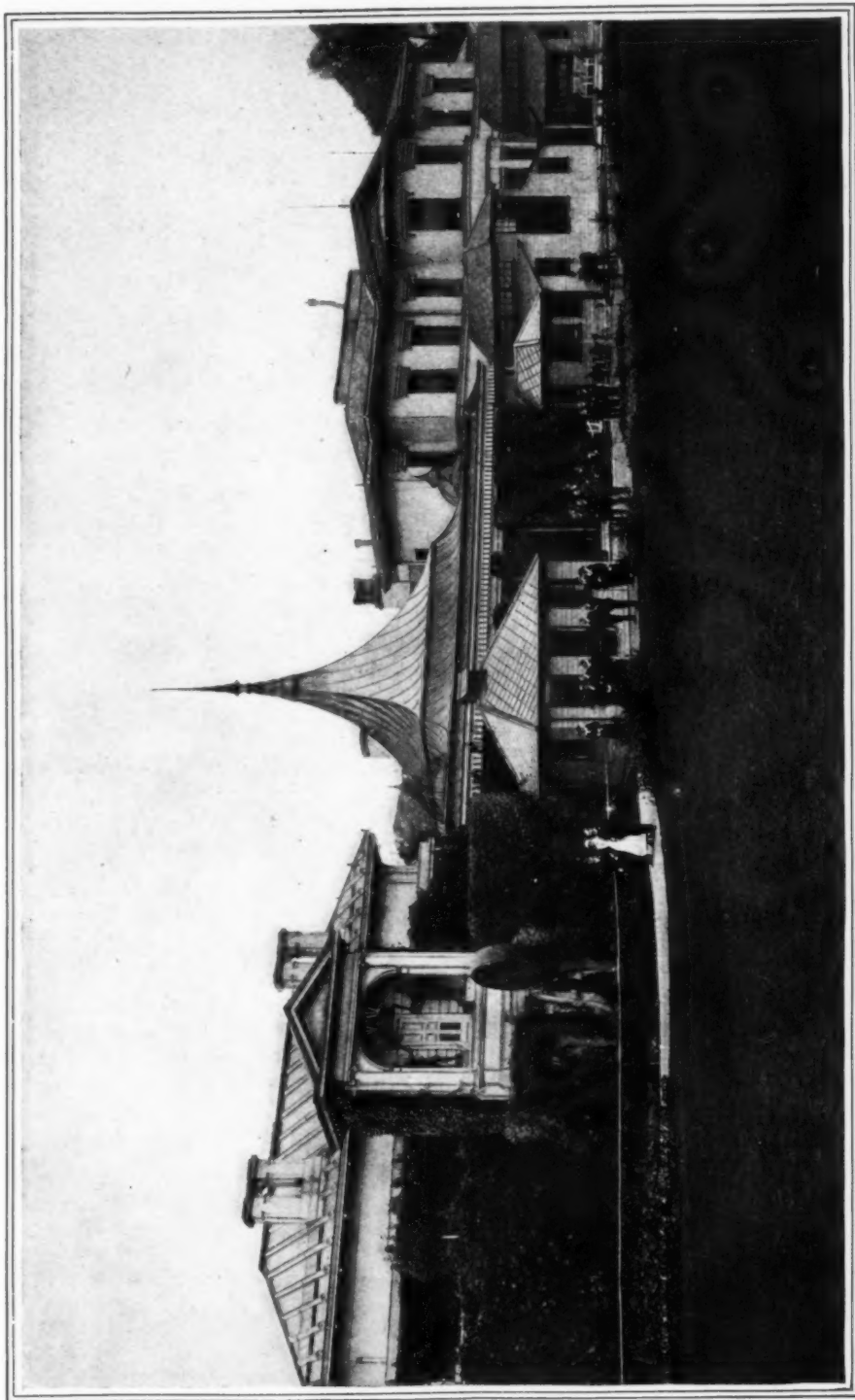


SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, FORMERLY A LEADING PUBLISHER IN LONDON, WHO HAS DEVOTED HIMSELF TO WORK FOR THE BLIND SINCE HIS OWN SIGHT FAILED SOME YEARS AGO

things said and done to make them feel a people apart.

I went to see in hospital the first blinded soldier to be brought back from the front, and it was then I formed the plans which were soon to be carried out at St. Dunstan's. The central idea was that blindness should be regarded only as a handicap; that the blinded men should be encouraged to forget what they couldn't do, and to be swiftly interested in what they could do;





ST. DUNSTAN'S, THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF OTTO H. KAHN, OF NEW YORK, WHICH MR. KAHN PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF SIR ARTHUR PEARSON AS A HOSTEL FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS—SINCE THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN TEMPORARY BUILDINGS HAVE BEEN ERECTED ON THE LAWN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE

their blindness there still lay before them all the possibilities of a future full of interest and activity.

To each man in hospital we gave a watch specially made for the blind, with dots in the place of numerals, and with strong hands made to be felt by the fingers. It

the loss of sight, they set to work with a determination and interest which overcame all obstacles.

#### HOW A BLIND MAN CAN FIND HIS WAY

Nothing was more important, at first, than to gain confidence in the art of find-



BLIND INMATES OF ST. DUNSTAN'S ROWING ON THE LAKE IN REGENT'S PARK, LONDON

was surprising to notice how greatly they were encouraged by finding that they could tell the time by touch. From this they turned with interest to their first lessons in netting and in mastering the Braille alphabet. Thus instruction began while the men were still in the hospital wards, and those who were able to go out were brought once a week to St. Dunstan's to discover for themselves the progress that other blind men were making.

It was a trying period for the blinded soldiers when they first left hospital, conscious of their helplessness in a world of darkness. I had a talk with each new arrival at St. Dunstan's, discussing with him plans for his future. Perhaps because I was blind myself, perhaps because we started with the assumption that blindness was only a handicap, and jumped to the consideration of a successful career in the future, the response was usually immediate. Once these brave lads made up their minds to get all they could out of life in spite of

ing one's way about in the dark. Through the carpeted halls of St. Dunstan's ran linoleum paths as a guide for the men. There were hand-rails along the paths in the garden; boards set in the gravel gave warning of steps. It was not long before the men would venture out alone in the park, and in the course of time they would find their way along the near-by streets.

During the war the French experimented with dogs as guides for their blinded soldiers, but this was not successful. My theory was always that the more a blind man relied on himself, the better. I discouraged the use of heavy walking-sticks and the practise of tapping on the ground, or shuffling the feet. A light stick may serve a useful purpose—for instance, to keep in touch with a wall or the edge of the curb; or it may be carried slightly in front of the blind pedestrian, the point just above the ground. But the blinded soldiers soon developed the sense of direction and of their approach to an obstacle.

The nerves of the face give warning of many impending dangers; sounds gain meaning from constant attention, and a man seeking a special shop, for instance, may often recognize it by the characteristic smell of the goods displayed. The men grew independent in getting about; but there was never any lack of willing guides, or of the companionship which makes walks abroad for a blind man a real pleasure.

Within a familiar building the difficulties of free movement are soon overcome. It is very important, of course, that every article of furniture should have its place, and should not be moved without warning. A loud-ticking clock, a board that creaks, in winter the crackling of a fire in the grate—such things as these help a blinded man to walk about a room with confidence. Knowing the whereabouts of a chair or a sofa, he makes sure of the position of the seat by a touch of the leg, without groping. Stairs offer no difficulty. Such, however, is the general impression of the helplessness of blind people that visitors to St. Dunstan's often expressed surprise to hear that the men dressed and shaved themselves, and even to find that they did not need help in eating their food.

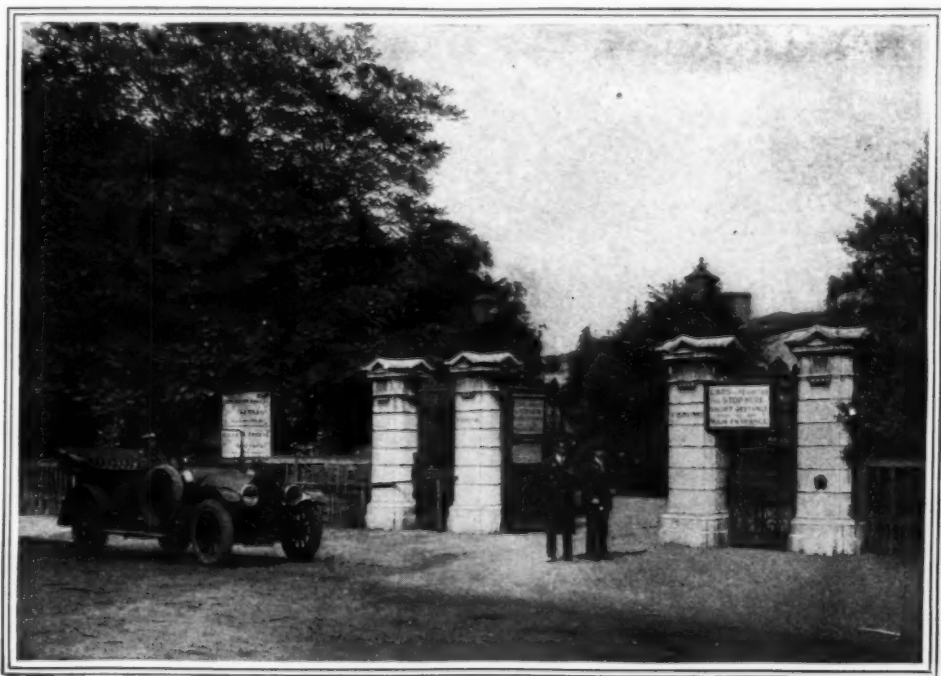
In getting about and in meeting many strangers the blinded soldiers quickly found the value of visualizing—forming mental pictures of their surroundings, and of those about them. By means of their other senses they came by degrees to see in a new way.

#### HANDICRAFTS FOR THE BLIND

While this general sense of self-reliance was developing, the men were already busy in the class-rooms and workshops of St. Dunstan's. Our hours of work are short, because everything that a blind man does involves exceptional concentration. In the various departments of the workshops there are sighted overseers, but the instructors are themselves blind. Being experts in the particular trade being taught, they can best understand the needs and difficulties of the blinded soldiers.

Just as the blinded man has to learn to walk in the dark, so he has to learn again to read and write and to work with his hands.

In the Braille room each man has his separate instructor. Sitting at a little table—in summer often brought out under the shade of a tree on the lawn—he studies the



THE ENTRANCE GATES OF ST. DUNSTAN'S



A GRADUATE OF ST. DUNSTAN'S SELLING PICTURES WHICH HE HAS FRAMED WITH HIS OWN HANDS



SAMPLES OF WORK DONE IN THE MAT-MAKING AND BASKET-WEAVING SHOPS AT ST. DUNSTAN'S



complicated system of dot signs which form the alphabet that the fingers can most easily learn to read. He learns to write by punching the dots with a stylo, or by the use of a Braille writing-machine.

A later stage, taken up by those who are going in for a business career, is the mastery of Braille shorthand. This is a highly

ing of those who cannot see quickly deteriorates. For this reason a typewriter is presented to each man when he leaves St. Dunstan's. Correspondence in Braille, of course, is possible only between those who understand the system.

The expert typist and shorthand-writer is the man best equipped to study tele-



A BLIND STUDENT AT ST. DUNSTAN'S TAKING DICTATION ON A BRAILLE SHORTHAND MACHINE

concentrated system of Braille, and is taken down on a clever little machine through which runs a paper ribbon from a reel. It is operated by seven keys, and the practised blind stenographer can keep pace with the ordinary speed of a business man. In fact, we guarantee that every blind shorthand-writer who leaves St. Dunstan's is capable of a speed of at least one hundred words a minute.

To transcribe the notes, the long paper strip is passed through a groove attached to a typewriter, and in this way can be read by the finger-tips. The transcription of these blind operators on a typewriter is perfect. Blind typists do not make mistakes, because they cannot afford to do so.

Instruction in typewriting is given to every blinded soldier, since the handwrit-

ing of those who cannot see quickly deteriorates. That is another occupation which many of the blinded soldiers have taken up with success. They learn to preside with quite wonderful dexterity over a drop-shutter switchboard, taking down messages, when necessary, in shorthand, and copying them out on their typewriters. As a rule, the memory of the blind for names and numbers becomes remarkably accurate.

Among the more unusual pursuits which are taught at St. Dunstan's are massage and poultry-farming. Visitors are always immensely interested in our country-life section, in seeing the blind men distinguish the different breeds of birds by feeling them with their knowing hands, attend to the incubators, and recognize the different kinds of food by touch or smell. They also learn



BLIND WORKERS IN THE NET-SHOP AT ST. DUNSTAN'S

rough carpentry, making frames for chicken-runs, and coops. Practical instruction and lectures are given by experts at St. Dunstan's, and we have a large poultry-farm in the country, where the men go to finish their course.

The practise of massage has proved an ideal occupation for many of the blinded soldiers. Some of the early comers to St. Dunstan's were doing invaluable work in the military hospitals long before the war was over. The examinations insisted on by the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseurs are very stiff. Besides the requisite degree of manual skill, an extensive knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and pathology is required; but our soldiers studied and triumphed. Quite early in the history of St. Dunstan's a Canadian, who before the war had been a clerk on the Canadian Pacific Railway, passed in these difficult examinations second among three hundred and twenty-six competitors from all parts of the United Kingdom. Recently this wonderful record was beaten by an English boy, who had had no previous scientific or special education, and who triumphantly emerged first from a crowd of three hun-

dred and eight contestants. In each case the only blind competitors were a few comrades from St. Dunstan's.

These results have aroused the utmost surprise and admiration in medical circles, and have done much to lead to the remarkable financial success which has attended the work of our blind masseurs, both in the home-land and in our far-distant colonies.

At St. Dunstan's you pass from the studious quiet of the massage class-rooms to the stirring atmosphere of the workshops. During the war the grounds of Mr. Kahn's house became covered with wooden buildings. A regular township sprang up—including chapels, offices, dormitories, class-rooms, and workshops, connected by covered sidewalks.

Besides netting, which is a pleasant and profitable occupation as a sort of side issue, we teach at St. Dunstan's four handicrafts, and many of the blinded soldiers, not content with one, master two. The four trades are mat-making, basket-making, boot-repairing, and joinery.

Seeing hundreds of men busily at work making things, talking together, and often whistling and singing—the "Cobblers'

Chorus," marked by the beat of the hammers, became so overpowering that it had to be kindly but firmly suppressed—visitors can hardly believe that they are blind, and many of them mere beginners at their work. It is in sober truth a wonderful and impressive scene. A high standard of perfection is set, for the blind men, when they leave us to start business for themselves, have to meet open competition. People would soon get tired of patronizing a blind cobbler, for instance, whose work was not as good as that of any other boot-repairer's in the same neighborhood.

In their leisure hours the blinded soldiers go out for walks and attend all sorts of entertainments, such as concerts and theatrical performances. Some plays, of course, are much more easily followed than others, but in general the blind enjoy the theater in a way that sighted people would hardly suppose to be possible.

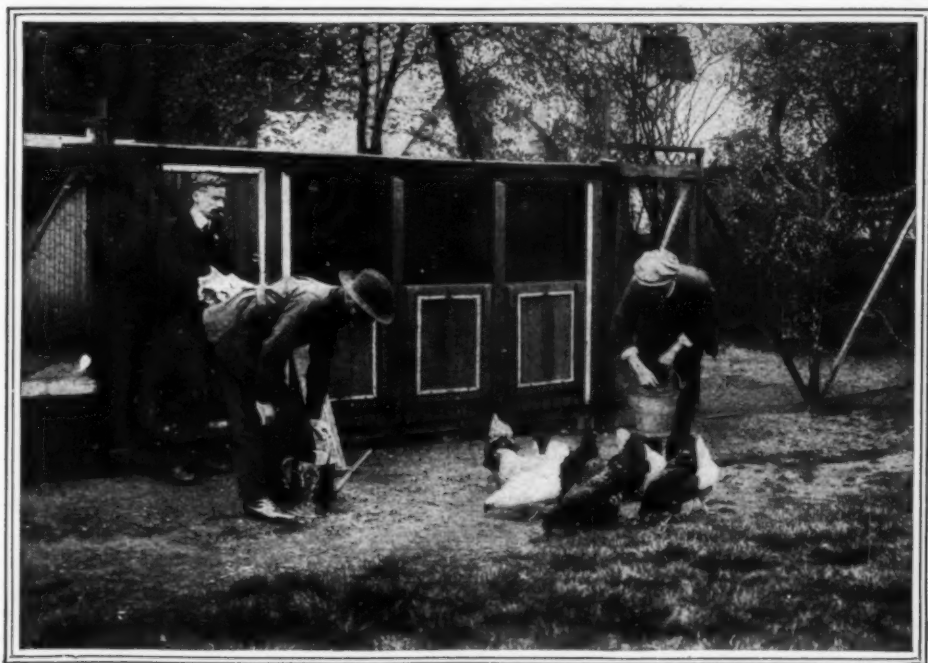
Mingling in this manner in the ordinary life of the community, much of the sense of isolation that blindness brings is lost. Early in the days of St. Dunstan's we inaugurated regular dances, which in summer-time sometimes took place on the lawn. The Guards and other regiments sent their bands, and dancing has continued to be

one of the favorite recreations of the blinded soldiers. It is astonishing how well they dance, scarcely requiring any guidance from their lady partners.

The men were encouraged to go out in the pleasure-boats on the lake in Regent's Park lake, and in a short time rowing was taken up very seriously as a recreation. The crews, in sweaters and shorts, went out for early practise before breakfast. A famous amateur coach gave his services. Regattas were held on the Thames, and the blind oarsmen met and defeated sighted crews. Rowing has become a great feature in the life at St. Dunstan's.

Many of the men enjoy swimming. We have physical drill and tugs-of-war. Once a week a sports contest is held. The program includes running, jumping, skipping, climbing the rope, scoring goals with a football against a sighted goal-keeper, relay races, and hundred-yard sprints.

Indoor amusement is found in chess, drafts, dominoes, and cards, which are distinguished by Braille dots at one corner. The men enjoy reading aloud; many of them study music. St. Dunstan's has its own periodical, a debating club, and an excellent little band, which, while the military hospitals were still in full swing in



BLINDED SOLDIERS FEEDING CHICKENS ON THE POULTRY-FARM MAINTAINED BY ST. DUNSTAN'S

London, gave many hours of pleasure to wounded soldiers.

For the blind constant occupation of the mind means happiness. By the time the men are ready to leave St. Dunstan's they have taken big strides back toward normal life. Happily, too, a great number of the unmarried men have found very charming wives; and these girls are not only charming, but more than usually pretty. Many people seemed to think that the blinded soldier in search of a wife would find one of the "left-overs," but this, let me assure the readers of MUNSEY'S, is very far from being the case. With very few exceptions, I have made the acquaintance of the four hundred or so young ladies who have married blinded soldiers. I always ask for a full description before they come into my room, and in a surprising number of cases "such a pretty girl" forms part of that description.

I sincerely hope that before very long all those blinded in the war will have completed their training; but, in addition to the two thousand who came straight to St. Dunstan's, no fewer than twenty-three

thousand others were discharged from the army on account of damaged sight. Many of these have since been overtaken by blindness, and it is impossible to say when the need for our class-rooms and workshops will end.

The after-care of the men settled in their new life becomes increasingly the important work of St. Dunstan's. We find them employment and suitable homes; we establish the cobbler in his shop, or the poultry-farmer on his property; we arrange for the provision of all necessary raw materials at wholesale cost price; and if it should prove that there is not a sufficient local market for such articles as baskets and mats, we arrange for their sale.

Experts constantly visit the men to advise them on their work, and generally to help them with their problems. We maintain country and seaside homes for any who still feel the effects of their wounds, or are in need of a change. Through our large staff of regular visitors we keep in the closest touch with them all.

This after-care department is managed by Captain Ian Fraser, the blinded officer



AN ANATOMY CLASS FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS LEARNING MASSAGE, A CALLING IN WHICH GRADUATES OF ST. DUNSTAN'S HAVE SHOWN REMARKABLE SKILL





BLIND WORKERS IN THE BASKET-WEAVING SHOP AT ST. DUNSTAN'S

whom I have mentioned before. He was one of the early arrivals at St. Dunstan's, and after his period of training was finished he expressed a desire to continue working with me. Though he only left school to join the army, he soon showed himself to be the possessor of remarkable business insight and capacity. He manages his large office and traveling staff with very great tact, skill, and competence, and the men whose welfare he supervises trust in him and believe in him as one of themselves.

#### LETTERS FROM GRATEFUL GRADUATES

Does any one in the world, I wonder, receive so many delightful letters as I do? The post brings me a never-ending stream of them from all parts of the United Kingdom and of the British Empire, telling of lives filled with undreamed-of happiness, and of success truly marvelous, such as has never been won by blinded men before.

I receive letters from professional men who have returned to work hitherto untampered by the blind; letters from business men who are continuing the direction of important commercial undertakings; letters from craftsmen who are making earn-

ings fully on a par with those of sighted men in the same walks of industry; letters from masseurs who are not only securing for themselves a comfortable competency, but are doing great good to others; letters from poultry-farmers telling of the success with which they are carrying on their little holdings; letters from men who are accomplishing secretarial work, or operating telephone exchanges, with a skill which is scarcely believable. Many of these letters say things about the work of St. Dunstan's which come straight from the hearts of those who have benefited by it, and go straight to the hearts of those who have been privileged to be responsible for its initiation and management.

Often there comes to my mental vision a picture of the writers as I first met them—hopeless, despairing, and unable to imagine that any good thing was left for them in life. And then I see in my mind's eye these happy, resolute, competent men, who, in spite of their handicap, are showing that they can do their fair share in the work of the world. It is a picture of joyous contemplation the like of which can, I think, have been given to few to conjure up.

# Horseshoes for Hazel

BY JAMES W. EGAN

Illustrated by William B. King

O H, no, ball-players ain't superstitious! Neither can Babe Ruth hit nor Alexander pitch, and I don't crab when an umpire calls me out on a rotten third strike!

Makes no difference whether the strivin' athlete comes out o' college or off the lots; he's got his own pet delusions, and it's as hard to cure him as to get gasoline on Sundays. If it ain't black cats or spilled salt he's afraid of, it's the kind o' cue he cuts the orange with or somethin'. As for me, I never went up to bat in my life without drawin' a line alongside the plate, and why I do this I'll never tell.

Some birds are nuttier than others, ol' course. There was one or two bimbos on the Cinnamon Club apt to go haywire any time, and mebbe you think those babies didn't help tinge old Bill Pratt's locks with gray! Superstitious ball-players are a swell dish for any manager.

Eddie Hazel, our shortstop, was quite a case. When the Cinnamons first pulled him out o' the sticks he wasn't so bad, but his father upset the beans one summer by sendin' his pride and joy a birthday present.

Nifty little piece of jewelry it was, too—a gold tie-pin, shaped like a horseshoe, with six tiny diamonds studded in it. Hazel was prouder of that than a young husband with a new baby. When we were dressin' in the clubhouse, he fastened the thing on the breast of his ball shirt.

"A horseshoe means good luck," he says. "Mebbe I'll get a couple o' hits to-day. I sure need 'em!"

So he wore his horseshoe pin that afternoon, and I'll be darned if he didn't crash out four safe knocks in four trips to the skillet. One was a home run—the first he had ever made with the Cinnamons. None of us had seen him bat like that before.

"Horseshoes for luck!" he exults. "I'm

gonna wear this pin every day. I'll be hittin' three hundred by fall. It's started me!"

So Hazel pinned the golden horseshoe on his shirt before each game. And how he began to souse that old egg! From a weak clubber he turned into one of the most dangerous on the team, and his average was over three hundred when the season closed.

Next year he was back with his pin, and commenced smearin' the onion early in the spring. As the weeks went on he showed no signs of slumpin', and Bill Pratt was tickled pink.

"Who ever thought that kid would become a demon slugger?" he asks.

"I hope he never loses that horseshoe; he'll go clean off his knob," remarks Hack Snyder.

"I'm goin' to rob a blacksmith shop myself," says Josh Twain. "My base hits are comin' about as often as the first and fifteenth."

Hazel and I were pretty friendly, workin' around that middle bag all the time, and when the club was home I used to bring him out to the family mansion now and then. The old lady kind o' admired Eddie, and he trotted out at least once a week to sample the round steak and creamed cauliflower.

Fourth of July week we was home, and the missus breaks me some news:

"Vera is visitin' me for a couple o' weeks, Dan dear. Bring Eddie Hazel out to dinner some evenin'. I want Vera to meet him. He's such a nice boy!"

"There you go, woman!" I squawk. "Framin' on the poor kid, ain't you? I s'pose you've told Vera to put a whole lot on the ball, and she'll be gettin' his alley the first thing. I'd better not bring the lad out."

"Don't talk nonsense!" she snaps at me.

"You just tell him to come out, and don't get any foolish notions in your head!"

Naturally I dragged Eddie to the house, as per orders, and in less than no time Vera had him swingin' wild. Vera Talmadge is

shortstop—a nice-lookin' lad—seemed to have made it a double play as far as friend niece was concerned.

After the eats and the dishwashin', the old lady suggests we get out the ouija board and have a little indoor sport. Vera can't see it at all.

"Superstitious folly!" she snaps. "Why will people allow themselves to be deluded so easily? You can't place any credence in those things."

"Don't you believe in luck, Miss Talmadge?" Eddie asks.

"No, indeed!

It makes me tired to hear of people hunting for four-leaved clovers or lucky charms. The ignorant



"A HORSESHOE MEANS GOOD LUCK," HE SAYS. "MEBBE I'LL GET A COUPLE O' HITS TO-DAY. I SURE NEED 'EM!"

the wife's niece. I'll have to admit she's a little bear for looks, and how she can throw the nifty rags! Only thing I have against her is the fact she owns a college education, and figures to outsmart all the rest of the world without tryin'.

To a single guy like Eddie Hazel, however, I s'pose she looked better than a home run with three on, and the Cinnamon

darky may be forgiven for his belief in the power of a rabbit's foot, but educated folk—"

Vera shook her head energetically. I could see she was gettin' all set to ride one of her hobbies, and I knew poor Eddie Hazel was turnin' a thousand colors; so I horned right in with an offer to blow the crowd to the movies. That saved the day.

Next mornin', at breakfast, Vera told the wife and me she kind o' liked Eddie Hazel.

"I hope he's not superstitious, though," she says. "I've heard all ball-players are superstitious, and it seems so silly!"

I wouldn't have said nothin', but the missus has to tell what she knows.

"Oh, I'm afraid Eddie is as bad as any of 'em. Dan told me once he couldn't hit unless he wore a pin. What kind o' pin was it?"

Those two women dragged the whole story out o' poor, defenseless me, and Vera was quite annoyed.

"How can he be so silly? He seems so bright and well-educated, too. The idea of a horseshoe pin helpin' him hit better! I'll have to look at that piece of wonderful jewelry. Perhaps I can show Mr. Hazel the folly of his belief."

She probably had an opportunity to examine it, for Hazel became a pretty regular caller at the old shack; but he didn't quit wearin' it on his ball shirt. Even a pretty girl has a terrible hard time joltin' a player out o' his pet superstitions.

With Hazel's swell hittin' added to the sluggin' we normally possessed, the Cinnamons was breezin' along at the top of the pile, and Bill Pratt could see another world's series in sight.

"If we don't have any hard luck now—oh, boy!" he gargles.

"We won't!" Josh Twain grins. "A flock of speed cops couldn't halt us, Bill!"

Then, one August afternoon, the blow fell. Eddie Hazel walked into the clubhouse late, his face as white as a dish of ice-cream.

"What's the matter, Eddie?" asks Hack Snyder.

"Bad news, boy?" says Lefty Logan, our hurlin' ace.

Hazel didn't say a word. He just pointed to his necktie. The golden horseshoe was missin'.

"Lose it?" I squawk.

"Must have," he nodded. "I'm sure I put it in the tie when I left the hotel, and now it's gone."

"Could somebody ha' grabbed it?" Hack asks.

"The car was crowded comin' to the park. Some fellows bumped into me."

"Pickpockets! Sure enough—pickpockets!" says Hap O'Connor, one of the catchers. "That was a good-looking pin, you know. Tough luck, Eddie!"

Hazel shakes his head mournfully.

"Well, there goes my battin' average, I'll bet a dollar. I've lost my luck now!"

"Oh, forget it!"

"You'll hit 'em, boy! You don't need any horseshoes!"

"You can whale the old apple any time you want, Eddie boy!"

"Never mind the pin!"

Every guy there had a cheerin' word for our young shortstop, but bein' players ourselves, we had an idea how Hazel felt. What you might regard as trifles don't look that way to the athlete. I've seen hitters break a favorite bat and moan over it like they'd lost all the friends they ever had. Lots of times a little thing will start a ball-player haywire, and we were hopin' Eddie Hazel wouldn't crack.

We pulled for him every time he went to bat that afternoon, but not a blow did Eddie gather. He was tryin' hard. He didn't quit. Hazel wasn't that kind of a bimbo. He just couldn't find the onion.

"I've lost my luck!" he says after the game. "I've lost my luck!"

"Bunk!" I tell him. "You can't grab off base knocks every day. You'll be crashin' them to-morrow, old boy. Mebbe you'll find your pin at the hotel."

He showed up without his horseshoe the next day, however, and once again went hitless for the matinée. He was swingin' desperately, too, and doin' all in his power to punch 'em safe. He was pretty blue after the game, and I was a bit worried myself. I could see, too, that old Bill Pratt was cussin' the luck.

We took to the road for a couple o' weeks, and returned home in second place, havin' had a tough trip. Eddie Hazel had slumped terribly, and the lack of swattin' on his part had cost us several close contests. I knew the boy was beginnin' to lose heart, and if I could have got my hooks on the pickpocket or whoever copped his pin, I sure would have twisted the feller's neck.

Vera Talmadge was still stickin' around the old manor, and the first thing she asked me was a question about Eddie Hazel. She followed the scores pretty close, like my wife.

"Eddie Hazel has been playin' awful poor ball. What's the matter with him?"

The old lady also chimes in, and before long they worm the story about the missin' horseshoe out o' me.



"Isn't that the silliest thing you ever heard?" Vera squawks. "How on earth can the loss of his pin keep him from hittin' the ball?"

"How do I know?" is my answer. "You

"What silly boy?"

"Oh, you know very well I mean Eddie Hazel. Don't try to be smart! I've made up my mind that his trouble is psychological. Of course his horseshoe pin has no powers. It is just the belief he put in it. When wearin' the pin, he felt he could hit better; and because he did feel that way, he did hit better."

"Well?" horns in the wife.



EDDIE HAZEL HAD SLUMPED TERRIBLY, AND THE LACK OF SWATTIN' ON HIS PART HAD COST US SEVERAL CLOSE CONTESTS

see the scores, though, don't you? The lad can't hit—that's all I can say."

"Such superstitious nonsense! Eddie ought to have more intelligence. Yet I s'pose the silly boy won't listen to reason!"

Notin' that Vera was takin' the matter real serious, I quizzed the missus for the inside stuff on it, and learned that our niece was about ready to fall in love with young Hazel, superstitions and all.

At breakfast the next mornin' Vera springs somethin'.

"I want you to do me a favor, Dan," she says. "I think that silly boy can be cured."

"I know how that pin looked. I know it so well I'm goin' to have an exact duplicate made from memory."

"Why?" I ask, stupid.

"Oh, Dan! You haven't any imagination! When I get the pin, your aid will be

required. I want you to smuggle it into his room and let him accidentally find it himself. He'll think it's his old pin, and wear it—and we'll watch the results. I'll bet he starts playin' as good as ever."

"And then what?"

"Well," says our niece, with a smile, "I think I shall show Eddie Hazel how much of a nut he's been. I'll let the thing work out, and then spring the whole trick. It will cure him, never fear!"

I shook my head, but was forced to promise to go through with the experiment. Both the wife and Vera insisted.

So an imitation pin was made, and I managed to conceal it in Eddie's hotel room the evenin' before our critical series with the Red Garters, who were givin' us a warm wrestle for the rag. I hid it pretty carefully, yet not so well that he wouldn't stumble on it. He never got wise to my trick, bein' busy listenin' to one of Josh Twain's merry yarns.

Next afternoon he came boundin' into the clubhouse, full of pep and joy for the first time in a month.

"My luck's back! My luck's back!" he yodels. "I found that darned old pin. It was in my room after all!"

I grinned to myself and let Eddie show the golden horseshoe to all the boys. Mebbe this niece of mine was a pretty smart little girl.

"I'll start hittin' again! I got my luck!" cries Eddie.

"We'll go through those Garters like huckleberries through a tin horn!" promises Josh Twain.

The entire team was tickled, and even Bill Pratt lost his gloom. It does make a difference to a club when a cog that's been on the blink is suddenly fixed up. I'll tell you it does!

Ain't much need to tell about the game that afternoon. With Lefty Logan in the box we shut the Red Garters out, and, I might add, we walloped 'em so bad in the remainder of the series that it put them out of the race.

And Eddie Hazel hit! Two doubles and a single that day. He was the old Eddie with the ash again. I can't explain it, but any ball-player will understand. He just seemed to come back in a bunch.

"Lock that horseshoe in a safety-deposit vault!" advises Bill Pratt after the game. "Never lose that again. It means the pennant for us, by golly!"

And none of us figured he was kiddin' very much, at that.

Of course I dragged Hazel up to the house for a big feed, and all through the meal he was chatterin' about his luck and his horseshoe pin. I could see Vera give him a look every now and then, and I knew friend niece was cookin' up somethin' rich for Eddie.

"Where did you find the pin, anyway, Eddie?" I asked him idly.

"Behind the wash-stand. Funny how it fell there, ain't it?"

"Behind the wash-stand! Why—" I stopped. I hadn't hidden the imitation there!

"Matter of fact, I found two pins this mornin'," says Eddie. "One was a cheap imitation of the original. It puzzled me until I doped out that Bill Pratt or some of the boys were tryin' to help me. You know—make me think I had found the real pin, and see if it wouldn't bring back my battin' eye; but it would never have fooled me, or done any good. There's only one horseshoe pin—only one real one. I could pick it out of a million. And you can't bring back your luck by makin' a new pin, or I'd have done that long ago. You see—"

A violent cough interrupted him. It was from our niece.

"What's the matter, Vera?" asks Eddie, breakin' off.

"Oh, nothin' much!" Vera gets up from the table. "Only—only I don't feel very well this evenin'."

And, knowin' what she was gonna hear from the missus and me later, I don't believe she did.

## THE POET

UNTO the poet things are thoughts,  
Unto the poet thoughts are things;  
Each secret symbol he reports  
In all the idle songs he sings.

Harold Seton

# Our Need of New Sources of Power

WE ARE EXHAUSTING OUR CHEAP COAL AND RECKLESSLY SQUANDERING OUR SUPPLY OF OIL—THE URGENT DEMAND FOR A COMPLETE AND SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT OF OUR WATER-POWER

By George Otis Smith

Director of the United States Geological Survey

THE story of man's progress has been the story of his harnessing of power. Whether it is coal or petroleum, steam or electricity, that we consider as best characterizing this later chapter of human history, the central theme now, as before, has been man's use of mechanical power.

Ninety years ago engineering was defined as "the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man;" and Emerson voiced the same practical idea in his advice to "hitch your wagon to a star." Indeed, this much-quoted message was in reality one of labor-saving, for Emerson had in mind the tide-mill, with its moon-driven wheel, but his thought of "borrowing the might of the elements" is equally apt to-day, when the nation's water-power plans are in the making.

Warning that our consumption of coal surpasses a safe annual average was sounded many years ago, and then was practically forgotten with the advent of the petroleum era. Now we realize, almost too late, the necessity of saving oil. The natural inclination of mankind to trust to the largess of nature has found abundant incentive in this rich country of ours, but in the last few years there has been one exception—water-power, whose development in the United States has been seriously handicapped because of the failure of Congress to provide legislation for its development on navigable streams, and especially in the public land States.

America needs power to drive labor-sav-

ing machines, which may better be described as product-increasing machines, for machinery multiplies man's power. But power itself must not cost too much in terms of labor. Petroleum has won its place in the economy of the industrial world because oil is cheap, as we reckon costs in man's units. At a conservative estimate, the labor of one workman will bring from the ground and transport to market more than ten times as much oil as coal, measuring each by its heat value. Moreover, as the consumers of oil know, the labor-saving advantage of oil continues all along the line: oil will flow where we have to shovel coal.

In these days of rising costs of labor, too, it is opportune to compare the pay-roll of the steam-power plant with that of the hydroelectric plant. Counting the coal miner who digs the coal as well as the fireman who burns it, a Southern power company has found that its steam plant requires eighty-four men to turn out the same amount of electricity from coal as can be generated in its water-power plant with the aid of one man!

## WE MUST DEVELOP OUR WATER-POWER

At present, in the central power plants of the country, water-power carries less than forty per cent of the load, while the total fuel requirement for steam-generated power, including that of the railroads, is not less than eight hundred thousand tons of coal daily. A power program that calls for the immediate and full development of every available and feasible water-power,

moreover, means saving in both coal and oil, and especially in human energy.

The newly enacted water-power law may aid when aid is most needed. It is now anticipated that the development of more than five million horse-power may be undertaken within a few years under the new law. Applications for more than one million horse-power have already been filed with the new Federal Power Commission.

The purpose of a water-power policy is that of securing double conservation, by eliminating the burning of coal or oil where falling water can be utilized. The first step is to get the facts for the country as a whole, and particularly for the North Atlantic industrial district.

A "super-power" project has been proposed, which engineers agree in regarding as quite practicable, but which for the present must be considered as only in the stage of plans for the future. This project is to pool the power supply for the whole industrial area between Boston and Washington, in which is concentrated one-fourth of the power-generating capacity of the country. Such a unified power system would link together properly located steam-electric and hydroelectric plants—old plants that are efficient, as well as new plants—with a great power main, from which would flow the energy to serve a score of railroads, hundreds of public-service companies, thousands of mills and factories, and millions of homes.

The subject is necessarily one for interstate investigation, and is linked with the national problem of providing adequate transportation facilities. Electrification of our railroads would effect fuel economies of more than one-half in coal consumed, not to mention the greater efficiency of electric traction through increased road capacity. Equally important is the relation of cheaper power to American industry, because increased economy in the production and distribution of power will make it possible for our manufacturers to decrease their production expenses and to compete successfully in the world's markets, maintaining at the same time the American standard of wages and living. Yet it must not be thought for a moment that less coal will be mined than at present.

A few facts of interest to every man and woman, in whose lives coal and oil and water figure in terms of heat, light, and power, will easily convince them that the

fuel and power situation merits thought and action.

#### A WARNING OF DANGER AHEAD

Let us take coal first. America's coal is her pride; we own more than half the world's supply of coal. Yet since the best and most accessible coal is mined first, we have been skimming the cream of our coal resources at prices that encouraged wasteful use. As a result, we must expect for the coal output of to-morrow decreasing quality and increasing cost; but this higher price for coal should at last stimulate boiler-room economies that will give higher value to the coal. The more we are forced to pay for coal, the more British thermal units and kilowatt hours Yankee thrift should win from the ton.

Despite the wealth of coal in the ground, our country is suffering from coal shortage, not because we have too few coal-mines, but chiefly because the demand for coal has increased faster than our available supply of coal-cars. Too much emphasis cannot be put on the fact that what was abundance last year may be called a scarcity this year. The output of bituminous coal during the first six months of 1920 approximated 251,953,000 tons, or more than 41,000,000 tons ahead of the same period last year. Anthracite coal was mined in the same months this year to the amount of 41,912,000 tons, or nearly 3,400,000 tons more than the corresponding period last year. Yet, despite the increased production, there is too little coal on hand to keep all the wheels of industry turning.

Let us consider petroleum. The first months of 1920 have established a rate of domestic production which, if unchecked, will mean a total for the year of 415,000,000 barrels, or nearly twice the output of 1910. The rate of consumption would make the year's requirements approach 500,000,000 barrels, or one-seventh more than the consumption in 1919.

What does this mean? That ten years ago Mexico was our customer for crude oil, whereas now we depend upon the Mexican wells. Without the millions of barrels imported from Mexico each month our present situation would indeed be critical.

A few months ago I tried to visualize the torrent of oil consumed by the country in 1918 by imagining that it was poured over Niagara Falls. I found that the oil supply of that year equaled the flow of waters



from the Great Lakes, with their vast drainage basin, for three hours and four minutes; but already there is promise that the consumption of oil in the United States during the present year must be likened to the flow of Niagara for three hours and forty minutes.

The fuel reserves of a nation are no less essential to its future industrial welfare than its gold reserves are essential to its present financial stability; but, once lowered, these reserves of coal and oil in the ground can never be replenished. The official estimate of less than seven billion barrels of oil as the quantity remaining available in the ground in the United States is believed to be liberal. Even if we inflate such an estimate by one-fourth, or one-half, the indicated reserve is seen to be far from ample.

What are we doing with our oil?

Facts of consumption are not easily determined. Where our oil comes from is a matter set forth in our Geological Survey reports each month; where it goes is largely a matter of conjecture. We all know in a general way the different kinds of demand, in the city and in the country, by the tenement-dweller and the farmer, in office and in factory, by the clerk for oiling his typewriter and the machinist for lubricating his lathe; by the road-builder for preparing a smooth highway, and by the motorist for speeding his car over it.

Foremost among these various demands is the ever-increasing thirst for gasoline by the automotive engine, whose name is legion. Next is the larger use of fuel oil for steam-making, and this field is being expanded so that merchant vessels, as well as war-ships, are fast being converted to oil-burning. Then comes the universal need of all industry for lubricants; and finally the many other uses for petroleum products, not less important, perhaps, though involving less volume, unless we except the accumulated demand for asphaltic oils for road construction, a large program delayed by the war.

The first official note of warning that demand was overtaking supply was sounded by the United States Geological Survey a dozen years ago, but only within the last few months has that note swollen into a chorus. The reason for the cry of alarm is evident. Rising prices have led to the rediscovery of the law of supply and demand, which was supposed to have been

repealed during the war; a consumption curve that rises faster than a production curve is the graphic signal of danger ahead.

An intensive drilling campaign has been the practical response to high prices for crude oil, just as an orgy of advertising of questionable oil stocks is the reflection of popular interest in the petroleum situation; but even the most wisely directed drilling can give only temporary relief.

An estimate of the petroleum resources of the world has just been published by the chief geologist of the United States Geological Survey, Mr. David White, and his figure of sixty billion barrels for the whole world is no doubt exact enough to enable us to see the oil situation of the United States in fairly true perspective.

Using within our own borders fully half of the world's annual production of petroleum, we seem to possess only about one-seventh of what remains. This lack of national self-sufficiency in oil reserves may be expressed in another way—by contrasting the international position of the United States in respect to oil with its position in respect to coal. In the past ten years our six or seven thousand coal-mines have contributed forty-one per cent of the world's output of coal. Our present estimates credit the United States with more than half of the world's coal reserves; so that if we are to think in world terms, the great tonnage of coal produced by this country each year represents less than our share.

But now contrast the petroleum record. In the same ten years our oil-wells, numbering from one hundred and forty thousand to two hundred thousand, have poured forth more than sixty-one per cent of the world's output, although we now believe that the United States possesses only about fourteen per cent of the oil left to the world for its future use.

#### TO RESTRICT THE USE OF OIL

It is high time for us to begin to weigh the uses of petroleum and to decide which are the most essential. Oil was first employed as an illuminant, but to-day, whether in the kerosene lamp on the frontier or as gas oil to enrich the gas of the city, this use is not increasing on the same scale as the industrial uses. In power-generation oil takes on much larger economic values, whether as gasoline or as fuel oil.

Yet certain changes in practise appear inevitable. The use of gasoline to serve

our pleasure cannot go on unchecked; the joy-ride is not the kind of "pursuit of happiness" regarded as an "unalienable right" by our Revolutionary fathers. The use of fuel oil as a substitute for coal must be discouraged, for our navy and our merchant marine need the liquid fuel for reasons that do not apply to stationary boilers, or even to steam locomotives. Fortunately, the rapid increase in the consumption of oil by locomotives seems to have been checked at about the same time that stationary steam-plants have increased their demands. The more adequate and reliable supply of coal must in the long run give coal the advantage for use under stationary boilers; for, despite the labor economy in the handling of oil, the assurance of an unfailing supply of fuel is of first importance in industry.

On terra firma a power program can be worked out that will efficiently link up coal-mine and waterfall, and both industry and transportation can be so fully electrified that nowhere in the United States—perhaps with the exception of the Pacific Coast—should a single barrel of oil be used under boilers.

Prices, too, will eventually exert an automatic control on the use of oil products. Much as we may desire low-priced gasoline, we cannot wave aside the economic facts of supply and demand. High prices are here for crude oil and every one of its products, and high prices will help to bring about a kind of economic survival. The more essential uses of oil—that is, the uses in which it serves the most important end—will survive, and business practise, public opinion, and even, if needed, governmental regulation, should work together to enforce obedience to this democratic rule of the greatest good to the greatest number. Plenty and cheapness have led to waste; scarcity and dearness ought to promote thrift.

#### POSSIBLE SUBSTITUTES FOR OIL

Misapprehension exists in many quarters with regard to the possible substitutes for petroleum products. Let us briefly consider the facts.

The capacity of our great steel industries for furnishing benzol and alcohol as by-products of their coke-ovens has been estimated at three or four million barrels of motor fuel, but that small contribution would not be enough to meet even the pres-

ent annual increase in the demand for gasoline. Yet, inasmuch as this country, the greatest consumer of coal, has not fairly begun the recovery of by-products, some relief can be expected from this source. Moreover, it does not involve the use of great acreages of fertile land and the employment of farm labor—and of both land and labor we have too little—which would be required in meeting the motor demand with alcohol of vegetable origin.

The oil-shale resources of our country must not be overlooked, nor must their value be underestimated as a rear line of economic defense. As their oil content is fairly comparable with the petroleum reserves of the world, these shales furnish an effective guaranty against the United States going bone-dry as to oil; but the oil won from oil shales will not be labor cheap, like the petroleum now flowing from our wells. As long as industry is short-handed it cannot look for relief from oil shale, nor can it expect any return to low prices by utilizing this resource, however vast its extent.

For several decades the United States Geological Survey has endeavored to serve the nation by setting forth all the facts concerning our supply of the mineral fuels, which represent the stored-up energy most available for power-generation. Now that the need of wisely utilizing every source of power is evident as never before, it is also realized that the waterfall is a good working partner of the coal-mine and the oil-well in the task of supplying America with the power needed to make man's tasks lighter—and woman's also, for electric power will save much labor in the home as well as on the farm and in the factory. The introduction of millions of small motors promises to make it no longer true that "woman's work is never done."

Conservation of human energy is the real goal in our power program, and to this end the full exploitation of our idle water-powers is the step next to be taken. The work of the Geological Survey in measuring the flow of the streams of the country, and in surveying the power possibilities of many rivers, large and small, will contribute to the planning of water-power development under the Federal Power Commission, whose work is now beginning under the new water-power law.

Nor can this national power program be safely delayed, for America's peak load is in the future.

# Law and Disorder

BY EMMET F. HARTE

Illustrated by H. T. Fisk

**C**OLONEL HENRY HILARY BUCKNER sat in state on his own front veranda in the dulcet coolness that followed a warm summer day. Colonel Buckner was a man in the robust and ruddy prime of life, the vigorous fullness of ripened maturity. He was fifty-four—a husky age, a fighting age. He was what he, for one, unequivocally considered a personage anywhere, and in Garrettsburg more particularly.

The colonel's paternal grandfather had homesteaded land near Garrettsburg in an early day. It was generally accepted that the homesteader hailed from old Virginia, and with the mellowing march of the years his memory became notably hallowed and refined. Few had the temerity to doubt the colonel's oft-reiterated assertion that his ancestor was an aristocrat of aristocrats, a Southern gentleman of the real blue blood, sir! But then he who tries to penetrate the marshaled shadows of three-quarters of a century must needs have a hawk's eye in addition to a buzzard's sense of smell to say:

"That is homespun, not broadcloth! Those frilled edges of fine linen, so-called, have more the look of white dust which comes of toiling in a stone-quarry."

Charity ever "is kind; it thinketh no evil; believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Provident foresight on the part of the alleged Virginia cavalier and Colonel Buckner's father had made the latest incumbent of the estate the possessor of many fat and productive acres. The latter liked to call his lands "the plantation." He never forgot the occasion when the weekly newspaper at the county seat referred to him as "Colonel Buckner, the wealthy planter, of Garrettsburg."

Admitting as he did that he was Garrettsburg's leading citizen, it was logical

that he should have been elected mayor of the town—an official position he had graced for two or three terms. There were other members of the official family—a police judge, a street-commissioner, a treasurer, the town board of three aldermen, and mayhap a few others, notably the marshal; but these were comparatively negligible figureheads, as the mayor viewed them. The mayor felt that what little municipal government there was needed in Garrettsburg could be sweepingly comprehended in the entitlement, Colonel Henry H. Buckner, mayor.

Business concerning both his official and his personal affairs was transacted by the colonel in his private office. This private office was almost a Garrettsburg institution; at the very least, a Buckner family tradition. It was a neat brick edifice having a single room, set separate and apart from the big house in its cool home grounds, shaded with elms and maples, and distant exactly half a mile from the post-office down-town. A gravel path, bordered with lilac-bushes and clumps of bridal wreath, led to it from a private front gate. A purple wisteria-vine on its trellis over the office door made a green canopy before it in summer.

When the planter—or mayor—received a business visitor, he sat in almost ducal solemnity behind a long table which served him for a desk, a bar of justice, a rostrum, or a public forum, as might be. Colonel Buckner had moments when he approached human graciousness, but he never quite brought himself to the point of fraternizing with ordinary members of his species. Mankind, in his opinion, was divided into two classes—Colonel Henry Hilary Buckner, and other folks.

The two colored house servants, a married pair, were another tradition of the family. Aunt Cindy and Uncle 'Diah had

become heirlooms, so to speak, so long had been their tenure of service in the Buckner household.

Uncle 'Diah came out of the dusky dimness of the side porch, a grizzled watcher over his master's comfort, bearing a tray, on which stood a tall glass of ice-cold lemonade. The humid silence was shattered by a sudden clangor, as the old negro paused beside the colonel's rocking-chair. The noise came from a distance of half a mile, but its harsh din was plainly audible. It sounded like the measured beat of some huge, discordant gong.

"In the name of sense, what outlandish racket is that down-town?" Colonel Buckner asked his old colored retainer.

"Dat noise, suh?" grinned Uncle 'Diah. "Why, suh, didn't you know bouten Mist' Ad Tuthill's new rule since he got to be city marshal? Dat am de cuhfew ringin', cunnel, suh. Hit's dat ol' sawmill saw folks ginerally uses when dere's a shivaree on foot, but Mist' Tuthill do make her sound, he sho' do. He say he gwine whang her every night at nine o'clock to warn young folkses under twenty-one hit's time to git indo's. He 'low hit's de city ordinance, suh, an' he sho' aims to 'fo'ce it 'thout fear or favor, suh."

"Marshal? Ad Tuthill marshal?" The whilom mayor of the commonwealth straightened and expanded with conscious dignity. "How did he get to be the marshal here?"

"Why, didn't you know, suh?" Uncle 'Diah spoke with a true gossip's unction. "Mist' Crawford Shelby, reg'lar marshal an' night-watch, got a telegraph f'um back yonder in Pennsylvania sayin' his pa died, so he had to go 'way, to be gone maybe two weeks, maybe mo', to de fun'ral an' all. So he 'p'int's Mist' Tuthill to be marshal an' night-watch in his place while he's gone. An' Mist' Tuthill, as everybody knows, is mighty spontaneous when he gits strung out, suh."

Uncle 'Diah used the word "spontaneous" wholly because it sounded euphonious. At that he was not hopelessly astray. Addison Tuthill did possess the semblance, if not the substance, of spontaneity.

"Humph!" growled Colonel Buckner. "The fellow is taking a good deal on himself, it seems! I'll see further about his innovations to-morrow morning."

"Yessuh, cunnel, dat's right, suh," agreed Uncle 'Diah. "I reckon he sho'

am the innovatin'es' man you could skeer up in a week's hunt, suh."

## II

"No," Crawford Shelby had said to Ad Tuthill, when the preliminaries of their exchange of official authority and perquisites had been concluded. "No, I reckon you won't find the job very exciting, Ad. Here's my star—you can wear it while you're on duty—and this is the key to the calaboose. My pistol and a box of catterdges is on a shelf back of the door. There's some handcuffs hangin' on a nail in there, too," he added jocularly, "in case you run up against some desp'rit character."

"All right, Crawf," Ad returned. "Don't you worry but what I can handle the job with neatness and despatch." He proceeded to pin the nickel-plated star bearing the legend, "city marshal," to the front pocket of his best striped Sunday shirt. "I'll read up on the city ordinances, first off. Have you got a copy of 'em handy?"

"Well, no, I haven't. I never read 'em myself; but you can see Judge Agnew. He 'tends to all the law matters round here. So-long, Ad!"

"So-long, Crawf!"

Crawford Shelby appreciated the importance of his office. Garrettsburg might have gone unpoliced during his absence without seriously upsetting its calm serenity, but the marshal—and also night-watchman—felt that it would be well to keep his office alive and smoothly functioning in the interim. Freed from the restraining influence of constituted authority, the sinister spawn of outlawry might overwhelm the peaceful community. Arson, thievery, homicide—such things spread like fire in dry grass; and a spark might start a holocaust.

Considering that in a period of more than two years no one in the town had been so much as reprimanded, let alone arrested, such a view might seem pessimistic. It is possible that Shelby's attitude was inspired by discretion. His dual official position—the only definitely salaried place in the municipality—actually paid a stipend of fifty dollars a month for a minimum of effort. Hence the arrangement with Ad Tuthill to serve. It was mutually understood that Ad should receive the full salary for all time he might be called upon to officiate.



Acting Marshal Tuthill assumed the responsibility and dignity of the office with the act of pinning on Shelby's star. He was mindful of the obligations he had assumed, and at once set about patrolling the

manity under suspicion. Hardly that. He merely felt that a city marshal—not to mention a night-watchman—is somewhat different from an ordinary citizen. An officer of the law is the visible embodiment of the spirit of moral restraint, and a corrective force as well. So

Ad, though among his friends, was not of them.

He presently left his beat to



"I DISCHARGE YOU AS MARSHAL OF GARRETSBURG!" THE MAYOR SHOUTED HUSKILY

business section, which covered three blocks of a single street. Meeting familiar friends and lifelong associates, he regarded them with an uncompromising and austere eye. The rude badinage and uncouth witticisms of his cronies, whittlers of pine boxes and hitch-racks, or horseshoe-pitchers of renown, failed to penetrate his armor of reserve.

Not that Ad held the general run of hu-

inspect the calaboose, which was in a slightly isolated spot beyond and behind the blacksmith shop. It was a small, solidly built structure made of wooden timbers spiked to make stanch walls half a foot thick, enclosing a single chamber lighted by two slot-like windows. The door of massive oaken boards, double thick, reenforced by iron cross-straps, was secured by a big hasp and padlock on the outside.

Ad unlocked the padlock, swung back the ponderous door, and entered. A little later he issued forth and, having refastened the door, returned to his beat. The day was hot, and he was without his coat. The rusty butt of a revolver protruded from his right hip pocket. A noticeable bulge in his left hip pocket might have been caused by some irregularly shaped metal object, such as, say, a pair of handcuffs. Acting Marshal Addison Tuthill apparently purposed to take no chances.

On the way home to partake of his mid-day meal, Ad paused at the unpretentious domicile where lived Alba Agnew, justice of the peace, and *ex-officio* police judge of the town of Garrettsburg. Ad explained his errand.

It fortunately happened that the magistrate possessed a small paper-backed volume in which were included the complete laws and regulations governing the town. Most of these had been copied intact from the statutory code of Eminence, the county seat and nearest municipality of any considerable size. Judge Agnew was happy to oblige an associate in office.

"Take the book home and keep it as long as you like, Addy," he said. "I don't expect I'd be much upset if you never did bring it back. I think I'll refuse reelection as police judge in this town when my term expires. Business is too slack to suit an ambitious lawgiver like me."

"Maybe I'll stir up something for you, judge," said Ad, and went on home.

As a toiler in any line of manual industry, Addison Tuthill lacked much of ardent enthusiasm. Nevertheless, he displayed something closely akin to painstaking thoroughness in his perusal of the little book. He might have been specially looking for something, so closely was his attention engaged.

He carried the civic code with him when he returned to his duties as guardian of the peaceful quietude of Main Street. Still later, in Doc Killam's private sanctum, he took the physician into his confidence, discussing the sad state of the community with some heat.

"Here's this curfew law—you heard me read it," Ad said. "It plainly specifies that nobody under the age of twenty-one shall be permitted to run around over town after nine o'clock at night, unless accompanied by parent or guardian. As an officer sworn to uphold the moral *status quo*

of this community, I've got to enforce it. Here's this no-expectorating-on-the-side-walks ordinance, too; another against leaving a horse untied on a public thoroughfare; and another against keeping stores open on Sunday; and a whole raft of other regulations that are being utterly ignored here. I figure that I can't very well get out of making an example of people I catch violating the law wherever and whenever I find 'em."

"Um-m!" mused Doc Killam. "It's quite a ticklish question. According to that book of yours, pretty much the entire population of our fair village is engaged in violating some blamed fool town statute or other. I'd say haphazard that you've bit off a large chew when you undertake the job of disciplining this gang of cold-blooded outlaws. Still, it might be done. You could proclaim yourself dictator, and declare the town under martial law. I'll be glad to offer my services as a surgeon for field duty among the wounded—provided, of course, that both sides pledge themselves not to snipe at me. I could wear my white duck coat and pants with a large red cross stenciled on the front and back—"

Acting Marshal Tuthill snorted equinely.

"Front and back of what?" he inquired.

"The coat or the pants? You've got aggravated imaginitis, doc; but don't get too gay with me. There's a city ordinance here in this book requiring each and every attending physician to report all cases of contagious disease without fail, with a heavy fine attached for not doing so. My regard for you personally won't save you if I find you breaking the law, Dr. Killam!"

Killam looked abashed, if not actually guilty, as the law's inexorable preserver stalked from his presence.

Ad Tuthill publicly announced his proposed course of action late that afternoon in a sort of inaugural address to the people assembled at the post-office while the mail was being distributed.

In addition to the strict enforcement of the curfew law, which he warned them to expect at and after the tocsin he would ring when the fateful hour of nine o'clock came that night, he briefly outlined other statutes which were being disregarded day after day by Garrettsburg's heedless citizens. In most instances he read the actual letter of the law to them from the code-book.

"Law is law," he said grimly, "and while I'm the duly authorized officer to safeguard and protect the citizens of this community collectively and individually, I aim to do my duty, no matter who's hit. The law says nobody must let the weeds grow on his property. There's a good many better begin whetting their mowing-scythes right now. Barb-wire fences ain't permitted inside the city limits, either. I reckon there's several that'll have to get busy. Spitting, or throwing refuse like banana-peel on the sidewalks, makes whoever does it liable to a fine. Here's exactly what it says. Flying kites, throwing rocks, and shooting air-guns—all such things are prohibited. Defacing or damaging property, trees, buildings, *et cetera*, is punishable by a fine of from five to five hundred dollars. I wouldn't wonder if that catches a lot of chronic barlow-knife toters who've been carving their initials on one thing and another round this town for years. Then here's a mighty drastic ordinance against vagrants, habitual loiterers, and gamblers. Such are hereby given fair warning.

"And there's a lot more I might mention. Cutting ice off of ponds or streams within the jurisdiction of the city, without a special permit, is prohibited. So is driving a sleigh without sleigh-bells attached on any public thoroughfare. Ice-cutting and sleigh-riding won't bother anybody much during August and probably September, but winter'll get around again sooner'n you think. My advice to one and all is this—when you ain't positive about the legality of what you're up to, come to me. Don't wait to get yanked up in police-court. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you kindly."

### III

THE curfew clanged promptly at nine o'clock that evening. Its resounding strokes were heard beyond the outlying frontiers of the acting marshal's—and night-watchman's—official territory. Heard but not universally heeded, it appeared. It proved to be a busy night indeed for Acting Night-Watchman Tuthill. There were—but Officer Tuthill himself is properly qualified to testify.

Colonel Henry Hilary Buckner was informed by Uncle 'Diah at the breakfast-table that a visitor in the person of Ad Tuthill was waiting on the front porch. The colonel was very plainly the mayor,

full-panoplied with dignity, when Ad was permitted to see him in the flesh. The two were soon seated in the private office, the mayor enthroned and Ad arraigned, as it were.

"Now, sir," Colonel Buckner announced icily, "you may proceed."

"Well, colonel, or maybe I ought to say Mr. Mayor, I thought I'd drop up and report progress. Judge Agnew has decided to hold court beginning at eight o'clock this morning. He said to tell you if you'd like to attend, you can consider yourself officially invited. There's eight cases to be tried—six minors under twenty-one years old for being unlawfully running at large on the streets after curfew, and two grown-ups for disorderly conduct. One's Sim Wagner and the other's Bill Burgess. I arrested their boys and they got smart, so I just rounded them up too."

The mayor breathed heavily. The crease became more perceptible between his brows as Ad naively prattled on.

"By whose authority have you made these—these nonsensical arrests?" he puffed abruptly, when the other came to what seemed to be a period. "Who authorized all this high-handed procedure, sir? This is a law-abiding community, sir. What warrant have you for precipitating such an outbreak of riot and uproar as has occurred?"

"Why"—Ad's demeanor was bland and urbane—"I didn't need any special authority outside of the existing ordinances. The laws are already plain enough; all I've got to do is see to it that they're enforced. And this star I'm wearing gives me plenty of authority, wouldn't you think? Haven't you ever read the city ordinances, colonel?"

"Oof! Wff!" The mayor sputtered impotently. "City ordinances! You—you are an impudent upstart, sir! What do I care about city ordinances? A lot of dashed rubbish! Antiquated claptrap of the dark ages, sir! A curfew law! A piece of blanked rot, sir, forgotten and discarded by sensible people a hundred years ago. Do you expect wide-awake, intelligent, progressive young persons to go to bed before sundown? Thunder and fiddlesticks, sir! It isn't even dark at nine o'clock these evenings. You don't appear to have even the rudiments of common sense, sir!"

"I'm following the exact letter of the law, mayor," Ad rejoined with one-ideaed tenacity. "If it's a bum law, the thing to

do is repeal it. That's none of my lookout. It's up to you and the town board. As long as it's on the statute-books and I'm a reg'lar qualified officer, she's going to be

remaining shreds of his temper. His face purpled with anger.

"I discharge you as marshal of Garrettsburg, sir!" he shouted huskily. "I order you to turn that star over to me at once, before you step a foot outside this office. I am the mayor of this town, I'll have you understand, and I hereby declare you



IT WAS A SWEEPING DECLARATION, VIOLENTLY MISPELLED, TO THE EFFECT THAT THE CITIZENS WERE RELIEVED OF ALL OBLIGATIONS TO OBEY EXISTING LAWS

enforced—and a lot of other laws, too. I sort of supposed you'd be glad to cooperate with me in such matters, but I gather from what you say that I can't count on you." Acting Marshal Tuthill rose to depart. "Not but what I can handle the job myself," he concluded, "with nicety, neatness, and despatch."

Colonel Buckner, flouted in the very sanctity of his own private office, lost the

relieved of all power and authority whatsoever!"

Ad completed the process of refreshing himself with a new chew of plug tobacco before speaking. Then he spoke, deliberately, without excitement.

"Colonel," he said, "I hate to disappoint you, but I'm afraid you can't fire me legally. The marshal in this town is elected by vote of the people, not appointed by you or anybody else. Crawf Shelby was elected to serve two years, and he's got a year



yet to serve. You couldn't fire Crawf, no matter how much of a mad fit you worked yourself into; and for the time being I'm Crawf's duly qualified substitute, with all powers and privileges thereunto accruing. Much as I hate to disoblige you, I reckon I'll have to decline your generous offer to throw me out of office."

Colonel Henry Hilary Buckner, wealthy planter and mayor, dizzily teetered on the edge of apoplexy's dread abyss. His eyes protruded from the empurpled storm-cloud that darkened his face. His mouth opened and shut, catfishlike, barren of speech. The colonel was temporarily too full of ire for utterance. Ad bowed with rather an excess of courtesy, and, settling his straw hat at a rakish angle over one eye, took his departure.

On the way down-town he took into custody one of Garrettsburg's slightly decrepit but deliberate lawbreakers in the person of old Duckworth Claggett, caught in the very act of transporting ashes in a wheelbarrow from his own premises to a ravine a block or so away. The only difficulty Ad encountered was in convincing the culprit that he'd actually been arrested.

"I can take you to the cooler on one or all of three different counts," Ad said relentlessly, producing his civic code-book. "Here's the law in plain English. First, 'trundling or propelling in the usual way any one-wheeled vehicle called a wheelbarrow along the sidewalk of any street, is prohibited.' Just a minute, now! Second, 'spilling or scattering dirt, refuse, garbage, coal, cinders, crushed stone, or any extraneous matter or substance on any public thoroughfare, shall be punishable by a fine.' Third, 'the dumping of trash, tin cans, ashes, household rubbish, broken glass, or unsightly waste of whatsoever description on any vacant lot, or in any pond, creek, ravine, or upon any other spot not designated by law as a public dumping-place, is strictly forbidden.'"

"Well, I'll be plumb dog-goned!" said the guilty party, with a nonchalance hardly in keeping with the gravity of his offense or offenses. "First time I ever heard of all them forbiddings and prohibits. I say, all them laws is news to me."

"Ignorance of the law is not recognized as an excuse," Ad said as importantly as if the platitude were an original epigram. "Come along with me, now! You're the first man I've arrested who was actually

violating three ordinances at once. I reckon you'd pretty nigh come under the head of a desperate character. Maybe I better clap the darbies on you."

Upon the aged prisoner's solemn pledge to go quietly, Officer Tuthill suffered him to go without handcuffs. His charge safely incarcerated with the eight desperadoes already juggled, Ad had a whole half-hour to patrol his beat before the time set by Judge Agnew to open court session.

"Say, you long-legged hound of the law!" roared Bill Burgess, as Ad turned away from the calaboose door. "What 're you going to do—starve us? When do we git our breakfast? It's past breakfast-time an hour or two now!"

"Don't get impatient, Bill," the marshal advised. "Court sets in a few minutes, and 'twon't take long for you to plead guilty, get fined, and go home. I don't seem to have any authority to furnish meals to prisoners in the lock-up. I'll have to find out about it for sure, as soon as I get caught up a little with the job. So far I've been right busy. One sure way not to miss any meals," he suggested as he moved off, "would be to behave and keep out of the cooler!"

#### IV

NINE convictions in police-court that morning went far toward solidifying the concrete foundation of Ad's position as an aggressive agent of reform in Garrettsburg. His policy of adhering strictly to the letter rather than half a dozen easy-going interpretations of the spirit of the law was a sound one, and insured him a score of at least ninety-nine plus out of a possible one hundred.

The case of the city of Garrettsburg *versus* Mehitabel Bundy furnished the one instance of overzeal on Ad's part. Mrs. Bundy, a widow, was arrested and taken directly into Judge Agnew's court on a charge of burying a dead cat in her back yard, such act being a violation of the ordinance prohibiting the interment of defunct animals inside the city limits. Judge Agnew ruled that the cat, shown to be a deceased member of the defendant's own family, was entitled to decent burial in any cemetery the bereaved relatives might select, and since the said back yard might properly be defined as a cemetery under the circumstances, the defendant was assessed a fine of one cent and costs.

But the mayor's proclamation antedated the Bundy incident by several days, and must not be crowded out of its rightful place because the excited narrator momentarily loses his sense of sequence.

The mayor was left simmering with wrath in his official sanctuary some paragraphs since, as lively literature is measured. He came quickly to a boil after Ad walked off and left him. He even boiled over for a minute or two. A good many things that he might have said, and would have been gratified to say, if only he had thought of them at the right moment, came dancing to the tip of his tongue; but he whose low-born ears should have caught fire at the burning scathe of them was now out of range.

Colonel Buckner did the next best thing—he seized his good two-edged pen, a weapon lauded as the sword's superior in forty ways, and indited a formidable ukase on a sheet of foolscap under the caption, "Proclamation by the mayor." He spent more than an hour sandpapering off the small chisel-marks of hasty phrasing, and polishing the more roughly hewn twists of innuendo. He missed the first of a series of lively police-court sittings—occasions which the rest of Garrettsburg's population attended almost without exception.

Colonel Buckner's knowledge of the more elegant expressions of thought was not extended. He might have been called superficially erudite. As finally smoothed and high-glossed, the document read:

#### PROCLAMATION BY THE MAYOR!

To the citizens of this city, whereas one Ad tutHill now Claiming he is marshall and night watch hear in town and makeing Himself a meddelsome busy body generally as can be expected of Him on any and all occasions the citizens of this city are Hereby notafied viz.

That the so calcd Curfew ordnance is pronounced as null and Void and dont need to be paid any attention to hence forword by authority of the undersigned Mayor.

Secondly the said tutHill Has been formaly Discharged from His office as pretended Marshall and night Watch and Has no right to make arests, act as Officer of the law or transack any business now or Hereafter conected with the said responsible Office.

this action on the Part of the undersined Mayor and cheif official Head of the city of Garrettsburg has been demed adviseible for the best intrests of the community at Large.

sined and Sealed this 12th day of July.

COL. H. H. BUCKNER, MAYOR.

Colonel Buckner himself carried this summary manifesto to the front door of

the post-office, where he posted it so that no citizen able to negotiate even the less pretentious combinations of the language could fail to read and note. None did, and all realized that an acute situation had developed. The mayor had publicly repudiated the marshal.

Ad Tuthill smiled when he read the proclamation. Then the smile wrinkles on his lean face lengthened into an expression of sadness.

"The mayor's so dad-gummed self-sufficient!" he said. "Why couldn't he say he was going to issue a proclamation when I was up there talking to him this morning? I'd 've been glad to help him write it, so's to get the words spelled right and the capital letters where they belonged. But no, he had to garble it up all by himself. Colonel Buckner is far and away too independent ever to get very far as a writer of classy proclamations!"

Then Ad brought out his book of municipal ordinances and read the section devoted to habitual loitering on the streets, chronic idleness, and unemployment without "visible means of support." Three men were still present when he finished reading the section. They were either too indolent or too stubborn to move. Ad escorted all three to the calaboose and locked them up, charged with vagrancy.

The mayor's manifesto proved to be an excellent bait for the seasoned loafers. Those who read it and went on about their business, Ad deemed respectable citizens; but those who perused and lingered to digest its substance at their leisure, he promptly garnered as undesirables. An occasional victim of the drag-net, in whom the flickering spark of courageous spirit was not quite quenched, essayed a mild protest. Ad dealt with such individuals in summary and arbitrary fashion. He now carried as his regular equipment Shelby's revolver, two pairs of handcuffs, and a wagon-spoke.

Toward supper-time he held a brief conference with Judge Agnew.

"There are two ways of getting round this question of feeding prisoners," the judge said after due cogitation. "You can make 'em put up a cash bond for appearance in court, or, in cases where to expect a cash bond would be flattering the alleged culprit, you're empowered to release said persons on their own recognizance. You can use your best judgment, I reckon."

Ad used his knowledge of the personal history of those he caught. The bond problem, left to his discretion, was a flexible proposition. He became an adept at securing bonds where an ordinary bond-getter would have called the case hopeless. But then Ad would accept a pocket-knife, fishing-tackle, a rusty shotgun, or in an extremity the prisoner's last piece of chewing-tobacco, as an earnest for appearance in court. It was a poor wretch indeed who didn't possess something—a mouth-harp, maybe, or a pipe of the Missouri meerschau variety, but something, anyhow. Contraband or questionable possessions like a pack of dog-eared playing-cards which had known no service more direful than high five or seven up, were deemed sufficient proof of the crime of gaming.

The mooted point which had arisen in reference to the curfew ordinance stimulated popular interest the second night. Ad rang the big circular saw as usual, punctually on the hour. A number of youngsters were out to celebrate the mayor's unequivocal nullification of an obnoxious restraint upon personal liberty.

The capacity of the small calaboose was taxed to hold those arrested before ten o'clock. By that time confidence in the efficacy of the mayor's proclamation was rapidly waning.

Colonel Buckner uttered another proclamation in the young hours of the morning. It was a sweeping declaration, violently misspelled, to the effect that the citizens of Garrettsburg were relieved of all obligations to obey existing laws of any kind or description. It practically proclaimed a state of utter lawlessness. Garrettsburg, under its provisions, became what the anarchist dreams of—a community of free and unrestricted individuals handicapped by no legal or moral fetters.

But meanwhile Acting Marshal Tuthill, armed with pistol and wagon-spoke, plied his ruthless vocation of making arrests and collecting appearance bonds without fear or favor. The lengthening docket of that day's police-court session included all sorts of offenders. Lemuel Adams, general merchant, was slated to answer to two accusations—failing to keep fly-screens on vegetables exposed for sale, and selling dangerous explosives to minors. He had sold a box of flobert cartridges to one Fatty Kidwell, fifteen years old.

Other arrests were as follows:

Jenks Jones, charged with burning straw on a vacant lot inside the city limits.

Gus Wiggins, parking his flivver with its left side to the curbing.

Pink Brown, produce-buyer, keeping green or salted hides in storage in a building within the city's boundaries, contrary to municipal ordinance.

Postmaster Gilbert Hinton, accused of leaving building-material—three bundles of lath—in the street without a permit.

Judge Agnew disposed of the last case on his blotter about noon. Mayor Buckner again did not lend his official presence as chief executive of the commonwealth. It looked as if he kept away through deliberate intent.

"Well, I've got the chronic vags pretty well regulated," Ad said, as he walked in company with the judge on their way to dinner. "I make a guess the curfew regulation will be more generally observed from now on. I won't be so busy hereafter, I hope. It 'll give me a chance to go after some of the people higher up."

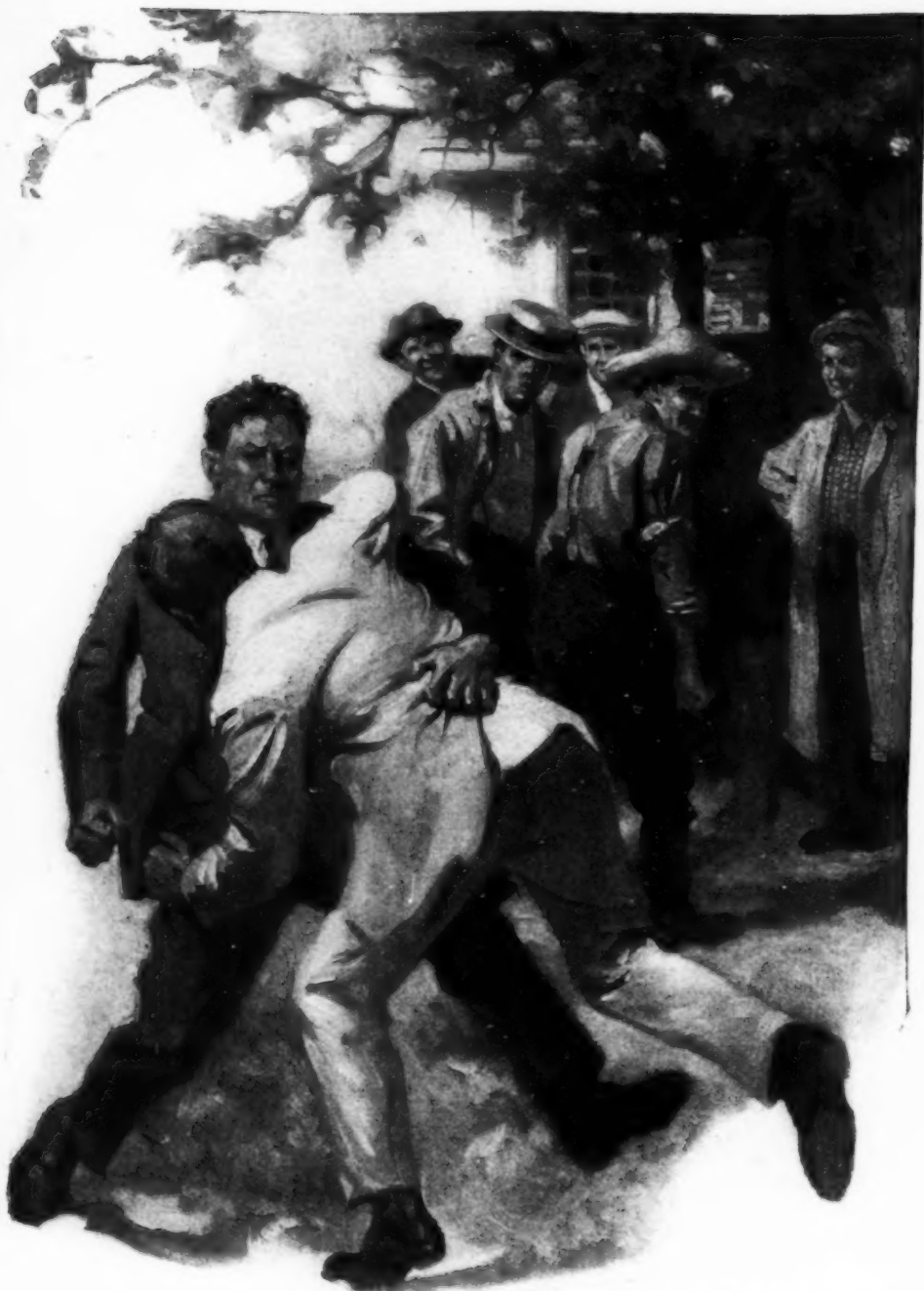
"Any particular ones, Addy?" asked Judge Agnew with some interest.

"Well, yes, I wouldn't be surprised," Ad answered non-committally. "I'm projecting around. I may run on to something, and I may not."

## V

DISCHARGED and disavowed, but still actively officiating, Acting Marshal Addison Tuthill spent a portion of the afternoon "projecting" in the immediate vicinity of Colonel Henry Buckner's ancestral manor, half a mile from the business district. The colonel saw him through a window of the private office, and considered several impetuous moves, assassination being one of the milder measures. The enemy carefully refrained from setting foot on the sacred soil of Buckner, however, contenting himself with peering here and there and snooping up and down the street. After a while he strode off with a businesslike air. The mayor fumed and fretted.

Back on his beat, Ad made one inconsequential arrest. A certain Harve Peters, restaurant-keeper, was found to be maintaining a steam whistle on a small peanut-cooker he operated, the same coming under the head of nuisances as defined by civic statute. Peters was released on a cash bond of three dollars and twenty-seven cents, the total amount of money in his till.

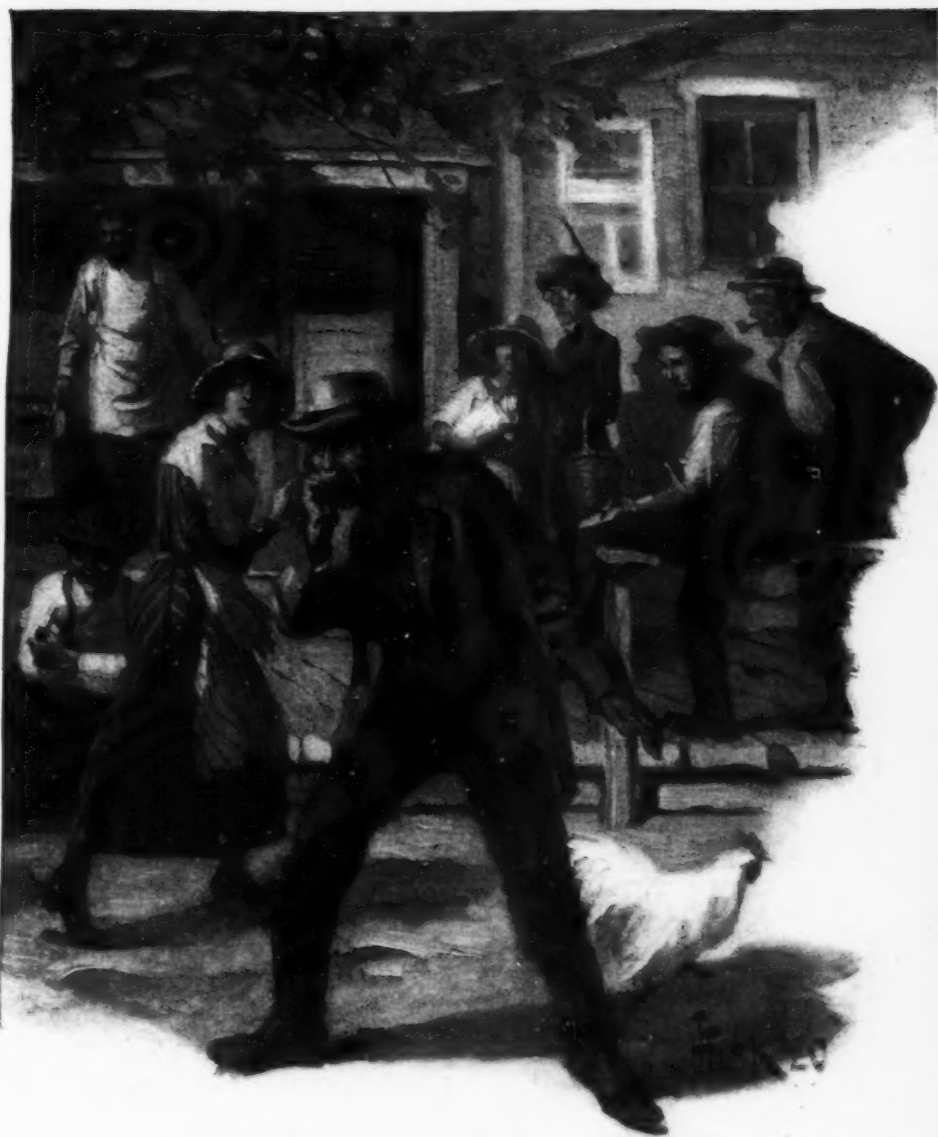


THE MAYOR FLEW AT THE MARSHAL LIKE A RAGING HEN. THE BATTLE WAS FAST BUT COMPARATIVELY BRIEF

At four o'clock Ad was seen in animated confab with Judge Agnew. The judge was observed to hand Ad two or three papers.

At five o'clock Colonel and Mayor Henry Hilary Buckner hove in sight, coming toward the post-office on foot, carrying his





ONE BREATHLESS EYE-WITNESS DECLARED THAT THE MAYOR TRIED TO BITE AD'S FOREARM, SCRATCH HIS FACE, AND KICK HIM WITH BOTH FEET

cane, a sort of symbol of distinction which he commonly affected. Ad Tuthill was standing under the wooden awning in front of the post-office, and several persons saw him speak to Colonel Buckner when that haughty dignitary would have passed him by much as a bumblebee would ignore a gnat.

The populace assembled at a respectful distance—within hearing if possible. Sure!

You would have done the same thing yourself. Wasn't the irresistible just about to bump up against the immovable? Titans were about to lock horns. Hush!

"Colonel, there's a little matter I want to speak to you about." Ad's voice was oily with graciousness. "I find that you're violating the city ordinances in at least four different ways. Ahem! You being the mayor, it's right embarrassing for me to

call your attention to these matters. It makes it a painful duty for me. I've got here the proper court notices from Judge Agnew ordering you to show cause for failure or neglect, as follows: Shade trees over sidewalks are required by law to be kept trimmed so that branches shall not come below eight feet above said sidewalk. There are ten trees that must be trimmed at once in front of your place, colonel. Second, all dogs owned and kept within the corporate boundaries of the city must be licensed annually—one dollar for each and every dog so owned and kept. You have two foxhounds, colonel, one mixed collie and common cur, and one feist—none wearing license-tags. Better get same to-day. Third, keeping swine in any enclosure in the confines of the city is prohibited. You have one hog and nine pigs in your barn lot at this time. They'll have to be moved to-night. Lastly—"

At this point Colonel Buckner exploded abruptly.

"Fiddlesticks! Tommyrot, you never-ending fool!" he shouted. "Speak your silly rigmarole to somebody that's got time to listen to it. I don't care to listen to such nonsense. I don't care to be seen in your company, sir. Stand aside and let me pass, please."

"Wait a second, colonel." Ad jabbed a sharp-pointed index finger at the other's swelling chest. "There's one more count. It seems that you've fenced up what is shown on the original plat of Garrettsburg as an alley, and you're now occupying the said public passageway as your own private property. Your private office sets right in the middle of it, if my eye is any ways dependable. That alley 'll have to be opened up, I reckon. And now, that seems to be about all—except bond for your appearance before Judge Agnew. I'll make your bond twenty dollars cash—"

"What? You ask me to give you a bond?" roared the mayor hoarsely. "I—I—this is the limit—the last straw, you—you—"

He aimed a murderous blow at Ad's head with his cane. The younger man dodged in time. The blow merely knocked off his straw hat—if that was what the colonel meant.

The latter attempted a second whack. It was the inevitable innocent bystander who suffered that time—the one standing immediately behind the cane-wielder.

Then the colonel decided to make the fight a rough-and-tumble engagement at close quarters. He flew at Ad like a raging hen. The battle was fast but comparatively brief. At least one breathless eyewitness declared that the colonel tried to bite Ad's forearm, scratch his face, and kick him with both feet, all at one and the same time; in consequence of which the biter, scratcher, and kicker got his center of gravity bent out of plumb, or something, and went down in a flurry of arms, legs, feathers, and language unfit for summer reading. The colonel never knew exactly how it was done.

When he rose to his feet he was handcuffed, half-strangled by a pitiless hand twisted in the soft collar of his silk shirt, and menaced by the muzzle of a revolver pressing just below his right ear.

An awed crowd followed the twain to the town bastille, where Colonel Henry Hilary Buckner, wealthy planter, erstwhile mayor, and member of a race of Southern cavaliers by his own word of mouth, was rudely, not to say unceremoniously, cast into the jug.

Anything that comes after this stupendous scene, this weird and unreal moment when the glamour and lofty ideals and what-not of a century, almost, toppled headlong—any further harping on this subject must needs seem paltry and post-climactic; but your conscientious chronicler isn't permitted to knock off in the middle of a tune simply because a chance shot has hit and rung the supper-bell. There's laundry yet hanging on the line.

Colonel Buckner was arraigned before Judge Agnew at eight o'clock the next morning, charged with assaulting an officer engaged in the performance of his duty. He was fined one dollar and costs. He paid the fine, hastened home, and, saddling his swiftest riding-nag, set out for the county seat.

During the afternoon Acting Marshal Tuthill noticed a stranger on Main Street—a man who looked to be eighty years of age or older; a tall, chin-whiskered, pale-eyed man, of sad and childlike mien. He was looking up at Garrettsburg's loftiest building, two stories high, whose entire upper floor was devoted to the professions—medicine, dentistry, the law, real estate, and so on.

Ad tapped the star-gazer on the shoulder.

"Looking for anybody especially?" he probed.

Eloquence that had been a long time aging in the wood, so to speak, flowed from the old man in a series of gushes. He was looking for somebody—anybody—to talk to. It developed, in the course of his reminiscent confidences, that he had lately arrived in the State to make his home during the deepening shades of life's autumn with a favorite son who resided a couple of miles out in the country from Garrettsburg.

"My son's name is Ben Bowman," he said. "I 'low you 'know him well. I'm his pa. I'm glad to git acquainted with anybody 'most, bein' a stranger here. Where I used to live I knowed everybody. There's a man here, I understand, whose grandpap was born and grewed to be a young man back where I come from. I've heard my old daddy talk about him time and again. They went to school together. Dick Buckner was the feller's name. They say he come here in the early days and settled, and his grandson still lives here. The Buckners was common, ordinary poor folks back there; one of the same tribe was caught pilferin' shoats round the mills, and was sent to—"

Ad inserted a momentary stopper into the stream of his informant's loquacity.

"Where are you from, Mr. Bowman?" he asked. "You say Colonel Buckner's grandfather came from the same locality?"

"Yes, sir, he come from the same place. Hawbush Mills, West Virginia, that's the place. Dick Buckner was born and grewed to be a young man there."

When Colonel Henry H. Buckner returned to Garrettsburg, later in the day, he was accompanied by a deputy sheriff from the county capital.

## VI

CRAWFORD SHELBY descended from the evening train two weeks lacking a day from the time he had gone to far-off Pennsylvania to bury his father. He greeted

friends and acquaintances with cheery nods as he walked up Main Street. There was one familiar face he missed, seemingly, from among the after-supper street-loiterers. He spoke of the fact to a man who happened to fall into step with him.

"What's become of my friend Ad Tuthill? This is the first time I ever remember walking two blocks along Main Street this time of day without seeing Ad's smiling countenance."

"Ad Tuthill?" the other said. "Why—but of course you'd not be likely to hear about it until you got here. Well, Ad's up at the county seat, in jail."

"In jail?" gasped Shelby. "What's he in jail for?"

"Old Buckner had him arrested by a deputy sheriff. Buckner's the mayor, you know, and he swore out a warrant for Ad. Well, they had his trial in Judge Agnew's court. Ad was his own lawyer and addressed the jury and everything, but they found him guilty, and Judge Agnew fined him ten dollars and costs, I think it was. Ad refused to pay it, so they took him to jail to serve it out. He's allowed two dollars a day, which made him twelve days in all to serve. He sure did haul old Buckner off his high horse that day, though! He showed him up. You know the colonel has been mighty uppity, bragging about his blue-blooded ancestors and all. Well, it turns out that old Dick Buckner, the colonel's grandfather, never come from Virginia at all. He was born and raised to be a young man in West Virginia, an entirely different—"

"Yes, but what was Ad accused of? What did they convict him of?" insisted the city marshal and night-watchman.

"Impersonating an officer of the law was the crime he was proved guilty of," the man said. "But the jury was prejudiced, probably. Ad had arrested several of 'em. The trouble was, he got rabid on law-enforcement. He got to be fierce! The town board expects to repeal a lot of laws next time it holds a meeting."

## THOUGHTS AND WORDS

THOUGHTS are at best but futile things  
Till words empower them with wings  
Of plumage strong or feathers light—  
The eagle's or the swallow's flight.

*William Hamilton Hayne*

# The Mesa Verde Park and Its Prehistoric Ruins

A PICTURESQUE SOUTHWESTERN REGION, FULL OF THE STRANGE MEMORIALS OF A VANISHED AMERICAN RACE, WHICH THE GOVERNMENT IS DEVELOPING AS A UNIQUE NATIONAL PLAYGROUND

By Ethel and James Dorrance

AT last the prehistoric in our midst would seem to have come into its future.

Such, at least, is the conclusion one draws from the increasing hosts of "Pilgrims of the Green Table" who visit the Mesa Verde National Park, the wonderland of ancient ruins in southwestern Colorado. This last summer, beginning early in May, the visitors multiplied the figures of any previous season; and coming years will undoubtedly draw a still larger number of appreciative travelers to view and study the most intensive area of antiquity yet found within Uncle Sam's boundaries—a region which has lately been taken under his especial protectorate.

Entraining at Denver, or steering the wheels of motor-cars toward Four Corners, where the State lines of Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico meet with geometrical precision, most of these tourists did not consider themselves pilgrims; they rather thought of themselves as patriots giving their affection and pride for America opportunity to grow. Few there were who did not find, however, in proportion to their individual devotional capacities, a shrine in the "Green Table" of wondrous beauty and rare archeological interest.

To be sure there were exceptions, as instanced by the plutocrat who owned the cars and paid for the gas used by a party of motorists from one of the large cities of the Middle West. He had come determined to "do" the park "right," and had put himself and his guests in the hands of a spread-eagle ranger who was a native of the

Southwest, therefore presumably a competent guide.

Their first "close-up" of a ruin came when this old-timer drew aside the brush at a cañon edge and gestured toward Cliff Palace, the largest excavated dwelling in the park. In the year 1888, and from this identical point of view—so the guide declared—Charley Mason and Dick Wetherill, two cow-punchers trailing stray stock, first discovered that ruins existed on the table-land. The plutocrat's guests oh-ed and ah-ed with becoming enthusiasm, but their host seemed deep in calculation.

"How many rooms?" he demanded sternly, with a gesture across the cañon.

"Two hundred, with twenty-three *kivas*, or ceremony chambers."

"Too many *kivas*!" grunted the millionaire. "One lodge to a palace had oughta been plenty."

He put the same question when, later, he stood gazing up at Spruce-Tree House. The ranger pointed out that certain wings of the structure were three stories high; accounted for one hundred and fourteen rooms and eight *kivas*; estimated that it had once housed some three hundred and fifty souls.

At the last figure the plutocrat shrugged his pudgy shoulders, and his expression registered scorn.

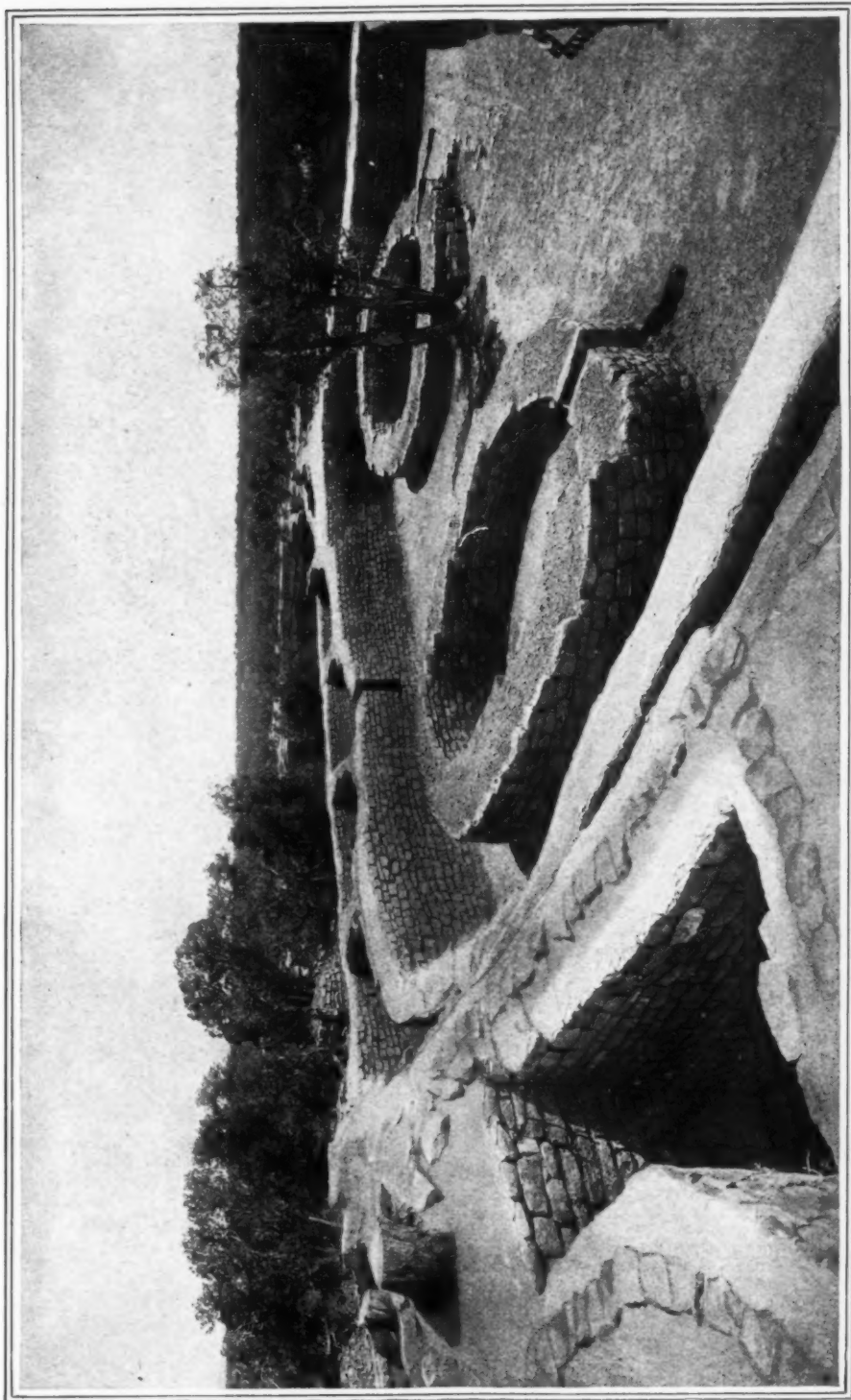
"Eight lodge-rooms to three and one-half hundred tenants—they were joiners for fair!"

The remaining houses of the group—Balcony, Oak-Tree, Painted, Willow, and

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NOTE—The engravings accompanying this article are from photographs by George L. Beam, Denver, Colorado.





THE GREAT SUN TEMPLE OF THE MESA VERDE, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BUILT ABOUT SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO—BEFORE DR. FEWKES BEGAN EXCAVATING, THIS WAS A LARGE MOUND COVERED WITH TREES AND BUSHES

Long—were inspected in turn. Each excited a like demand from the Middle Western millionaire. The native's curiosity, wontedly rather jaded from stereotyped queries, was intrigued. On their way back to Spruce Camp, where the party had tents, he, in turn, questioned the visitor as to how the ruins had impressed him.

"Outside of too many lodge-rooms," was the reply, "they ain't bad of themselves—likely could be fixed up O. K.; but they're too blamed empty to interest me. Where in Sam Hill are all the tenants off to?"

Where were the inhabitants of a prehistoric settlement? The amazed guide could not reply; did not try to do so. Before he could ask he was informed as to the business of the plump plutocrat.

"Back home I'm called the Landlord King. I own more flat and tenement houses than any other two men in town."

"Likely he'd ought to been an authority on ruins," commented the ranger, after relating the crux of the incident, "but he sure didn't come to the Green Table in the right and proper spirit."

#### DR. FEWKES, EXPLORER OF RUINS

The man who has done more to "un-ruin" these particular American ruins—excavating, preserving, and interpreting them for the benefit of "touries," as lay visitors to the Southwest are called—is Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution. An invitation of his it was that attracted us to this summer pilgrimage.

"Come with me to Mesa Verde," he wrote, "and with me lift the veil that conceals the past and reveals the culture of an unlettered people whose history has been forgotten. Who were these ancients? When did they live, and what became of them? These questions are perennial in their interest."

"The Mesa Verde beckons the visitor to its cañons, where once lived the dusky maid who ground the corn in a primitive mill as she sang her song in unison with her mates. Here one can see the crude fireplaces where the food was cooked, and the rooms where the priest worshiped his gods. And you can wander through streets now deserted, but once filled with the busy life of the little brown people. There can be seen also the footholds cut in the rock, where the women climbed from the spring to their cery dwellings, carrying their jars of water."

"No book can take the place of experience or impress the mind in the same way. One must see for himself these homes in their proper settings in the cañon walls, with the hazy mountains on the distant horizon; the lofty rocky pinnacle that, like a phantom ship, sails the valley on the south; the Sleeping Ute, far behind which was the house of the cliff-dwellers' sun god; and Lookout Mountain, like a sentinel guarding the approaches. Let us then turn our steps from the rush of the modern commercial world to the silence of the Mesa Verde, where the high mesa, cedar-clad and furrowed with deep cañons, refreshes the spirit of man, and where imagination—parent of poetry—speaks to us of a people unlike ourselves that once flourished and disappeared."

So advanced is the process of making the ruins accessible that once Dr. Fewkes's invitation is accepted the rest is easy. Hundreds of automobiles from East and West, in this past summer of 1920, found the highways firm under tires and the turns well marked to and through the park of unanswered questions.

#### HOW TO VISIT THE PARK OF RUINS

As Mesa Verde belongs to all the people, it is fitting that it should be open to other than the auto-owning class. To this end the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad has co-operated with special schedules bringing travelers toward the park by a series of daylight runs which cover the most noted scenic attractions of the Colorado Rockies. The starting-point is the hospitable little town of Mancos, Colorado, five hundred miles from Denver and seven thousand feet above the sea.

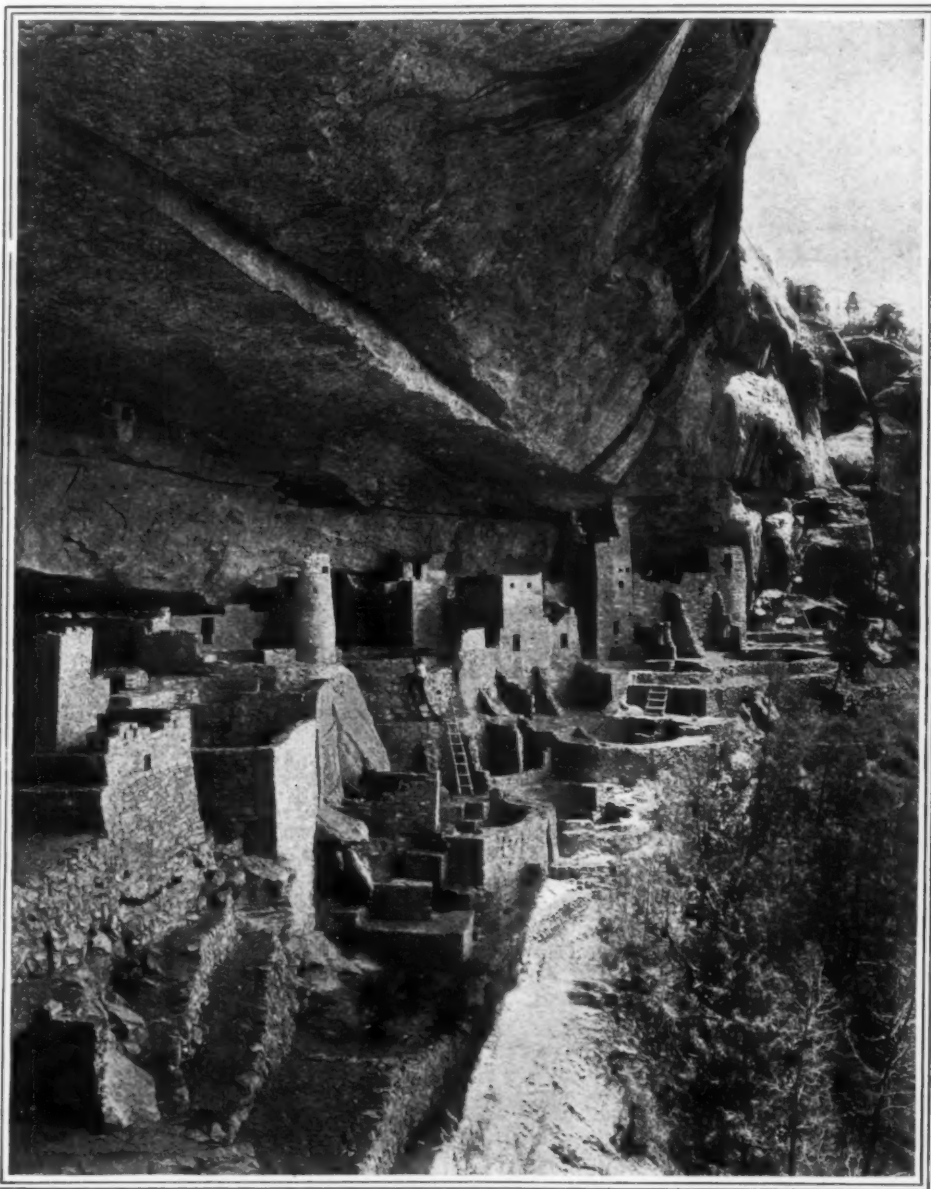
Here wait the motor-stages of a government concessionaire, with experienced guides at the steering-wheels, for the thirty-two mile drive over a government highway to Spruce-Tree Camp, in the heart of the cliff-dwelling region. If time presses beyond compromise, it is possible in one day's sightseeing to make the trip and inspect four of the principal ruins, turning the corners of four States on the way; but none makes the speed trip who does not have to, and most, after reaching the park, find excuse for adding hours to their itinerary.

Making the tour in an automobile, we found there were certain formalities to be observed in Mancos, which is the residence of the superintendent of the park and the

headquarters of the spread-eagle rangers who police it.

A permit for all roads within the reser-

chine, particularly the brakes and tires, looked capable of making the trip. Gratuitous advice as to driving conditions would



CLIFF PALACE, THE LARGEST OF THE PREHISTORIC DWELLINGS IN THE MESA VERDE, FORMERLY CONTAINING AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED ROOMS

vation was had upon payment of a dollar and fifty cents—that is, after the issuing ranger was satisfied that we were of sane appearance, and that all parts of our ma-

up the ceremony, couched in words that could not offend the most self-sufficient.

Upright in his forest-green uniform, the ranger reminded us in an impersonal drawl

that as the park roads ran high—ranging up to eight thousand feet—auto power was “just natu’lly” reduced by the altitude to such an extent that a leaner mixture and forty per cent more gasoline was required than in lower regions.

“Don’t cuss the old boat if she yelps for one gear lower than you’ve given her elsewhere,” he grinned. “It won’t be her fault. The grades out here think they’d ought to be kind of up in the air before they’ve got a right to start going higher.”

Despite the limited appropriations of which we had heard, we found it possible to ascend Mesa Verde on the east side of Point Lookout by a new road—wide, without sharp curves, and with a maximum grade of eight per cent. Except in times of serious rock slides, the mesa may be left by the old road which wends its tortuous way along the north and west slopes of Lookout, affording a romantic scenic variation. On the old road no vehicles are allowed to meet, protection from such encounters being afforded by a system of telephone control in charge of the rangers.

#### HEADQUARTERS AT SPRUCE-TREE CAMP

Spruce-Tree Camp, on a branch of Navajo Cañon, is the general headquarters for all visitors, whether “dudes” with suit-cases or “sage-bushers” carrying their own camp equipment. A central building contains the dining and service rooms. The

sleeping-quarters, consisting of wooden-floored tents, are placed on the terraces. A large open-sided shed furnishes free shelter for cars. The camp is piped for running water and lighted with electricity. A log structure on the cañon edge shelters a considerable museum of cliff-dweller curios, from mummies of the dwellers themselves to the queer beads with which they decorated themselves.

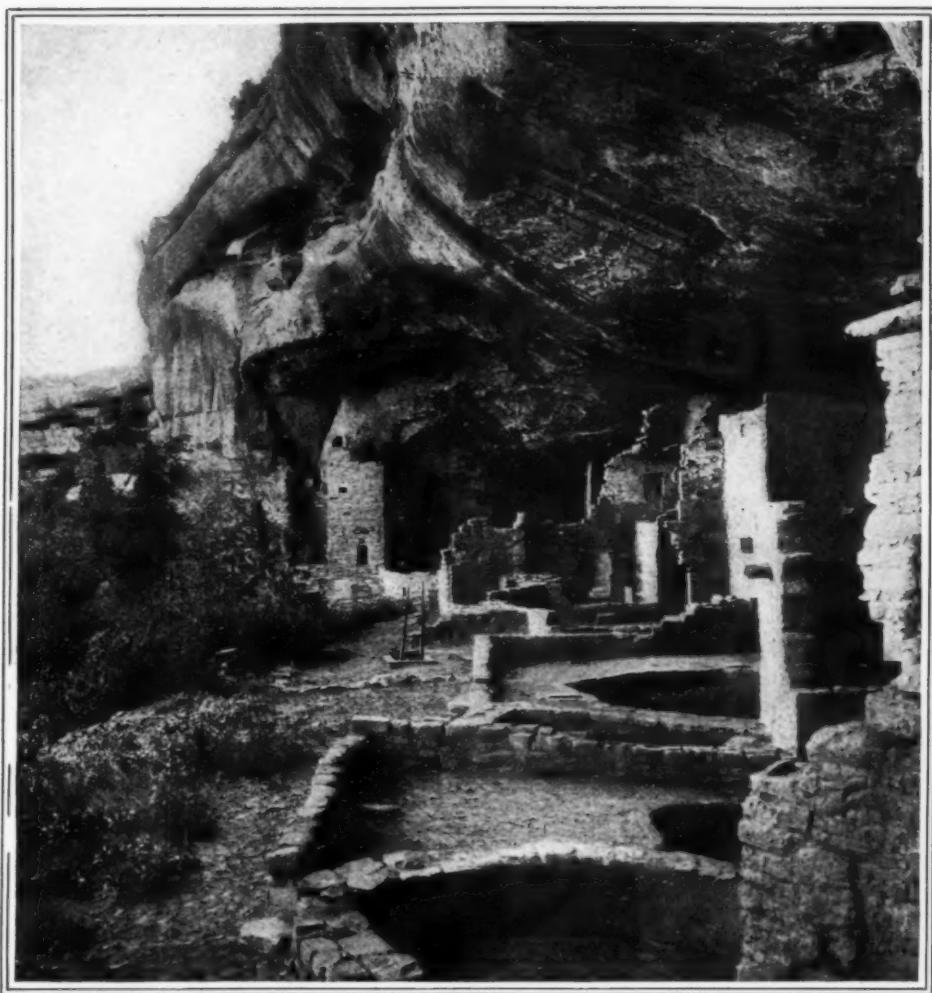
Before an attractive cottage overlooking the whole, floats the Stars and Stripes, everywhere indicative of the ranger station. The camp stands as an example of the care and foresight which the National Park Service is taking to open the country’s show places to every one, without any of the rigors of pioneering.

Within hiking distance from this camp as a center are most of those fantastic habitations which the primordial peoples of the region, for reasons as yet unknown, tucked away in the enormous caves of the cañon sides. No explorer ever saw one of them “tenanted,” as the Landlord King would have it; no article of white man’s manufacture has been found in the undisturbed debris of the rooms. Abandoned they were before the Spanish conquest. If they held no interest save that of speculation on the degree of their antiquity and the sort of life they sheltered, they would be well worth the trip necessary for a personal inspection.



A PROCESSION OF MOTOR-CARS ON ONE OF THE EXCELLENT ROADS THAT THE GOVERNMENT HAS BUILT IN THE MESA VERDE PARK





SPRUCE-TREE HOUSE, ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING OF THE CLIFF-DWELLINGS OF THE MESA VERDE, FORMERLY CONTAINING ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ROOMS

The region is one for active foot-work to-day, even as it was for the sandal-shod dwellers whose masonry has proved so lasting. If Miss Nineteen Twenty needs excuse for the donning of breeches and puttees, she finds it here. Although little horseback riding may be done, there is much climbing of ladders to get into and out of the ruins, and the trails in places are steep enough to make necessary the use of the rock hand-holds that have survived the race of their cutters. Even the staid government bulletin ventures to advise that "ladies should wear divided skirts and stout-soled, comfortable shoes." If the compiler of the next edition used his eyes in the Mesa Verde this

last season, and has courage to report the truth, he will state that skirts were doffed entirely by most woman pilgrims and breeches worn without even a thought of impropriety.

As to the reward for climbing about these replicas of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the illustrations from photographs which accompany this fragment may give some idea. Even the preface of adequate description is not within our present scope.

Just remember, in looking at them, that half-tones lack the greatest glory of these parts—color. Certainly Nature, the impressionist, splashed it on with lavish brush. The predominant tint is the green of the

strangely prolific growth of juniper and piñon; but the rains of centuries have eroded deep gorges in the mesa, from which the alternating layers of rock show a whole paint-box of daring combinations.

#### HOW THE RUINS ARE PROTECTED

Of particular present interest is the governmental effort to preserve the ruins and to render them safe and accessible to the average visitor. Square Tower House, in Navajo Cañon, which takes its name from a five-story spire, has just been restored under the direction of Dr. Fewkes. The tower was falling into decay, but has been repaired where necessary and fastened to the cliff walls by iron bands.

In this instance, as in previous treatment of better-known ruins, no attempt has been made to restore the house to its original appearance by reconstructing the impaired portions. It has been cleared of fallen stone and rubbish, and the unsafe walls have been strengthened; but except for inconspicuous supports, nothing modern has been added. The ancient ruin remains a ruin.

One does not need to be an ethnologist to be gripped by the mystery and romance of this region of the Green Table. The least venturesome visitor is likely to feel an impetus toward exploration, a desire to aid personally in drawing aside the veil between the distant past and the present.

Well-intentioned as such efforts may be, however, the park authorities are forced to prohibit them, and constant watchfulness is required of the rangers to prevent over-ambitious tourists from essaying some perilous climb in the hope of discovering a new ruin. To the natural desire of getting where no white man ever has been before—the sort of urge that took Admiral Peary to the north pole and hardy climbers to the summits of our highest peaks—is added the fascination of the inexplicable.

In the near past the Southwestern ruins suffered serious loss in the butchering of architectural features by "pot-hunters"—either private individuals working for gain, or incompetent representatives of institutions exploring under the name of "scientific research." No more certain way of ruining a ruin could be imagined than to permit all comers to dig *ad libitum*. As a consequence, there has come into being the archeological permit, which is issued by the Secretary of the Interior to accredited

representatives of reputable museums and universities under certain restrictions. Without such a permit, few of which are issued, you who wish to enter the ruins must in all cases be accompanied by a park ranger or otherwise officialized guide.

If good fortune travels with you, however, your visit to the park may coincide with that of some authorized excavator of archeological sites. In such case the privilege of looking on is readily granted.

Should it be your superlative luck to arrive about the time when Dr. Fewkes has deserted Washington and is "grubbing" somewhere about, consider no effort too great to reach his camp-fire and to hear from his lips the stories he tells about those strange peoples who, though without letters, wrote so enduringly on the rocks of ages.

Born in Massachusetts nearly seventy years ago, this Harvard-trained scientist has been interested in the ethnological problems of the Southwest since 1889, when he began to work among the Hopi of New Mexico. Since 1908 he has been particularly interested in the Mesa Verde, and he is credited with knowing more about the region than any other living man. His most noteworthy discoveries there are Sun Temple and Far View House, both of which were mere mounds upon the surface of the table-land until his operations began. The one developed a specialized building for religious purposes, the first of its type to be recognized in the region. The other uncovered a prehistoric open-air villa, or pueblo, of the same structural character as the buildings in the cliffs, but atop the mesa and several miles distant from the nearest cliff ruin.

#### UNSOLVED PROBLEMS OF THE RUINS

Visitors to Dr. Fewkes's camp are always welcome, and about his night fire no tenderfoot's question is too naive for his consideration, although, to his sorrow, many are beyond even his great knowledge.

"How old are the cliff dwellings?" is the query most often put.

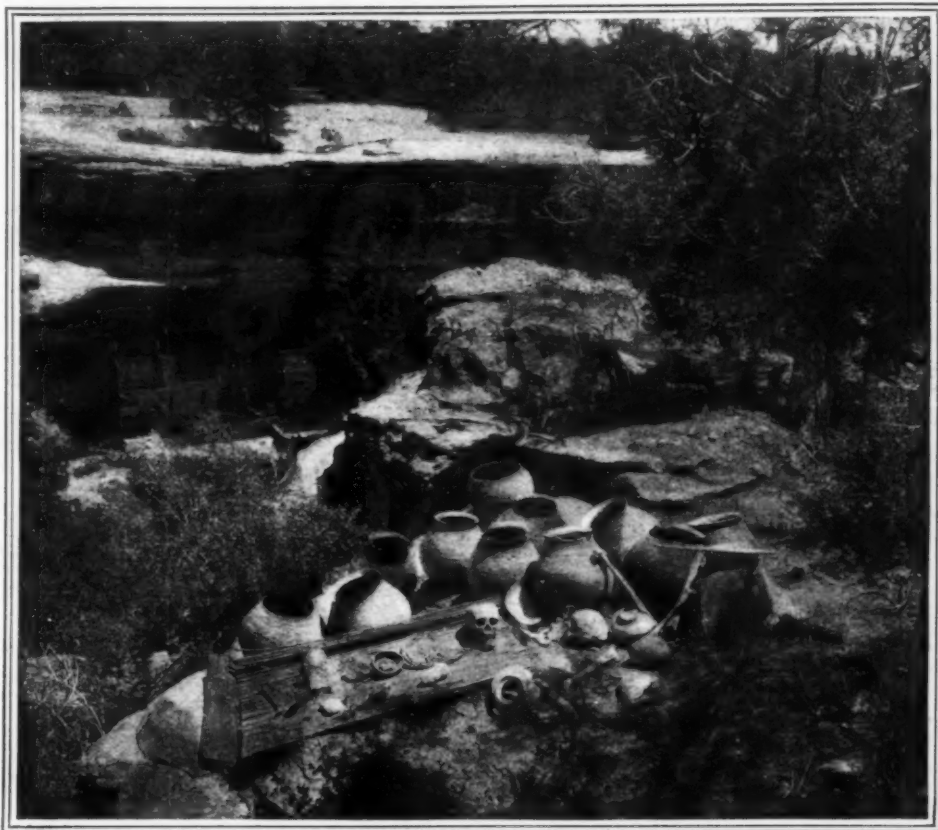
"They were *not* inhabited in historic times," he answers, with a sigh and a wag of the head.

"Historic times," of course, take one back to the Comrades of Coronado and the year 1540. But the doctor may remind you that in excavating Sun Temple he was compelled to fell a juniper on a section of which a forest expert counted three hundred and sixty annual rings. Its heart sug-

gested other rings, indicating that this tree must have begun to grow upon the temple mound about the time when Coronado first entered New Mexico. But how great an interval had elapsed during which the walls fell to form the mound, and how much earlier the dressed stones were laid by hu-

vives, as with the Hopi? You are at liberty to speculate upon this and a dozen other unanswerables for yourself.

Many as are the ruins open to the latter-day visitor, the antiquities of the Mesa Verde and the surrounding regions have scarcely been scratched. It is the hope of



A SINGLE MESA VERDE RUIN, RECENTLY EXPLORED, YIELDED THIS COLLECTION OF WATER-JARS AND OTHER RELICS OF ITS PREHISTORIC INHABITANTS

man hands, who can say? Dr. Fewkes ventures a conservative guess of two hundred and fifty years between the construction of the building and the sprouting of the juniper, which carries the antiquity of Sun Temple back to about 1300 A.D.

"What became of the inhabitants?" is another question that generally follows the date query, and experts consider it the most difficult of all.

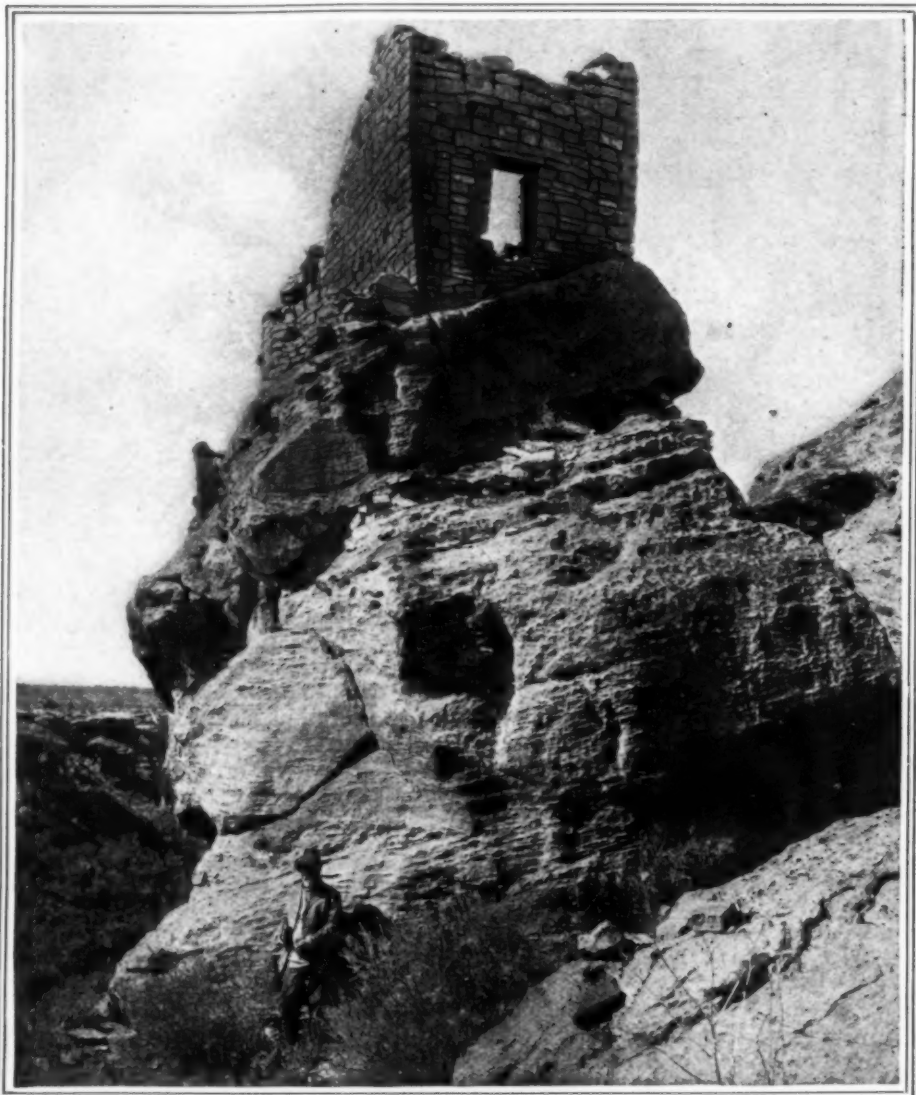
Did the cliff-dweller construct a pueblo—like Far View House—after he had abandoned the caves? Later did he move down to the valleys, where his culture still sur-

Mr. Stephen T. Mather, director of the National Park Service, that this park will become a great archeological center, and will attract students from all parts of the world. A definite program contemplating progressive studies of cliff dwellings and the innumerable mounds under which are buried the ruins of ancient pueblos is to be adopted. The work is slow and expensive, requiring laborers and teams, as well as scientific supervision; but it may be spread over a number of years, and it will add greatly to the interest of the traveling public, aside from its contribution to science.

Northwest of Mesa Verde, approximately on the Colorado-Utah boundary-line, lies a district known as Hovenweep—"Deserted Valley"—which is studded with prehistoric

these are to be included in the park system as the Hovenweep National Monument.

These establishments, under the provisions of the National Monument Act, will



GIBRALTAR HOUSE, A CONSPICUOUS RUIN OF THE HOVENWEEP DISTRICT, WHICH IS TO BE INCLUDED IN THE PARK SYSTEM AS THE HOVENWEEP NATIONAL MONUMENT

castles and towers. Recently it has received the serious study of Dr. Fewkes and his associates, who found there pueblos like Far View House; multichambered, massive-walled, castellated buildings, single-roomed towers, cliff and unit-type houses. As soon as definite surveys can be made, all of

round out a center for extensive research work in the future. They afford a field of investigation for all scholars interested in the works and customs of the vanished peoples of the Southwest, and encourage the hope that their history eventually will be unrolled.



# The Broadway of It

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

THERE was a momentary break in his consciousness, a sense of vague yet abrupt dislocation. He felt it the second he pulled the trigger and sent the bullet crashing through his heart. His fluttering soul, winging away from the clay of his body, realized, with infinite, rather helpless regret, that Broadway had won and that he had lost. Immediately after his death he could still feel Broadway creeping in from the corner like a stony jungle, overwhelming him with its rank exuberance of concrete and steel and pinchbeck stucco.

Was it really Broadway? Was it not, perhaps, that other jungle, stinking and hot and swishy—Africa—unrolling its somber forests like a meaningless scroll, reaching out toward his fleeting soul with black, agonized hands?

Africa! He could hear the hollow sob of the war drums, spanning river and mountain; the clanking chains of the slaver's gang. Or was it the Broadway trolley shooting north, the roar of the Elevated over on Sixth Avenue?

Then his body stiffened. His eyes rolled up with a bluish, glassy stare.

## II

THE shot had echoed down the narrow corridor, through the elevator shaft into the musty lobby, and out to the front door, where a pessimistic head porter with a wart on his chin was talking politics to a tall, neat chauffeur and a policeman whose swarthy-blue skin and quixotic nose gave the lie to a proper Celtic surname.

"Whatthehell!" the latter exclaimed all in one word, and rushed inside, a ponderous incarnation of law and order.

A woman screamed in a reedy soprano. In the stuffy dining-room that opened on a courtyard where a couple of potted palms waged a brave but losing fight against the

greasy soot, an elderly broker with a waxed white mustache and a large-pored, purple-veined face dropped his eye-glasses into the creamed tomato soup and splashed his starched shirt-front. The desk clerk gave his thumb an inky stab with the pen. People ran about aimlessly. They questioned one another. They were shocked, yet pleasantly conscious of the fact that tragedy was stalking among them.

"Who—"

"What—"

"A shot—"

"Gee whiz!"

Then hectic feet ran through the halls. Hectic fists banged at the locked door of room No. 29, broke it open; and so they found him dead, a bullet through his heart, curled up on the rug like a sleeping dog, one wizened old arm thrown across his face, as if to ward off the glare of Broadway that hiccuped in from the corner.

And finally came John W. Beatty, a newspaper reporter with a vulpine scent for news values and a sentimental soul, who, being a friend of the policeman, was allowed to sniff about the dead man's rooms and help himself surreptitiously to sundry scraps of evidence, with which to construct his next day's gothically headlined splurge.

There were, for instance, a few age-yellowed letters, still faintly perfumed as if with the ghosts of dead violets, and tied with faded ribbon; a dried spray of lilac; an old newspaper clipping; and a locket that contained the picture of a young girl dressed in the height of fashion of four decades earlier. The tale that the reporter wove with these odds and ends was pretty and touching.

It might even have been true. There was no reason why it shouldn't have been; for it was sentimental as well as logical and dramatic.

coming a man familiar with the slang of Broadway, police-courts, city editors, and stool-pigeons, "honestly, I ought to be ashamed of myself!"

"Why?"

"Heard of Jabez Massingham, haven't you?"

"Jabez who?"

"Massingham. The old fellow who always sported the gray high hat and trousers with straps. Tall and lean. White imperial. Monocle. Lived for years at the Hotel Marquis, a stone's throw from Broadway, but never set foot on Broadway itself. Sure you know!"

"Oh, yes! Awfully rich, isn't he?"



"WHO—" "WHAT—" "A SHOT—" "GEE WHIZ!"

He talked about it at length that evening as he sat facing the future Mrs. John W. Beatty across the clean, patched linen, the catsup bottle, and the plated silver of a little Broadway restaurant that differed from others of the vicinity by advertising neither French nor Hungarian nor Icelandic cuisine, but plain American cooking, from oysters on the half-shell to pumpkin pie.

"Honeybugs," he said, in diction unbe-

"Was. He killed himself to-day."

"Oh!" She was only mildly interested.

"He did." Beatty drew a sheaf of newspaper flimsy from his pocket. "I've been covering the story. Looked over his rooms. Consulted defunct newspaper files. Asked questions of a couple of old-timers. And now I'm sort of ashamed—"

"Why?"

"I feel like a ghoul nosing after buried things—don't you see?"

She shook her head. Being a young and pretty girl, she was extremely practical, and had no use for vicarious sentiment. She respected sentiment only as it affected her personally.

"You need the money," was her sober comment.

"Don't I know it? Still—" Under the benevolent gaze of an ancient waiter with amazing pepper-and-salt side-whiskers, he reached across and patted her capable hand. "Just because I'm in love with you, I ought to respect other people's emotions. And here"—he pointed at his "copy"—"I'm digging up the old chap's forgotten love-affair—and a

he had bought, cash down, a certain ill-famed residence on lower Fifth Avenue which Tecumseh Smith, the Western beef king, had built for another man's wife—a house in which there had been talk of silver bath-tubs, and door-knobs studded with precious stones, and mantelpieces of priceless copper-glaze tiles taken from some ancient Spanish-Moorish stronghold in the Guadarrama Mountains, still redolent of the shadows of El Cid and the Abencerrage califs.

When—those had been the riotous days of the late sixties and early



darned unhappy one, too. Dog-gone it, I feel like a cannibal!"

Perhaps it was his remark that Massingham's love-affair had been unhappy which stimulated the pretty girl's curiosity. Women like the tragic—in somebody else's life. It gives the zest of contrast to their own happiness.

"Tell me," she said.

"All right!"

### III

It seemed that a few decades earlier, coming nobody knew exactly whence, Jabez Massingham had taken an immediate spot-light on Gotham's motley stage. For

PEOPLE WERE SHOCKED, YET PLEASANTLY CONSCIOUS OF THE FACT THAT TRAGEDY WAS STALKING AMONG THEM

seventies, logically following upon the drab reaction of the Civil War—the other man's wife had run away with yet another wife's husband, and the Westerner had drunk himself to death in record time, McNeale Craven, one of the Albany Cravens, had purchased the place for Pearl Conway of

notorious reputation. There had been more scandal, more honorable names dragged through the slime of divorce-court and gutter press; and then had come Jabez Massingham's turn.

Superstitious people had been ready to lay odds that he would travel the road of his predecessors, the more so as there had been a great deal of speculation, in club and drawing-room and counting-house, anent his antecedents and the origin of his great fortune.

As to the former, he had been variously reputed to be an Englishman from the Bahamas, an unreconstructed Virginian, and a scion of French royalty using a *nom de guerre*; while, as to the latter, certain fantastic tales had drifted to the surface, never to be either confirmed by him or denied when asked a direct question by blunt man or flirtatious woman.

These tales—due in the first place to the alcoholic mouthings of a Liverpool ship's officer who had hailed him in a down-town bar with "Strike me pink! If it ain't Barbarian Massey!"—had grown like a snowball, fed here and there by scraps of gossip from returned globe-trotter or missionary or visiting Briton. Raw, incredible tales they had been—of deals in "black ivory," in slaves, along the African coast; of a white chief of the "iron tribe," the Bakes, when the latter had swept out of the north and raided the Congo; of the white chief's disappearance—with about four hundred Loango porters laden with gold-dust and ivory; how he had made toward Timbuktu, where he had treacherously sold his Loangos into slavery to the Tuaregs, and had then left the African stage.

"Hard, isn't it"—John W. Beatty turned to the girl—"to reconcile that dandified, perfumed, monocled old duck with"—he consulted his sheaf of flimsy—"the clank-clank of the slaver's gang and the foul miasma of African jungles?"

But those had been the years of America's first great wave of prosperity, when people went at the dollar, and went at it blind. It was before the phrase "business ethics" had been coined—perhaps as an apology for weakening stamina. And so New York had presently ceased to gossip, and Massingham had blended into the cosmos, financial and social, of the city.

Financially, he had become the associate of Kenneth E. Donnelly, the daring Wall Street operator. Socially, all New York

that laid claim to the title had turned out in toppers and Prince Alberts, in rose-point and silk and cut velvet, on the day when he had led to the altar of the Church of the Heavenly Rest Miss Judith Van Alstyne, who was twenty, with laughing eyes, a whorl of honey-colored hair, a broad, low forehead, and the whitest teeth in the world.

On his return from the honeymoon, instead of going to his residence on lower Fifth Avenue, which was being redecorated, he had taken a suite at the Hotel Marquis, in the Forties near Broadway—the little stuffy old hotel which, in those days, had been the last word in perfect service, up-to-date appointments; and proper pot-pourri of periods, from Saracenic to Italian Renaissance.

"Forty years ago to-day," said Beatty, "they returned from their honeymoon; and that very night he lost her."

"Must have died suddenly," said the girl.

"She did not die."

"No? What happened?"

"Nobody knows. Of course—coming to think of it—she may have died. You see, she disappeared. She walked over to a drug-store on the corner of Broadway, and she never came back."

"But what—"

"Nobody ever found out. Massingham spent a fortune hunting for her. In vain. There was never a trace, never a clue—just as if Broadway had swallowed her! I guess that's why he kept on living at the Marquis. Must have had a sort of idea she'd return there some day. Waited for her forty years; then got tired of waiting, and—*bang!*"

He gave an involuntary shudder. He looked through the window, out at Broadway, at the tortured contours of roof and steeple and dome that etched a skyline of cold, elfin green, up at the moon that seemed stabbed on the pretentious flagpole of a motion-picture theater—fluttering there, like a helpless, gutted thing.

It made a pleasantly sensational, pleasantly tragic little tale in the next day's newspaper. It was good for John W. Beatty's reputation and pocketbook. And, we repeat, it might have been true. Indeed, it was true in every physical detail; but it was damnably wrong in the analysis of Jabez Massingham's essential motivation.

For that which had caused the latter to



kill himself after forty years had not been the waiting for the coming of his bride's feet, nor, finally, the getting tired of waiting; it had not been the puling, disemboweled memory of love, but the living actuality of fear. What had kept him all these years from setting foot on Broadway had been that same fear; and what had forced him to live on at the Hotel Marquis, a stone's throw from the Great White Way, had again been a concomitant of fear—the fascination of dread, that shivering, almost sensuous expectancy which the bird is said to find in the snake's flat, filmy eyes.

## IV

HE became conscious of it, for the first time, that evening when he went out on the street to see what had happened to his wife. He walked to within a few feet of the corner of Broadway. Then he stopped.

He could not walk on. Fear, as yellow as a dead man's bones, as cold as clay, rushed upon him with a great whirring of wings. Suddenly, without premonition, it drew the vitality, the manhood, the courage from his body, as if with a merciless suction.

He stared straight ahead.

Beneath a sunset of crinkly copper, Broadway stretched northward and southward in an exuberant avalanche of masonry, of fretted stone, of metal made to resemble wood and wood to resemble metal. Thus he had seen it often, had even liked it, had been cynically amused by its blatant, stridently alive vitality.

But to-day, beyond the man-clouted attributes of the street, he saw something else. Felt it, rather; with an unclassified sixth sense, with a distinct and separate consciousness, with the force of an interior realization that was uninfluenced and untainted by the pulsing life about him.

He stood there, the monocle clamped in his left eye, his high hat slightly tilted to one side, his blue and gold necktie a thing of English perfection, his shoes and white spats immaculate. He stood there, crystallizing in himself the sneering, materialistic prosiness of the middle-aged dandy who knows that the secret of life's happiness consists in a meticulous attention to physical detail and outer gesture—and he felt that the roofs, the steeples and domes, flashing purple and red and canary-green beneath the coppery sky, were bending to

one another, were whispering to one another as trees bend and whisper in a storm. He felt Broadway as a living entity that throbbed with a puissant and mysterious rhythm. He felt the granite pavement heaving and shivering, breathing in the cool evening air with a sucking noise.

With the utmost deliberation he focused his eyes and perceived that the whole of Broadway, from its outer fringe of lights paralleling the sidewalks to its inner core of stone and steel, was jerking into motion, slowly and irresistibly; throwing a tall, grimacing shadow ahead of it, like a vanguard of evil; projecting itself like a knife-sharp wedge that would presently spread and swallow and overwhelm; rolling on like a wave, like a—*what?*

And then, quite suddenly, he knew what it was, and his lips formed the words:

"Like a jungle!"

The next moment, with a sort of dull, hopeless finality, he thought:

"I could not escape it after all!"

And he thought of a day in Africa, years earlier, when by the side of a lean hawk-like Arab, a certain Yahiah Abu Ali, he had looked out from the brown bastions of Timbuktu toward a patch of jungle in the south. A phenomenon it had seemed, that creeping, coiling carpet of greenish-black, matted corruption, edging the clean yellow desert sands, feathering farther up into the gaunt hill bush.

"I'll be damned glad to get away from it," he had said.

The Arab had smiled.

"You can't get away from it," he had replied, rapidly snapping his fingers to ward off the little hunchback genies of misfortune. "The jungle hates you and me, because we—you and I—have enslaved it and its people, because we have cut through its stinking heart with rope and sword, and the chain of the slaver's gang, and the crimson torch licking over the villages in the clearings. The jungle will kill me here, some day. And you—"

"I am going to America—to the clean land, the green land, the safe land!"

"Can even the fleetest horse escape its own tail? Ah, *effendi*, the jungle will follow the road of your feet! *Maktoub*—it is so written!"

## V

"MAKTOUB—it is so written!"

The words came back to Jabez Massing-



His eyes saw.  
His ears heard.

He remembered noticing how steady his hand was—he was smoking a cigar at the time—and how, in the still air, the aromatic smoke rose up in a gray, blue-tinged plume.

He remembered the lemon glow of the street-lamps. He remembered the thin, pretentious voices of two women passing by, and the ludicrous accents of a non-descript foreigner with an aquiline nose, vividly scarlet lips, and a spade-shaped Persian beard, who asked him the direction of Fifth Avenue. He remembered giving a rational answer in a rational voice.

"EFFENDI, THE JUNGLE WILL FOLLOW THE ROAD OF YOUR FEET!"

He remembered other details; he never forgot them. Not that they mattered; but they were to him so many proofs of his sanity

when, for the sake of his soul's salvation, he would have preferred to believe himself insane.

He perceived a man with a scrawny, red neck stooping to tie his boot-lace; a girl with dark hair and strange violet-blue eyes stopping suddenly and looking at the moon with an expression of rather silly beatitude; a tall, thin man in black serge and a chocolate-brown bowler hat walking into a saloon with the undulating motion of a snake; a lumbering, optimistic negro in a short, shabby jacket that opened over an unlikely waistcoat of creamy brocade delicately threaded with gold and burnt-orange.

ham's memory. A great sob rose in his throat and choked him.

Broadway! The jungle of Broadway—following the road of his feet!

He could feel it stretching, reaching, growing, bloating, breathing; steadily gathering strength and momentum; crawling on with a huge, brooding force; slow, irresistible, and, somehow, inhumanly precise; like a man, tremendously confident of himself, keeping a tryst with all eternity to wait in.

It was not his imagination. It was not an optical illusion. It was not a hidden nervous reaction. It was not the Welsh rarebit he had eaten for supper. Nor was there the slightest pathological disturbance in his brain.

He realized that his five senses worked and registered with the mathematical precision of a photographic shutter.

All these things he perceived; and, neither before nor after he perceived them, but simultaneously, and with his rational five senses, he felt Broadway surging in upon him like an invincible, vengeful force.

So he stood there, staring straight ahead;

and it seemed to him that, behind the crinkly, coppery sky of Broadway, as if through a wall of thin, crinkly, coppery glass, the other jungle—Africa's—was staring back at him, at the twisted memories in his brain, at the scarlet, mazed deeds of his forgotten years when, with his savage Bakete followers, he had danced in and out of the bush, scarring the hinterland with rope and torch.

He had not feared the jungle in those days. Secure in his ruthless strength of purpose, he had trod its foul solitudes, contemptuously careless of the narrow and slippery trails that seemed wiped over by the poisonous breath of the tropics into a dim and feculent slough which bubbled and sucked and reached out with spiky, cable-like creepers.

No. He had not feared it then. He had beaten and crushed it, had forced it to disgorge of its treasure in slaves and ivory and gold-dust.

He had thought that he had left it behind him forever; but now behind that thin wall of crinkly, coppery glass, he felt it creeping in with a huge, cosmic, vibratory movement, overlapping the edges of sidewalk and house and lamp-post, stretching forth tentacles. It had reached out and crushed his young bride; had sucked her under into its smelly, greenish mire; and still it kept creeping in.

There was a prosy, matter-of-fact policeman at the corner, swinging his club; and a girl in a bright blue cloak was crossing to the farther side. She was laughing at something; she did not fear Broadway.

"*Maktoub*—it is so written!" said Jabez Massingham; and never again, from that day on, did he set foot on Broadway.

## VI

OF course, deep in his soul, he was a poet. Like Nero and Aaron Burr and Tamerlane and John Brown, he was a poet who lives his poems instead of writing them. For nobody except a poet would have plunged into the African jungles and traded there with gorgeous things like slaves and ivory and gold; nobody except a poet would have plunged into the turbulent Wall Street forum and speculated there in such fabulous, incredible values as N. P. and P. R. R. and M. K. T., and similar fantastic symbols.

And since to be a poet is to be an unconscious logician, he knew from the be-

ginning that it would be useless to hunt for his wife. It was only out of respect for public opinion that he set the necessary machinery into motion. The police, the newspapers, and the man in the street had their usual theories; they talked glibly about other women who had disappeared, to turn up, years later, in some drab house of ill-fame. They mentioned accidents and sudden loss of memory.

But Jabez Massingham knew that it was Broadway itself, and not its people, that had stolen his wife.

Broadway—the jungle—had made the first move, had scored the first point.

It made its second move, scored its second point, a day or two later.

For early one morning, standing in front of his hotel, Jabez Massingham saw that workmen were erecting a large wooden fence at the corner of Broadway—a fence surmounted by a sign with the legend:

MICHAEL O'BYRNE AND SONS, HOUSE WRECKERS

The desk clerk speedily confirmed Massingham's suspicions.

"Yes, sir," he said, "they're putting up a new office-building—fifty foot frontage on Broadway—takes in the corner—and twenty odd feet up our street. Good old Broadway is sure growing some, ain't she?"

"Yes," said Jabez Massingham, very gravely.

He understood that he had no time to lose. Broadway was creeping in, creeping in—that he must gird his loins and fight and vanquish this jungle as he had fought and vanquished the other in Africa. And, since in all the world's fights there is only the choice between two weapons, steel and gold, he chose the stronger of the two—gold. That very day he instructed his bankers to turn certain of his securities into cash, and called on Donald H. Pearce, senior partner of Pearce & Creegan, real-estate agents.

"Johnny," said Mr. Pearce to his junior partner, after Massingham had left, "what d'you think of it?"

"You mean his business judgment in buying that house? Well, he seemed to want it rather badly. He's paying a stiff price, don't you think?"

"I don't mean that. I want to know what you think of his human side. There's his pretty young wife—disappeared just a week or two back. Damned tragic, what?"

And here he comes, as cool as a cucumber, and talks dollars and cents. It's beastly!"

"Oh, but perhaps he's trying to forget," said the junior partner, who had married recently.

The junior partner was wrong. Jabez Massingham was not trying to forget. He could not afford to. He needed the memory of his loss as a counter-irritant against his fear.

He knew that to-day, by buying that house next to the corner of Broadway, he had scored a point—had temporarily barred the progress of the jungle. But what would the morrow bring? The jungle—he knew it of old—could always be stopped, for a time; then, suddenly, overnight, it would throw out its tentacles again—growing, crawling, creeping, sucking—contemptuously spanning the clearing that had been made with sweat and steel.

For a long time, that evening, he looked from the window of his bedroom toward Broadway. Against the silver and scarlet bars of sunset he could see the sharp contours of the houses, like great purple trees crowned with golden and black leaves. He could hear the voice of the street, motley, many-tongued, soaring in a great wind like trumpets of defiance and triumph.

And then the sun went down in three lonely shafts that looked like splintering rubies, and the night came; and with it rode fear.

## VII

ONLY once, and then negatively, did he speak of this fear of his—or, rather, this secret, brooding knowledge which was upon his soul like a crimson brand. He mentioned it to a doctor of his acquaintance whom he met strolling down Madison Avenue.

"Doctor," he said, stopping him and addressing him with sudden vehemence, "I have"—his was an epic, slashing way of choosing words when the mood took him—"I have tasted the honey of virtue and the gall of sin, the honey of massive deeds and the gall of regret, and—"

"Aye!" interrupted the doctor, who was a Scot and, by the same token, a sardonic and argumentative seeker after philosophic truths. "And I tak' it ye have found all four o' them—virtue and sin, deeds and regret—alike, one as useless as the ither, hey? All wee toys for weakling, pap-fed

bairns. Did ye not find them so, Mr. Massingham?"

"More or less."

"And what are ye telling me for?"

"Aren't you a physician?"

"Well?"

"I want your help."

"Ye mean ye want something to quieten ye? To stop your nerves from jiggling because"—the doctor lowered his voice—"your poor wife—"

"No, it's something different. It's something deeper, much deeper. No, no"—as the other, almost automatically, drew out pencil and prescription-pad—"never mind your confounded bromides! Give me something for"—he paused—"for my soul."

"I'm not a priest, Mr. Massingham."

"But I'll pay you like a cardinal!"

The doctor shook his head.

"It's religion ye need," he said. "It helped good John Knox to combat the de'il, and it even helped King Charles the Fifth, who was a rank Papist."

"But it won't help me. I'm not the sort of a driveling ass to chew a theological cud. I want—"

"Mr. Massingham," the doctor cut in, apropos of nothing, "be those tales they're telling about ye true? Africa, I mean, and—"

"Yes!" Massingham answered defiantly.

"Then I know what 'll cure ye."

"What?"

"Ye need fear, man! The fear of the God of Wrath, the Lord of Israel! It 'll cleanse your proud soul of sins—fear!"

"Fear?" echoed Massingham. "Do I need fear?"

And then, to the other's utter consternation, he burst into roaring, almost maniacal laughter, and walked away without another word.

The doctor looked after him as he swung swiftly down the avenue, beneath the burning blue of a strong summer day, his gray high hat tilted very slightly to one side, his gold-headed cane crooked from his elbow, his white spats immaculate over bench-made shoes.

"Muriel," said the doctor that night to his wife, speaking of the happening, "if I wasn't such a good Presbyterian, and a scientist, d'ye know—I'd have crossed myself! Aye! I would indeed!"

But, fear or no fear, Jabez Massingham, who all his life had possessed the trick of



being able to separate his mental processes from inclinations and emotions, and who had decomposed success into a few plain, rather ruthless elements, as he would decompose a force in a question of abstract

stroy them, raze them to the ground, create a barren desert so as to give the jungle no point of support and leverage around which—and, later on, from which—to throw its choking lianas of steel and cement.

The fight was bitter and long. For, as fast as he bought, he destroyed; and as fast as he destroyed, his in-



BROADWAY! HE COULD FEEL IT STRETCHING,  
REACHING, GROWING, BLOATING, BREATHING

dynamics, started his campaign against Broadway with the utmost care.

His plan was simple enough. He meant to stop the Broadway jungle from growing in his direction, from stretching out its slimy tentacles, from catching him and sucking him under; and, remembering his old African jungle lore, he realized that, to do this, he must make a barrier, a clearing which Broadway could not span.

It was not enough to acquire, gradually, as he raised the money, the houses that ran from the Hotel Marquis to the corner, and those across the street, as well as those behind the hotel. He must, furthermore, de-

come decreased. There were lawsuits, expensive judgments, municipal fines, assessments, the taxes going up in leaps and bounds. To pay, he would at times be forced to sell land instead of buying. Then Broadway would gain a foot here, a foot there—would sweep from the corner with an exuberance of masonry—and he would have to build a second line of defense, to buy more houses and raze them, to decrease his income again and again.

Came the days when New York capital, having had certain picturesque but unprof-

itable adventures in Western mines, recoiled on to its home ground and sought an outlet in real-estate development, parallel with successive waves of European immigration; and so Jabez Massingham—with people buying right and left, and land values soaring fantastically—found himself in a vortex of fiercest competition; buying and selling and trading, buying and selling and trading again; with ever and always Broadway creeping steadily nearer, crawling from around the corners with the crushing strength of great office-buildings and theaters and hotels.

Ten years—and he was still Jabez Massingham, the millionaire; but his millions were on paper. His income was eaten up by taxes and fines and assessments. He had become land-poor.

Twenty years—and he fought on, though he knew that the ultimate end was an assured thing, though he felt it at the back of his soul, blowing in from the Broadway jungle like the seven black winds of destiny.

Thirty years—and the Hotel Marquis, once the last word in elegance and modernity, had become a third-rate stopping-place for transients. But still Jabez Massingham stayed on; watching Broadway like a bird fascinated by a snake; feeling it crawl and creep and breathe; feeling it move, as if a single desire, a single hateful purpose, actuated the entire mass of stone and steel.

Forty years—and then the end came, very suddenly, rather prosily, in the words of the little gray-haired, wizen desk clerk who had been there ever since Jabez Massingham could remember.

"Good evening, Mr. Massingham."

"Hullo, Tom! Anything new?"

"No. Except"—the little old man coughed—"I guess I got to hunt me another job."

"Why?"

"They sold this hotel."

"Oh!" Jabez Massingham felt a sinister premonition. Sharply he drew in his breath. "Who—bought it?"

"The Excelsior people—you know—Excelsior Hotel, over on Broadway. Say they're going to buy the rest of the block by 'n' by, and then they'll put up one humdinger of a hotel. Great big place—Turkish bath and promenade and grill and everything, with the entrance on Broadway, and—I beg your pardon, what did you say, sir?"

"I said," replied Jabez Massingham gravely, "*maktoub!*"

"Sounds like Yiddish!"

"It's Arabic, and it means: 'It is so written!'"

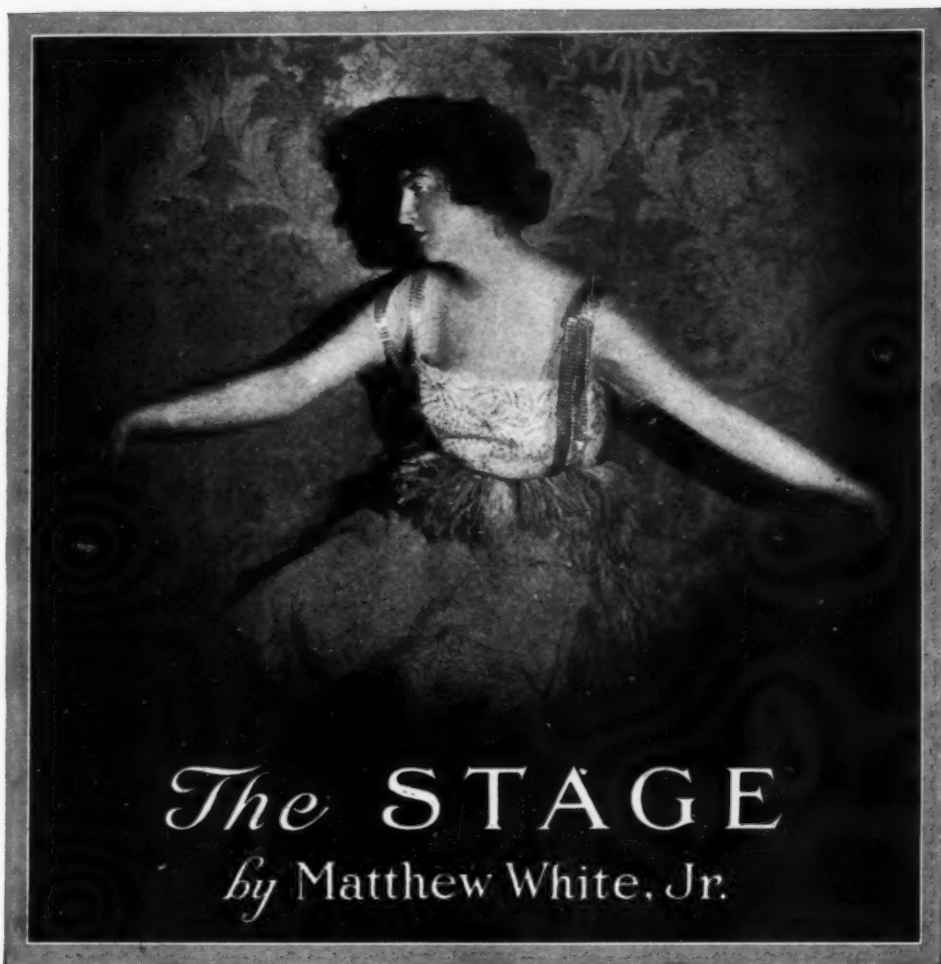
And then Jabez Massingham walked upstairs to his room and killed himself; and, even after his death, he could still feel Broadway creeping in from the corner like a stony jungle, overwhelming him with its rank exuberance of concrete and steel and pinchbeck stucco.

#### PAINTED PEOPLE

In tarnished frames they look down from  
Walls wainscoted and old—  
Ladies in ruffs and farthingales,  
Knights debonair and bold,  
A lordling, on whose jeweled glove  
His hooded falcon swings,  
Quaint babes, who grasp in dimpled hands  
Their favorite playthings.

Some say that just as midnight chimes  
Within the ancient hall,  
These painted people leave their frames;  
Again with hoop and ball  
The winsome children play; fair dames  
And ardent courtiers woo;  
The falcon tries his wings once more—  
Do you suppose 'tis true?

Mazie V. Caruthers



EDNA BATES, WHO HAS THE NAME PART IN "HONEY GIRL," THE MUSICAL-COMEDY HIT MADE FROM HENRY BLOSSOM'S HORSE-RACE PLAY, "CHECKERS"

*From a photograph by Campbell Studios, New York*

"HE won't be starred—doesn't even want to be featured." So I had read about Harry Beresford, now so thoroughly identified with "Shavings" that theatergoers have almost forgotten that in October of last year he made just as big a hit as the old man, *Peep o' Day*, in "Boys Will Be Boys," with the only difference that the latter piece failed, while "Shavings" proved a huge success.

I read the printed laudation of Beresford's modesty, and forthwith set it down to presswork. Then, just before the final matinée of "Shavings" at the Knickerbocker, last June, I had an interview with the actor, and found that if Colonel Sav-

age's publicity-writer had been intending to set up her subject as a shrinking violet, she had come short of the truth.

Beresford was starting to rub in his make-up when I reached his dressing-room, and by the time I left, just as the call-boy announced "Overture," he had not only expressed the fear that Colonel Savage would insist on his playing the part as a juvenile before he was through with it, but had sketched for me his idea for building up the major's rôle so that the audience would be more in sympathy with the man who eventually gets the girl.

"Most actors, I suppose," he explained, "are eager to appear younger, but to my

notion it would spoil *Jed* to ignore the years during which he has done nothing but give up. And it would be nice, I think, to have somebody make a remark about how good the major was to *Leander* when they chanced to meet in France. Just because the piece is built about the character I play is no reason why the audience shouldn't be made to take more interest in the successful lover from the start. It could be done without giving away the fact that I am doomed to get left in the end. Nor would I have the play finish in any other fashion for worlds."

Off stage, Harry Beresford appears just the same kindly-natured person that *Shavings* is in the play. He has the same twinkle in his eye, and speaks in the same softly modulated tones, with never a trace of accent from the English countryside where he was born.

"But you see I've lived here thirty years," he explained when I mentioned this fact. "Came over with Henry Dixey after he had been playing 'Adonis' in London. I acted in a curtain-raiser over there in the same bill with him. No, my people weren't connected with the stage in any way. They wanted to make me a schoolmaster; but I belonged to a dramatic club, the president of which knew the management at the Gaiety, in London, and through him I got my opening there. It was in a character part: an old man, which is the sort of thing I have always played and—perhaps you will be surprised to hear—like to play. In fact, *Shavings* is my youngest rôle. But for thirty years after I landed here I had never acted on Broadway. A lot of the time I was in stock, and then I headed companies of my own, always playing old men. A part I greatly liked was the lead in 'The Professor's Love Story.' Another of my road ventures was 'A Poor Relation,' which Sol Smith Russell used to do. After that I tried vaudeville, and found it considerably to my liking; nor could I complain about the takings. Maybe I'm not ambitious enough, but Broadway never drew me to itself very hard."

Now that he has made two big hits in quick succession on the Great White Way, Harry Beresford is just as unassuming as when New York went about its business quite unconscious of his existence. When he accompanied me to the stage on my way out, just before curtain-rise, he took me into *Jed's* shop, and was more eager to

have me know that all the thousand-odd toy windmills and other contraptions that went to its furnishing had been brought from Cape Cod than that I should carry away any final impression of himself as being the big thing in the piece. Indeed, when I intimated that he would probably be kept playing *Jed* for years to come, he seemed actually alarmed, and intimated that he would not care to become a *Rip Van Winkle* perennial. And yet he is very fond of the play, and almost quarreled with a friend of his who, after praising his impersonation, had sought to belittle it.

"*Shavings*," I venture to predict, is the sort of American comedy that would go big in London; but if it is ever taken over there the American cast should go with it. West End playgoers would adore George Neville's *Gabe*, the he-gossip of Cape Cod, as something "so delightfully Yankee, don't you know;" and while the reviewers would probably score the piece as being ultra-sentimental, the masses would flock to have their feelings worked on, just as they have done here.

"*Shavings*" is the sort of show that gives value for the money. There's a lot in it—laughter, tears, character work, suspense, and a climax that is one of the most touching I have ever seen staged. And when success waits on dramatic goods of this sterling sort, as it has done in this case, one need not despair of the theater.

An editorial in the London *Stage* comments on Dennis Eadie's charge in the *Weekly Dispatch* of that city anent the alleged short value given in plays these days. The writer resents the implication, alleging that in the present high-cost-of-everything period it would be out of the question for managers to hand their patrons as much for the money as before the war.

Still, it isn't the absence of the curtain-raiser—which has now almost wholly disappeared from London boards—that is deplored, but the brevity of the main play itself. No one can deny that the tendency on both sides of the Atlantic has been toward shorter and shorter dramas, so that in many instances the actual traffic behind the footlights lasts about an hour and a half instead of the traditional two hours, not reckoning intermissions. Playwrights' royalties are no greater, and actors' salaries no bigger, for an entertainment that runs to the full length. Whittled right down to basic facts, the trouble seems to





EDITH ROBERTS, A UNIVERSAL STAR IN THE PHOTOPLAY "THE ADORABLE SAVAGE," BASED ON THE STORY "AT LAST REVEALED," PUBLISHED IN ONE OF THE MUNSEY MAGAZINES

be with the authors' invention. It is no longer as fecund as it once was; an incident that formerly would have served only as such is now made the groundwork idea for an entire evening.

An example in point is "Seeing Things," the new farce by Margaret Mayo and Aubrey Kennedy, turning on a wife's senseless jealousy of her husband, and her determination to see how he will act after she is dead by pretending to drown herself. The subject is distinctly unpleasant in the first place, and worth no more than one act in any case; but it is stretched out to three, played by seven characters, all in the same set. It measures up a sad spectacle indeed beside Miss Mayo's erstwhile joyous farcical flights with "Baby Mine" and "Twin Beds." The play, however, was easy to market, because it had only one set and so few people.

It does not always follow that a slender cast and a single scene mean also a short allowance of interest in the offering. Witness the all-winter run of "Wedding Bells," by Salisbury Field, who was co-author with Miss Mayo on "Twin Beds." This called for nine persons and played in a single scene, but gave its audience a wealth of ingenious situations punctuated by clever talk. Again, go back in memory to Bernstein's "The Thief," with only seven persons concerned, but what an absorbing train of circumstances to watch in the unfolding of the three acts!

When plays are accepted and produced, not because they contain one idea that makes them pertinent or novel, but because they reveal genuine ingenuity in their working out, there will be no complaints of scant measure in return for increased admission rates.

If as much skill and care had been expended on the book as was apparent in the listing of the cast on the program, I might have enjoyed "The Girl in the Spotlight" more than I did. It has some very catchy Victor Herbert music and some refreshingly dressed chorus-girls. The material for the frocks may not have cost as much as one is accustomed to see lavished on summer revues, but the impression registered coolness in a heated auditorium. Mary Milburn is a worth-while find as a leading lady, and in Ben Forbes there is a new tenor with a good voice. The fun is looked after by Johnny Dooley, who scored his big hit in this same Knickerbocker Theater

as the nimble hotel clerk of "Listen Lester"; by James B. Carson, as the man who has made money in the fur business and is willing to lose it by producing shows; and by Hal Skelly, just off "The Night Boat."

When I heard that Mr. Skelly had abandoned the latter big hit, I wondered. When I saw the proportions of his part in "The Girl in the Spotlight," I understood. Even if there be no increase in the size of the pay-envelope, an actor is always tempted by the chance to do more.

But the most extraordinary story of promotion that came quickly and as an absolute surprise to its subject is that of Patti Harrold. She is still in her teens, and although she is the daughter of the well-known opera singer, Orville Harrold, this fact did not obtain for her any more than a chorus job and that of general understudy with the American Singers at the Park Theater last winter. Nobody fell sick, and when the season closed she went to James Montgomery and asked if there was an opening for her in "Irene."

"We could place you with the chorus," he replied.

Into the chorus she went again, buoyed up by the tiny possibility that if she made good she might receive her first part when road companies were formed in the autumn. Adele Rowland had the lead, Edith Day having gone with the London cast. But Miss Rowland's voice was giving her trouble, and on the Friday before Decoration Day, out of a clear sky, Mr. Montgomery informed Miss Harrold that she must sing *Irene* at the Saturday matinée. This meant an immense amount of study, the part being a long one, and more than usually difficult for a beginner. The shop-girl becomes extremely loquacious at the very outset, and rattles on about herself at breathless speed, so that the impersonator of the rôle has no opportunity to warm up to her work. But Miss Harrold triumphantly survived the test, and to my notion makes an absolutely captivating *Irene*—which she looks to the life, being herself the exact age of the heroine. That audiences agree with me is attested by the packed houses that even in the hottest weather have applauded the most engaging musical comedy that has come this way since "Adele."

Miss Harrold is a native of Muncie, Indiana, and a chat with her revealed a na-

ture quite unspoiled by her sudden jump from the chorus to the lead in the biggest musical success of the season.

to the work the various members are called on to do, although in practically every instance the player was making good on



MARY MILBURN, A NEWCOMER WHO HAS MADE A HIT IN "THE GIRL IN THE SPOTLIGHT,"  
VICTOR HERBERT'S LATEST MUSICAL COMEDY

*From a photograph by Campbell Studios, New York*

Patti Harrold was named after the famous Adelina, and her addition to the "Irene" roster rounds out a company of real youth and extraordinary adaptability

Broadway in an important character for the first time. Walter Regan, the leading man, who hails from Milwaukee, was playing an old man of eighty with a Providence



MITZI, STARRING BY HENRY SAVAGE IN "LADY BILLY," A NEW MUSICAL ROMANCE, THE BOOK OF WHICH IS BY ZELDA SEARS, THE WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER ACTRESS

*From her latest photograph—Copyrighted by Strauss Peyton, Kansas City*



stock company when Mr. Montgomery picked him for the young millionaire with whom *Irene* falls in love. Bobbie Watson, who is *Mme. Lucy*, the man dressmaker, comes from Springfield, Illinois, where as a boy he broke a window in the famous Lincoln house. Now a turn of fate's wheel finds him playing next door to another all-summer success, "Abraham Lincoln." Watson began his theatrical career with a medicine show, and after a varied experience of cabaret and burlesque, he followed Frank Craven on the road in "Going Up."

I cannot forbear comparison between the career of Patti Harrold and that of Charles Purcell as an example of the hazards of the show business. Both equally gifted with good voices, Miss Harrold becomes the dominating figure in a production with her first speaking part, while Purcell, who has been on the stage since he was seventeen, and who captivated all hearers by his work in "Maytime," has just been elevated to stardom in "Poor Little Ritz Girl," an offering in which he serves principally as feeder to the comedian, Andrew Tombes, who is merely featured. Such are the vicissitudes of a profession which is dependent on so many varying sources of supply. An actor's contract will call for his name in the electric by a certain date, but unhappily this does not insure that just the proper vehicle will be forthcoming at the same time.

"Poor Little Ritz Girl," a sort of musicalized "Gold-Diggers," is no mean entertainment, and offers in Lulu McConnell a real find in funny women. In any case, it is an immeasurable improvement upon the



MAY CELESTE, IN "THE MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS," AN AFTER-THEATER SHOW ON THE CENTURY PROMENADE FACING CENTRAL PARK

*From a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York*

horde of summer revues that have followed in the wake of George White's hit with his "Scandals." These affairs seldom review anything, and are principally made up of vaudeville turns, which could be seen at the Palace for two dollars or less. With the war tax, seats at William Rock's "Silks and Satins" cost \$3.85 apiece, and the quality of the humor provided may be judged when I tell you that the comedian's reply to a butler's question, "Do you feel like a cup of tea?" was:

"How does a cup of tea feel?"

This on Broadway in the year 1920!

#### THE NEW SEASON

With an average of twenty New York houses remaining open throughout the summer, it grows constantly more difficult for the chronicler to determine just when one theatrical year ends and another begins.

Happily for him, William A. Brady has come to the rescue twice in succession by boldly announcing a new offering as the

"At 9.45" thirteen months before. Then it was murder-mystery dramas that jostled one another in a race to be first; now Wall



LOUISE GROODY, IN ONE OF THE MANY ATTRACTIVE GUISES THAT SHE ASSUMES IN THE RECORD-BREAKING MUSICAL HIT, "THE NIGHT BOAT"

*From her latest photograph—Copyrighted by Moffett, Chicago*

opening gun. Last time he fired it as early as June 28; this year it did not go off until July 30, when, once more moved to beat a rival with goods of a similar brand, he produced "Opportunity" at the Forty-Eighth Street Theater. The new piece is by the same author, Owen Davis, who fathered

Street manipulations engage the attention of competing playwrights.

I enjoyed "Opportunity" twice as much as I did "At 9.45." It is melodrama simple if not always pure, for a childhood playmate of the hero makes the most unblushing advances to him right in his office.



ELSIE FERGUSON, WHO STARRED IN PERSON LAST SEASON IN "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE,"  
AND WHOSE LATEST RELEASE FOR THE FILMS IS "LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER,"  
BY SIR GILBERT PARKER



HELENE CHADWICK, A NEW LIGHT IN THE FILM WORLD, WHOM YOU MAY GET TO KNOW  
BETTER THROUGH GOLDWYN PICTURES

*From a photograph by Evans, Los Angeles*





ALLYN KING, IN "LADIES' NIGHT," ONE OF A. H. WOODS'S MANY NEW OFFERINGS

*From a photograph by Campbell Studios, New York*

The basic idea is as old as "The Wife," but it was refreshing not to have the reconciliation between the mated pair come with the disclosure of a layette to the unsuspecting husband, and that the "big scene" should involve furniture smashing instead of murder was also something to be grateful for. Mr. Brady's son-in-law, James L. Crane (Alice's husband), is the featured player in "Opportunity," and

worth it, although to be sure most of us liked him more in the first act, when he was merely the ambitious young clerk in a broker's office, than later as the stern man of money given to chopped-off sentences supposed to indicate intense absorption in business. But this was the author's fault, not the actor's, and if "Opportunity" does nothing more than show the infinite possibilities in this clever new leading man, it



AGNES AYRES, LEADING WOMAN IN THE NEW MARSHALL NEILAN PICTURE PLAY,  
"GO AND GET IT"

*From a photograph by Abbe, New York*

will have accomplished much for the new theatrical year.

A. H. Woods brought "Crooked Gamblers" to the Hudson the very next night, revealing another Wall Street drama whose sole resemblance to "Opportunity" lay in the fact that in each a corner was established and the "villain" got caught short. "Crooked Gamblers" (first announced as "To-morrow's Price," a much better title) is by the success-ridden Samuel Shipman and Percival Wilde, who was yoked up with him last autumn in Shipman's only failure, "First Is Last." I think that both will have good cause to forget this only blot on the Shipman escutcheon in the success that will wait on "Crooked Gamblers," which combines the elements of present-day popularity in no small degree. Taylor Holmes is starred as inventor-partner in a tire concern, and one must go as far back as the days of "The Pit" to find as thrilling a stock crashing episode scene as the third act furnishes in the uniquely contrived glimpses of curb market operations.

"When I outlined this play to the first manager with whom I talked it over," said Mr. Shipman to me, "he granted that I had a great sensation, but wanted to know how the scenes were to be shifted rapidly enough to get away with it. I couldn't tell him, so he passed it up. Nevertheless Wilde and I went on with the piece, and when Mr. Woods bought in, it was stage director Robert Milton who found the way out by merely imposing one office set on top of the other, lighting each as it was needed."

Mr. Milton, by the bye, figures in a threefold capacity in "The Charm School"—as producer, co-author with Alice Duer Miller, and as realizer, his novelty this time being a close-up view of his hero and heroine riding by night in a buggy. This comedy matches its title in its first two acts, but rather comes a cropper in the last. However, the root idea of the piece—that of a handsome young man falling heir to a girls' school—causes such murmurs of "How cleverly new!" to run through the audience that I should not be surprised to find it lodged securely among the young season's hits.

Unhappily this is more than I can say for "The Americans in France," the study of differences in the French and American temperaments by Eugene Brieux, seen at

the Paris Odéon last winter. I found it absorbingly interesting; so did a large section of the small audience assembled on its second night, but the notices were distinctly unfavorable, and I cannot but feel that early August was an ill-advised time at which to present a comedy whose appeal is largely to the thoughtful. Personally I consider "The Americans in France" equal to anything its famous author has written. It is neither a war play nor a sex drama, and I sincerely trust that if not in New York, then elsewhere in this country an appreciative public will be found for it.

Adolph Klauber has done it again. Achieving a happy success of laughter a year ago in his initial venture into the managerial field with the farce "Nightie Night," by two brand-new writers—Martha M. Stanley and Adelaide Matthews—he did not permit the adage that lightning does not strike twice in the same place to deter him from launching a second play from the same hands. His courage has been rewarded, for lo! "Scrambled Wives" is even more entertaining than its predecessor, besides being on a higher plane, quite deserving its classification as comedy. It is enriched, moreover, with two featured players in the favorites Roland Young—the original timid lover in "Buddies"—and Juliette Day, whom I have not been able to forget as the baby vamp in "Up-Stairs and Down." The support, too, is excellent, yet another of the many clever new juveniles we have recently been able to acclaim coming to light in the person of Glenn Anders.

Two weeks earlier than usual, the Hippodrome opened on August 9.—"Good Times" was the cheering title selected for another of those sure-fire hits we have come to expect at this unique temple of amusement since the Dillingham régime was inaugurated half a dozen years ago. As usual, R. H. Burnside supplied the book and Raymond Hubbell the music, and both were sensible enough not to depart too widely from the safe bets in the line of goods they have provided in the past. Thus in place of the Book Store of last year, we have the Toy Shop, and in lieu of the Hall of Colors, another fetching marching scene yclept "On the Road to Colorland." George Cohan has been left far in the shade in the use made of the American flag for the first act finale—and Ferry Corwey, the new clown, is the real thing in fun.

# Light Verse

## THE POLITICAL SPOT-LIGHT

I DEEMED myself an honest man  
Until for office once I ran,  
And then I learned the horrid truth  
That I'd been vicious from my youth.  
I never guessed, until I read  
The things the politicians said,  
That for the word of purest guile  
I'd Ananias skinned a mile!

I'd always thought myself to be  
A man of some mentality;  
But when that office high I sought  
I found my intellect was naught—  
I was a sort of rubber-stamp,  
The tool of some designing scamp,  
Who, spite of my untrammelled pose,  
Could always lead me by the nose.

I had believed myself a wight  
Who rather gloried in a fight,  
And in a rough-and-tumble scrap  
Went to it with a lot of snap;  
But to my very great dismay  
A week before Election Day  
I learned that in an honest row  
I'd no more courage than a cow!

It was my pride that I had been  
A fairly useful citizen;  
But my opponents in the race  
Averred, to my downright disgrace,  
That, viewed in any sort of light,  
I'd been a perfect parasite,  
Who'd have to have his feet cut off  
To get him from the public trough!

### ENVOI

The which is why I no more mix  
In the spot-light of politics!

*John Kendrick Bangs*

### BILL

THE butcher cries: "Here is my bill!"  
The baker says: "Ditto!"  
The doctor adds: "When you were ill  
I fixed you up, you know,  
And so I wish my score you'd pay!"  
The grocer says: "Your cup  
I filled with sugar day by day;  
So settle quick—hands up!"

The ice-man shouts: "My money, please!"  
The tailor: "Come across!"  
The coal-man vows: "I'll let you freeze  
Unless you pay me, boss!"  
The druggist and the dentist prate  
Of courts and law-suits till  
I'm sure, whate'er my parents state,  
My middle name is Bill!

*Granther Green*

## THE WITCH

THOUGH many seek those "maidens fair,"  
The lovely girls "beyond compare,"  
Some men their siren charms escape,  
And woo a strangely different shape.

She is a witch quite small and white,  
Who lures them with a magic light—  
A light not often in eclipse,  
Close to a lover's eager lips.

She comforts them through sun or frost,  
Without her they seem almost lost;  
She holds at bay all vain regret;  
They worship her—their cigarette.

*William Hamilton Hayne*

## THE GOLFER'S PARADISE

IT lies somewhere in latitude  
Say forty-five or six or seven—  
The final golf beatitude,  
The Country Club of Seventh Heaven.  
It's limited in membership  
To those who've played in par or under,  
Who, although lost their earthly grip,  
Still never foozle, "top," or blunder.

It's circled round by hills serene,  
The only limit to one's "carry";  
The fairways stretch a perfect green,  
The strongest oaths are "Pshaw!" "By Harry!"  
The clubs will never break or split,  
The caddies all are cherubs knowing,  
Who ne'er indulge in misplaced wit  
About your early spring-time "hoeing."

One drives five hundred yards at least  
Straight down the course, and slices never;  
If needs be this can be increased  
Should your opponent prove too clever.



You're always even to the end,  
 Until you finally hole a hummer  
 That leaves them gasping, foe and friend:  
 "The finest putt we've seen this summer!"

Above, the fleecy clouds obscure  
 The sun and keep your nose from peeling;  
 Of "galleries" you are always sure  
 Who watch your play with pent-up feeling.  
 And later, when you sit at ease  
 Upon the porch, your rivals roasting,  
 The rest all listen till you please  
 To cease from reminiscing, boasting.

Thus onward through milleniums  
 Of games you play an endless series,  
 And win them all, but never comes  
 The day when golfing drags or wearies.  
 Your wife no moral stymie lays,  
 By being late you do not shock her;  
 While at the close of perfect days  
 There's always "comfort" in your locker!  
 William Wallace Whitelock

VERSATILE JOE AND ONE-HOSS BOB

VERSATILE Joe was a fellow who  
 Could play the fiddle and trombone, too;  
 He could tell a story, a song could sing,  
 And dance a jig or the Highland fling;  
 As a rifle shot he was number one,  
 He could sail a boat like a son-of-a-gun;  
 And he smiled when he spoke of One-Hoss Bob,  
 For he pitied the poor benighted slob!

One-Hoss Bob couldn't sing a note,  
 Or play the fiddle or sail a boat;  
 A story-teller he didn't shine,  
 And to shoot or dance was not in his line;  
 In fact, he was just, as his name implied,  
 A plain, quiet chap with no brilliant side;  
 And it's one of the strangest things I know  
 That he's now the boss of Versatile Joe!

Sheward Bulstrode

A PERFECT HUSBAND

EACH time that I start out to shop  
 My husband says: "Now, dear, don't stop  
 To press your nose against the glass  
 Of every window that you pass,  
 But try to have some select plan  
 And follow it, like any man!"

And so I try; I say I *must*  
 Have certain things, and he can trust  
 His little wife to spend with care  
 His wealth for "something fit to wear."  
 I need a suit, a pair of shoes,  
 The hose and gloves that style would choose.

And so I start with purpose high  
 To get at least that suit, or die;  
 And yet each time I come to grief  
 With foolishness beyond belief.

I always lose my head about  
 Some hat that I could do without.

At times it wears a saucy quill  
 And upturned sweep of brim to thrill,  
 Or beckons in the fatal guise  
 Of tender blue to match my eyes.  
 What is the use? The price is high—  
 In vain to turn away I try!

In vain I think of suit and shoes,  
 Knowing full well that I must choose;  
 I stifle conscience's voice so true,  
 Saying: "I'll make the old things do."  
 Then home I go with guilty tread,  
 The treasure perched upon my head!

A bit of lace—an inch or more;  
 A whiff of silk, pink roses four—  
 A darling hat! But then—ah, me!  
 Its price was writ in figures three.  
 In fear I greet my lord and master,  
 With grave foreboding of disaster.

I make confession—all is spent,  
 And nothing bought for which I went.  
 That angel whispers: "Don't you care!  
 It's none too good for you to wear."  
 I breathe the price with feeling flat,  
 Yet I am kissed—beneath the hat!

Amabel Pickett

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

THERE dwells in us mortals a dominant ten-  
 dency  
 To scorn opposition and gain the ascendancy,  
 Not only in flying,  
 But selling and buying,  
 And riches and power, which hold a transcendancy,  
 And prestige, and honor, and calm independency;  
 Instilled in our striving  
 The hope of "arriving."

To witness a neighbor succeeding potentially  
 At some given task is a challenge, essentially,  
 Your brain to unfetter  
 And go him one better.  
 If some noted writer has penned, deferentially,  
 A poem of worth, you arise consequentially  
 And climb, with your lyre,  
 A few notches higher.

It isn't abnormal, this toiling diurnally  
 To keep at the top of the hummock eternally;  
 'Tis healthy progression,  
 Devoid of obsession,  
 This preening of feathers and posing supernally,  
 And meeting all comers while smiling so vernally—  
 American ginger,  
 Not purposed to injure!

Harry J. Williams

# The Odd Measure

## Is Poetry Important?

*Even in This  
Materialistic Age,  
There Can Only  
Be One Answer*

THE other day we read somewhere the query, "Is poetry important?" but we hadn't time to wait for the answer. However, as the question was put by a poet, Mr. Vance Cooke, there is little doubt as to how he answered it. According to the proverb, the fishmonger does not cry malodorous fish.

But, professional bias apart, there could only be one answer—that poetry very surely is important, has always been important, and bids fair to continue important. We may say, in parenthesis, that this magazine would not print so much verse if we were not of that opinion, and if that opinion did not seem to be backed by our readers.

Of course, the importance of poetry varies greatly in degree and in kind. Great poetry cannot always be had—that is, the work of living poets—nor is it always desired. We are not always in the mood for it. As Lamb said, "in the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the 'Faerie Queene' for a stop-gap?" Yet, all the same, a great line or two remembered in a crowded street-car may have a very tranquilizing effect on the nerves—a line or two such as these from Wordsworth, for example:

The world is too much with us; late and soon  
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.

If we chance to recall Shakespeare's "Under the Greenwood Tree" amid the rush of city life, leafy glimpses of another world make us magically forget our surroundings. The lover of poetry has always at his command such visions as can make him less forlorn.

The portability of verse is one of the great advantages it has over prose. It is so easy to carry in the memory. A fine passage of prose has to be consciously got by heart, and even then soon becomes vague and difficult to recall; but poetry insists on being remembered, and comes dancing into the mind as lightly as a tune. Of course, it is the music in it which gives it this buoyant life, and floats its deeper meanings.

Some great person, who evidently knew nothing about the matter, once said that nothing has ever been said in verse that could not have been better said in prose; and you often hear people, who have given no real consideration to the subject, say the same. There was never a greater mistake. Those who hold that view are thinking of the wrong kind of poetry—that mere riming sentimental verbiage, which no one wants. There is no little prose of the same description. But it can be easily proved, and, in fact, needs no proof, that the reverse proposition is the true one, and that in the vast majority of cases a thing can be said more forcibly, more lastingly, and more economically, in poetry than in prose.

Verse has a way of condensing our thoughts and feelings into epigrammatic phrases—of which Pope, in his day, and Kipling, in ours, are proved masters—or into mysteriously moving lines, "jewels five words long," that poignantly suggest what prose would take whole sentences merely to say; haunting us with natural and spiritual beauty, "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls," that seem to come independently of, and "too deep for," words. The very meters of verse hold a secret of conveying mood as well as meaning, subtly spreading about them the atmosphere of the thing expressed.

Then mere riming—whatever the free-versifiers may say—has a charm

of its own, the charm of harmonious patterns and lightly dancing feet. It is a special pleasure to see the rimes falling so pat in their places, words and meaning, so to say, treading a measure together. And the amusing qualities of clever riming, the point given to a humorous idea by the mere wit of the meter, has been proved over and over again by the peculiar pleasure we get from comic and nonsensical verse, such preposterous masterpieces, for example, as "The Ahkoond of Swat." The recent success of a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore" is a proof of the public's delight in clever verse; for, much as that success owed to Sullivan's music, it owed at least as much to Gilbert's fascinating rimes.

\* \* \* \* \*

### From Canada to Patagonia by Railroad

*The Pan-American  
Conference Plans  
an Intercontinental  
Trunk Line*

THE Huron, a Shipping Board steamer, recently made a record trip from New York to Buenos Aires, nearly six thousand miles of sea voyage, in fourteen days and fourteen hours; but it is the dream of the Pan-American Financial Conference, which met in Washington not long ago, to bring the two Americas nearer by a railroad from Hudson Bay to Patagonia, from the arctic circle to the tip of South America, a distance of about ten thousand miles.

This scheme has long been talked of. The late Andrew Carnegie was interested in it; Hinton Bowan Helper, a former United States consul, worked devotedly for it, and the late Senator Henry G. Davies of West Virginia, who knew what railroading meant, thought it feasible. In 1902 an international American Conference was held in Mexico City, and a Pan-American Railway Committee was then formed. The committee sent Mr. Charles M. Pepper to Central America to investigate, and his report remains the basis of plans discussed at the recent conference. The Pepper plan calls for the linking up of the various railways in Central and South America so as to form a great trunk line running north and south.

A good deal of progress has been made since the scheme was first outlined. Chile has constructed her line from Puerto Montt to the Longitudinal Railway, which is in operation as far north as Copiapo. The Transandine line from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires has been completed, though it is still subject to being blocked by snow-storms in winter. Bolivia has been actively building roads, and has so closed up the links in her Pan-American trunk that less than a hundred miles remain to be built to open up through communication from Buenos Aires to La Paz.

Hitherto social intercourse between North and South America has been all too difficult, owing to long and tedious sea voyages. South American visitors to Europe far outnumbered those who came to our sister continent. It was the belief of the conference in Washington that an all-American trunk railroad would do more to knit the Americas than many good-will speeches and banquets.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A Historic Irish Seaport

*Lonely Galway,  
Once a Busy  
Emporium of  
Commerce*

IN Ireland's dream of reviving the glories of the past, the harbor of Galway, looking out on the Atlantic and toward the shores of America, may be destined to play a great part. To-day the town of Galway has a population of thirteen thousand, where thrice as many lived a hundred years ago. The weeds grow on its long quays, and it has but a single motor-bus. Its industries are fishing, the polishing of a black marble quarried in the neighboring hills, and the distilling of whisky.

Galway lies in a land of rock and bog and scanty grass, with the watery waste of Corrib to the north and the bare hills of Connemara lifting their ribs of quartz and green-veined marble as a rampart beyond. It is the capital of County Galway, which had 440,700 people in 1841 and only 182,224 in 1911. You may walk through whole streets of the old town where not a house has a roof to it; yet these were once mansions five stories high, where merchants lived and the seafaring captains of Spain

made merry when they came to port. Writing about 1600, Heylin, the historian, called Galway the third city in Ireland:

Galloway, a noted emporie and lately of so great fame with foreign merchants that an outlandish fellow meeting with an Irishman demanded in what part of Galloway Ireland stood.

Henry Cromwell, who was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1657, reported:

We may be bold to say that for the situation, voisinage, and commerce it hath with Spain, the Straits, West Indies, and other places, no other town or port in the three nations, London excepted, was more considerable, nor in all probability would more encourage trade abroad than Galway, if well improved.

The port of Galway was the door of trade for the woven goods of Ireland and for the wines and spices of Spain. It had a large Spanish colony, and a flavor of Spanish ways still remains about the town and its people.

The industrial developments of the nineteenth century and the invention of steam-engines were too strong for Galway, and maritime prosperity passed away from it. Now it again has hopes of opening its gates to traffic from the west, and it looks to the near-by water-power of Lough Corrib to supply the electricity needed to rebuild its ancient fortunes.

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#### A Pessimist's Views on Progress

*The "Gloomy  
Dean" of St. Paul's  
Critiques Modern  
Tendencies*

THE Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, dean of St. Paul's, London, known as "the gloomy dean," sums up his attitude toward life in the phrase, "Any dead dog can float with the stream." He prefers to go against the modern current. He lives like an anchorite, and is a man of fearless independence. One of his bold metaphors has caused heated discussion:

"Socialism seeks to make the sty more important than the pig, whereas the pig is more important than the sty."

Dean Inge devoted the Romanes lecture at Oxford this year to a discussion of "The Idea of Progress." There has been no physical progress in our species for many thousands of years, he maintained. The prehistoric man of twenty thousand years ago was our equal in size and strength; the ancient Greeks were handsomer, and Europeans envy the Zulus and Tahitians for their beauty. The men of the Stone Age had as large brains as we have, and intellectually we are not superior, if indeed equal, to the Athenians and Romans. With the example of the great war before us, he found it difficult to admit that either the lapse of time or civilization has made the *bête humaine* less ferocious.

Dean Inge sees civilization as a weeding out of the best, and the modern practise of subsidizing the unsuccessful by taxes extorted from the industrious he describes as "cacogenics erected into a principle." The science of eugenics, however, he considers too tentative, as men are not yet agreed what they shall breed for. The two ideals of the perfect man and the perfect state lead to different principles of selection—on the one hand, to a nation of beautiful and moderately efficient Greek gods; on the other, to an evolution of human mastiffs for policemen, human greyhounds for mail-carriers, and so on. Whether the human type is further capable of physical, intellectual, and moral improvement, he does not pretend to know, but he predicts new types of achievement, new flowering times of genius, not less glorious than the ages of Sophocles and of Shakespeare.

Dean Inge is against the herd theory of society, and against all schemes of reform that overlook the individual man. Cut off as he is by his deafness from intimate and confusing contact with his fellows, his outlook on mankind may seem unsympathetic, and even a little inhuman. Most



people would call him a pessimist, though he denies that he is one. He has this to say of optimists:

"They do not make it clear to themselves what they mean by progress, and the vagueness of the idea is one of its attractions."

\* \* \* \* \*

### Half a Million British Soldiers Lie Buried in France

*Their Graves Will  
Form an Enduring  
Memorial of Their  
Service*

THE Imperial War Graves Commission has been organized to care for the last resting-places of five hundred thousand British soldiers who lie in the soil of France. The commission represents all parts of the empire, and its charter was framed on the principle that control should be exercised by the various British legislative bodies, each state being responsible for the cost of the graves of its own dead. Half a million head-stones will be erected in three thousand cemeteries in France before the work is finished. It has been estimated that more Portland stone will be required than was used in the building of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The head-stones are to be uniform, though some objection has arisen from relatives of the dead who tried to insist on their own form of head-stone, or on the substitution of crosses for the simple stones. The commission, having tested public opinion, decided for a uniform marker, basing their decision on absolute equality in the treatment of graves. The only difference in the head-stones is the symbol of the dead man's grade, with his regimental badge, and with an inscription of not more than eighty letters, to be chosen by his friends.

A famous author who lost a son in France has described how in one cemetery, glancing along a line of stones, he saw the graves of a nurse, a Jewish private, and a lieutenant-colonel side by side. Already more than fifty thousand graves have been made ready for the erection of head-stones, and the relatives of the dead men have chosen the inscriptions to be engraved. The memorials are to endure as long as stone and mortar can last. The head-stones are slotted into a concrete foundation, so that no change in the condition of the soil can affect them; and thus the name and designation of every British soldier who fell in France will remain in the sight of man for generations.

It was decided that the uniform character of the grave is the proper expression of the common purpose of the young men who sleep below. They served together and fell together, united by a common ideal.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Clergymen in the British House of Commons

*After a Century  
of Exclusion,  
They Are to Be  
Readmitted*

IT is not generally known that clergymen of the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, or the Catholic Church, are disqualified for election to the British House of Commons. A bill has now been introduced to remove this disqualification, but owing to the carelessness of a minor official of Parliament, who failed to send a draft to the public printer, the certain passage of the measure has been postponed. The Speaker reprimanded the erring clerk, but regretted that he could not allow the bill to come up for second reading until the formalities had been observed.

Prior to the reign of Henry IV history shows that clergymen occasionally sat in the House of Commons. Between the reign of Mary and the Restoration three were elected, but were not permitted to take their seats. In 1801 the question again arose owing to the election of the Rev. I. Horne Tooke for the borough of Old Sarum. A bill was thereupon hurried through Parliament which enacted that no person who had been ordained to the office of priest or deacon, or who was a minister of the Church of Scotland, should be capable of serving as a member of the House of Commons. Horne Tooke, however, was allowed to serve out his term despite the displeasure of the younger Pitt. By virtue of the Relief Act of 1829, Roman Catholic priests were also declared incapable of election to the Commons.

The original ground for the exclusion of clergymen was that they were represented in their own convocation, and were taxed by it. In Horne Tooke's case this ground was shifted to read that as the benefices of the clergy were in the gift of the crown and the nobility, the independence of the House of Commons would be impaired. In 1870 the Clerical Disabilities Act made it possible for priests and deacons of the Church of England to divest themselves of their orders, and therefore of their disqualification, and many ex-clergymen have since sat in the House, one of them—Sir Arthur O. Acland—becoming a cabinet minister.

Pitt's displeasure over Horne Tooke's election is an amusing foot-note to the history of the British Parliament. Lord Camelford, a young blood, conceived the idea of crossing the Channel in an open boat from Dover to Calais while England was at war with France. The police prevented him and put him under arrest. Secretary Pitt was slow in ordering his release.

"How can I avenge myself?" said Camelford to Horne Tooke, whose bitter tongue was a byword.

"Send your black servant Mungo into Parliament for Old Sarum," was the reply.

Now the elder Pitt had sat for Old Sarum—which was one of the "rotten boroughs," since disfranchised. Lord Camelford hesitated.

"Well," said Horne Tooke, "the next best thing you can do is to put me in."

This was done, and as a result the Clergy Disqualification Act was put on the statute-book.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A Man of Mystery in the Near East

*Hakim Siasi's  
Power Among the  
Tribesmen of  
Transcaucasia*

**M**ERCHANTS arriving in India with the caravans from Persia and Turkestan are astonishing the bazaars with stories of a venerable Englishman, of whom the natives say that God has given him the gift of tongues, and who seems to be paralleling among the Georgians, Kurds, and other tribes of Transcaucasia the work of that strange figure of the war, Thomas Lawrence, who led an Arab army to the capture of Damascus, as related in this department a few months ago.

The name of the new wonder-worker is given as Colonel Wardrop, but the merchants commonly speak of him as Hakim Siasi. He is a very old man, they say, and he arrived at Tiflis about two years ago, none knowing from whence he came. His influence over the tribesmen, whom he addresses in their own tongues, is said to be phenomenal, and he has succeeded in persuading them to put aside their tribal enmities in order to combine for the common good. To such an extent has his gospel of brotherhood prevailed that some of the Kurds are now acting in concert with the Armenians, with whom their race has had a feud since the dawn of history. The gossip of the bazaars has it that if addressed in any one of the multifarious dialects of the Caucasus valleys, he can reply in the same patois.

Strange to say, the British army lists show no Colonel Wardrop, young or old. A possible clue, however, to the identity of the mysterious veteran is found in the consular records, which show that nearly forty years ago an agent named Oliver Wardrop, born in London, and a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford, found a long term of service in Russia, interrupted later by missions to Roumania and Tunis. He made himself familiar with the peoples of Russia's southern borders, and published a book on "The Kingdom of Georgia" as far back as 1888. In 1910 he was placed on the retired list, and before the war he held a chair of languages in the City of London College. It is now remembered that when the war broke out he offered his services to the Foreign Office, and in 1917 he was sent to Moscow. Since then he has not been heard from. It is not unlikely that the Hakim Siasi of the bazaars and of the tribesmen is the former consular agent, who probably thought his life's work was well rounded out when he retired on his pension ten years ago.

# The Roof Tree\*

AN EPIC OF THE FEUD COUNTRY

By Charles Neville Buck

Author of "The Battle Cry," "When Bear Cat Went Dry," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEE CONREY

WHEN his sister shoots and kills her brutal husband, young Kenneth Thornton flees from his home in Virginia to Kentucky, thereby taking the crime upon his own broad shoulders. He assumes the name of Cal Maggard, and begins life anew in a long-settled but primitive region among the Kentucky mountains. Here he meets and wins pretty Dorothy Harper, who lives with her uncle, old Caleb Harper, under the shade of a great walnut-tree which an ancestor of pioneer days planted and named the "roof tree." Dorothy has read the story of the tree in an ancient diary that she finds in the attic of her uncle's house.

Bas Rowlett, a neighbor, and an unsuccessful suitor of Dorothy's, pretends to be Maggard's friend, but when the newcomer has been shot down by an unknown bullet, and lies badly wounded in Caleb Harper's house, he learns that Rowlett has inspired the shooting, and they become sworn enemies.

## X

THE room that Dorothy Harper had given over to the wounded man looked off to the front, across valley slope and river, commanding a picture whose background was formed by the distant mountains and the sky, and in whose foreground center stood the walnut-tree.

Uncle Jase Burrell came often, but as yet he had been able to offer no greater assurance than a doubtful shake of the head. Bas Rowlett, too, never let a day pass without his broad shadow darkening the door and his voice sounding in solicitous inquiry; but Dorothy had assumed an autocracy in the sick room which allowed no deviations from its decree of uninterrupted rest, and the plotter, approaching behind his mask of friendship, never found himself alone with the wounded man.

Between long periods of fevered coma Cal Maggard opened his eyes weakly and had strength only to smile up at the face above him, or to spend his scarcely audible words with miserly economy. Yet, as he drifted in the shadowy reaches that lie between life and death, it is doubtful whether he suffered. The glow of fever through his drowsiness was rather a grateful warmth,

that dulled all conscious thinking, than a recognized affliction; and the realization of the presence near him enveloped him with a languorous contentment.

The sick man could turn his head on his pillow and gaze upward into cool and deep recesses of green, where the sunshine sifted through in wavering patches of golden light, and where, through branch and twig, the stir of summer crooned a restful lullaby. Often a squirrel on a low limb clasped its forepaws over its well-filled stomach and gazed impudently down, chattering excitedly at the invalid. From its hanging nest, with brilliant flashes of orange and jet, a Baltimore oriole came and went about its housekeeping affairs.

As he gazed at it half-consciously and dreamily, between sleeping and waking, the life of the tree became like that of a world in miniature. But when he heard the door guardedly open and close, he would turn his gaze from that direction as from a minor to a major delight; for then he knew that on the other side of the bed would be the face of Dorothy Harper.

"Right smart it's goin' ter deepend on how hard he fights fer hisself," Uncle Jase told Dorothy one day, as he took up his hat and saddle-bags. "I reckon, ef he

\* Copyright, 1920, by Charles Neville Buck—This story began in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

feels sartin he's got enough ter live fer, he kin kindly help nature along."

That same day Maggard opened his eyes and saw that the girl was sitting by his bedside. His smile was less dazzling out of a thin, white face than it had been through the tan of health; but such as it

other essence and dimension, because he had been born with a soul capable of dreams.

"Thet fust night—when I lay hyar a waitin' fer ye ter come back—an' mis-doubtin' whether I'd last thet long," he told her almost under his breath, "hit seemed like ter me thet old tree war kindly safeguardin' me."

She bent closer, and her lips trembled.

"Mebby hit did safeguard ye some way, Cal," she whispered. "But I prayed



was, he flashed it on her gallantly.

"I don't hone fer nothin' else ter look at — when you're hyar," he assured her.

"But when you hain't hyar, I loves ter look at the old tree."

"The old tree!" she replied after him half guiltily. "I've been so worried, I'd nigh fergot hit."

His smile altered to a steady-eyed seriousness, in which she recognized the intangible quality that made him seem to her different from all the other men she had known.

He had been born and lived much as had the men about him. He had been chained to the same hard and dour materialism as they; yet for him life had an-

der ye thet night—I prayed fer ye es hard es I could."

The man closed his eyes, and his features grew deeply sober.

"I'd love ter know the p'intblank truth," he said next. "Am I a goin' ter live or die?"

She struggled with the catch in her breath, and hesitated so long, with her hands clenched convulsively together in her lap, that he, still lying with lids closed, construed her reticence into an unspoken death sentence.

"Afore I come over hyar," he said quiet-

"WHEN I  
CROSSED THE  
VIRGINNY LINE  
A POSSE WAS  
ATTHER ME.  
THEY SOUGHT  
TER HANG ME—  
FER MURDER"



ly, "I reckon hit wouldn't hev made no great differ' ter me, nuther way."

"Ye've got a chanst, Cal, and Uncle Jase 'lows"—she bent closer now that she could command her voice—"thet ef ye wills ter live—survigrou strong enough—yore chanst is a better one—then ef ye—jist don't keer."

His eyes opened again, and his lips smiled dubiously.

"I sometimes lays hyar wonderin' whether I truly does keer or not."

"What does ye mean, Cal?"

He paused and lay breathing as if hardly ready to face so vital an issue. Then he explained:

"Ye said ye wasn't mad with me—thet night—under the tree—but yit ye said, too—hit war all a sort of dream—like es ef ye warn't plumb shore."

"Yes, Cal?"

"Since then ye've jest kinderly pitied me, I reckon—an' been plumb charitable. I've got ter know—war ye mad at me when ye pondered hit in the daylight—'stid of the moonshine?"

The girl's pale face flushed to a laurel-blossom pink, and her voice was a ghost whisper.

"I hain't niver been mad with ye, Cal."

"Could ye—" He halted, and spoke in a tense undernote of hope that hardly dared voice itself. "Could ye bend down ter me an' kiss me—ergin?"

She could and did. Then, with her young arms under his head, and her own head bowed until her lips pressed his, the dry-eyed, heart-cramping suspense of these anxious days broke in a freshet of unrestrained weeping. She had not been able to cry before, but now the tears came flooding, and they brought such a balm as comes with rain to a parched and thirsty garden.

For a space the silence held, save for the tempest of sobs—which were not unhappy, and which gradually subsided; but after a little while the rapt happiness on the man's face became clouded under a thought that carried a heavy burden of anxiety, and he seemed to be groping for words that were needed for some dreaded confession.

"When a man fust falls in love," he said, "hit seems like he hain't got time ter think of nuthin' else. Then all the balance of matters comes back—an' needs ter be fronted. Thar's things I've got ter tell ye, Dorothy."

"What matters air them, Cal? I hain't thought of nuthin' else yit."

"Ye didn't know nuthin' erbout me when I come hyar; ye jest tuck me on faith, I reckon." He halted abruptly there, and his face became drawn into deep lines. Then he continued dully:

"When I crossed over the Virginny line—a posse was atter me. They sought ter hang me over thar—fer murder."

He felt her fingers tighten over his in spasmodic incredulity, and saw the stunned look in her eyes; but she only said steadily:

"Go on. I knows ye *hed* ter do hit. Tell me the facts."

He sketched for her the grim narrative of that brief drama in the log cabin beyond the river, and of the guilt he had assumed. He told it with many needful pauses for breath, but did not stop until the story had reached its conclusion. As she listened, the girl's face mirrored many emotions, but the first unguarded shock of horror melted entirely away and did not return.

"Ef ye'd acted any other fashion," came her prompt and spirited declaration when the recital reached its end, "I couldn't nuther love ye ner esteem ye. Ye tuck blame on yoreself ter save a woman."

For a time she sat there gazing out through the window, her thoughts busy with the grim game in which this man whom she loved had been so desperately involved. She knew that he had spoken the whole truth; but she knew, too, that over them both must hang the unending shadow of a threat.

"Thar hain't no p'int in our waitin' over long ter be wedded," she said, with a new note of determination in her voice. "Folks thet faces perils like we does air right wise ter git what they kin outen life—whilst they kin."

"We kain't be wedded none too soon fer me," he declared with fervor. "Albeit yore grandpap's got ter be won over fust. He's right steadfast to Bas Rowlett, I reckon."

Anxiously as Dorothy followed the rise and fall in the tide of her lover's strength, it is doubtful if her anxiety was keener than that of Bas Rowlett, who began to feel that he had been cheated.

Unless something unforeseen altered the trend of his improvement, Cal Maggard

would recover. He could not keep his oath to avenge his "waylaying" before the next full moon, because it would require weeks to restore his whole strength and give him back the use of his gun hand; but the essential fact remained that he would not die of his wound.

Bas had entered into a compact based upon his belief that the other

So Bas still came to inquire with the solicitude of seeming friendship; but outside the Harper house he was busy breathing life into a far-reaching scheme—a scheme of perfidy, for in all but the most literal



would die—a compact which, as the days passed, became more and more a thing to be reckoned with. Of course, he meant to kill his enemy. As matters now stood he must kill him; but he would only enhance his own peril by seeking to forestall the day when his agreement left him free to act.

sense it was a violation of his oathbound compact.

It was when Cal sat, propped against pillows in a rocking-chair, with his right arm in a splint, while old Caleb smoked his pipe on the other side of the window, that Dorothy suddenly went over and, standing

"EF YE'VE GOT THE  
SAME HEART IN YE  
THET THEM OLD-TIM-  
ERS HED, MEBBY YE  
KIN CARRY ON MY  
WORK BETTER THEN  
ANY ROWLETT—AN'  
STAND FER PEACE AND  
LAW!"



plosion had shaken him out of his drowsy complacency. The pipe that he held in his thin old fingers dropped to the floor and spilled its ashes unnoted. He gazed at the other two with the amazement of one who has been sitting blindly by while unseen forces have had birth and growth at his elbow.

"Ter wed!" he exclaimed at last in an injured voice. "Why, I hedn't niver suspicioned hit was nuthin' but jest plain charity fer a stranger thet hed suffered a sore hurt!"

by Maggard, laid her arm gently across his shoulders.

"Gran'pap," she said with a steadiness that hid her underlying trepidation, "Cal an' me aims ter wed—an' we seeks yore blessin'."

The old mountaineer sat up as if an ex-

"Hit's been more then thet sence the fust time we seed one another," declared the girl.

The old man shifted his gaze—altered its temper, too, from bewilderment to indignation. He sat with eyes demanding an explanation from this stranger, who had

been so hospitably sheltered and tended under his roof.

"Does ye aim ter let the gal do all the talkin'?" he demanded. "Hain't ye got qualities enough ter so much as say 'by yore leave' fer yoreself?"

Cal Maggard met his accusation steadily as he answered.

"Dorothy 'lowed she wanted ter tell ye fust her ownself. Thet's why I hain't spoke afore now."

The wrath of surprise died as quickly as it had flared, and the old man sat for a time with a far-away look on his face. Then he rose and stood before them. He seemed very old, and his kindly features held the venerable gravity and inherent dignity of the faces that look out from the well-known frieze of the prophets. He paused long to weigh his words in exact justice before he began to speak; and when at last they came they were sober and patient.

"I hain't hed nobody ter spend my love on but jest thet leetle gal fer a lengthy time back, an' I reckon she hain't a goin' ter go on hevin' me fer no great spell longer. I'm gettin' old."

Caleb looked infirm and lonely as he spoke. Throughout his life he had struggled to maintain standards which he vaguely felt to be a bequest of honor from God-fearing and self-respecting ancestors, and in that struggle there had been a certain penalty of aloofness in an environment where few standards held. The children born to his granddaughter and the man she chose as her mate must either carry on his fight for principle or let it fall like an unsupported standard to the moldy level of decay.

These things were easy to feel, hard to explain. As he stood inarticulate, the girl rose from her knees and went over to him. His arm slipped about her waist.

"I hain't never sought ter fo'ce no woman's will," he said at last, and his words fell with the slow stress of earnestness. "But I'd always sort of seed in my own mind a fam'ly hyar, with another man ter tek my place at hits head when I war dead an' gone. I'd always thought of Bas Rowlett in that guise. He's a man thet's done been, in a manner of speakin', like a son ter me."

"Bas Rowlett—" began Dorothy, but the old man lifted a hand in command for silence.

"Let me git through fust," he interrupted her. "Then ye kin hev yore say. Thar's two reasons why I'd favored Bas. One of them was because he's a sober young man thet's got things hung up."

There he paused, and the quaint phrase he had employed to express prosperity and thrift summed up his one argument for materialistic considerations.

"Thet's jest one reason," he went on; "an' save fer statin' hit es I goes along, I hain't got nuthin' more ter say erbout hit, albeit hit seems ter me a right pithy matter fer young folks ter study erbout. I don't jedgmatically know nuthin' erbout yore affairs." He nodded his head toward Maggard. "So fur's I've got any means ter tell, ye mout be independent rich, or ye mout not hev nothin' only the shirt an' pants ye sots thar in; but thet kin go by too. Ef my gal kain't be content withouten ye, she kin sheer with ye; an' I aims ter leave her a good farm without no debt."

While the old man talked, the girl had been standing silent and attentive; but the clear and delicate modeling of her face had changed under the resolute quality of her expression, until now it typified a will as unbreakable as his own. Her chin was high and her eyes full of lightnings, held back yet ready to break, if need be, into battle fires. Her voice came with the low restraint in which ultimatums are spoken.

"Whatever ye leaves me in land an' money hain't nuthin' ter me, ef I kain't love the man I weds with. An' whilst I seeks ter be dutiful, thar hain't no power under heaven kin fo'ce me ter wed with no other!"

Old Caleb seemed hardly to hear the interruption. In his eyes ancient fires were awakening, and as he spoke again, those fires burned to a zealot's fervor.

"Nuther one of ye don't remember back ter the days when the curse of the Harper-Doane war lay in a blood pestilence over these hyar hills; but I remembers hit. In them sorry times folks war hurtin' fer vittles ter keep life in thar bodies, yit no man warn't safe workin' out in his open field. I tells ye death was the only lord thet folks bowed down ter in them days. The woman thet saw her man go forth from the door didn't hev no confident assurance she'd ever see him come back home alive. My son Caleb, Dorothy's daddy, went out with a lantern one night when the dogs barked—and we fotched him in dead."



He paused and seemed to be looking through the walls and hills to things that lay buried.

"Them few men thet cried out fer peace an' law-abidin' was scoffed at an' belittled; them of us thet preached erginst bloodshed was cussed an' damned. Then come the battle at Claytown, ter cap hit off with more blood-lettin'. One of the vi'lent leaders war shot ter death, an' t'other one agreed ter go away an' give the country a chanst ter draw a free breath in peace wunst more."

Again he fell silent. After a long pause, Dorothy restively inquired:

"What's thet got ter do with me an' Bas Rowlett, gran'pap?"

"I'm a comin' ter thet. Atter thet pitch-battle fight, folks began turnin' ter them they'd been laughin' ter scorn. They come an' begged me ter head the Thorn-ton's an' the Harpers. They went similar ter Jim Rowlett, an' besought him ter do the like fer the Rowletts an' the Doanes. They knowed thet despite all, thar bad blood an' hatefulness, me an' Jim was friends, an' thet more than we loved our own kin an' our own blood, we loved peace fer every man."

Cal Maggard was watching the fine old face—a face out of which life's hardship and crudity had not quenched the majesty of unassuming steadfastness. Suddenly the old man's voice ran through the room.

"An' since we undertook ter make the truce and ter hold it unbroke, hit's done stood unbroken—an' thet's been nigh on ter twenty y'ars. But Jim's old, an' I'm old, an' afore long we'll both be gone; an' nuther one ner t'other of us hain't sich fools es not ter know what we've been hold-in' down. Nuther one ner t'other of us be-guiles hisself with the notion thet all them old hates air dead, or thet ef wild-talkin', loose-mouthed men gains a hearin', they won't flare up afresh."

He went over to the place where his pipe had fallen, and picked it up and refilled it. When he fell silent, it seemed as if there had come a sudden stillness after thunder. Then he went on in a quieter tone.

"Old Jim hain't got no boy ter foller him, but he confidences Bas. I hain't got no son nuther, but I confidences my gal. The two of us hev always 'lowed thet ef we could see them wedded afore we lays down an' dies, we'd come mighty nigh see-in' the old breach healed an' the old hates

buried. Them two clans would git ter-gither then, an' thar'd jest be one peaceful fam'ly 'stid of two crowds of hateful enemies."

Dorothy had hardly moved since she had spoken last. During her grandfather's long speech she had remained statuelike and motionless; but in her deep eyes all the powerful life forces that until lately had been dormant now surged into a new consciousness and an invincible self-assertion. Her head, crowned with its masses of dark hair, was as high as that of some barbaric princess who listens while her marriage value is appraised by ambassadors. Her eyes were full of fire too steadily intense for flickering. The quick rise and fall of her bosom revealed the palpitant emotion that swayed her, but her voice held the bated quiet of a tempest at the point of breaking.

"I'd hate ter hev anybody think I wasn't full loyal ter my kith an' kin. I'd hate ter fail my own people; but I hain't no man's woman ter be bartered off ner give away!"

She paused, and in the long escaping breath from her lips there came an unmistakable note of scorn.

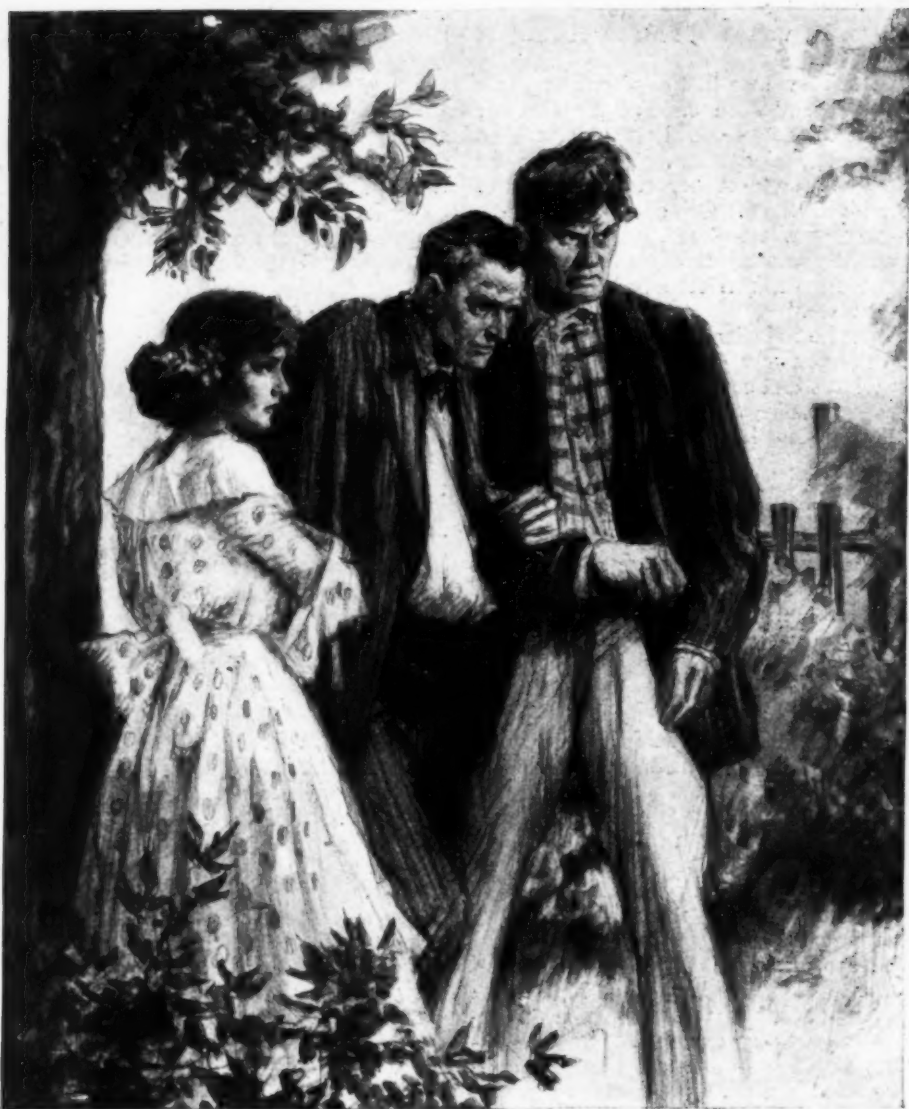
"Ye talks of healin' a breach, gran'pap, but ye kain't heal no breach by tyin' a woman up ter a man she kain't never love. Thar'd be a breach right hyar under this roof ter start with from the commencement."

That much she had been able to say as a preface, in acknowledgment of the old man's sincerity of purpose; but now her voice rang with the thrill of personal liberty and its deeper claim. Her beauty grew suddenly gorgeous with the surge of color to her cheeks and the flaming of her eyes. She stood the woman spirit incarnate, which can at need be also the tigress spirit, asserting her home-making privilege, and ready to do battle for it.

"Fam'ly means a man an' a woman—an' children," she declared; "an' the man thet fathers my babies hes need ter be the man I loves!"

Caleb inclined his head. He had spoken, and now, as one closes a book, he dismissed the matter with a gesture.

"I've done give ye my reasons," he said; "but I hain't niver sought ter fo'ce no woman, an' hit's too late ter start. The two of ye sets thar like a jury thet's done heard the argyment. My plan wouldn't be feasible nohow onlessen yore heart war in



THE TONE WITH WHICH OLD JASE READ THE SERVICE WAS FULL AND SONOROUS, AND THE RESPONSES WERE CLEAR. ON THE FRINGE OF THE GATHERING AN OLD WOMAN'S—

hit, Dorothy; an' I sees es plain as day whar yore heart's at. So I reckon I kin give ye my blessin', ef ye're plumb shore ye hain't makin' no error."

# XI

THE old man struck a match and held it to his pipe. Then, as he turned to leave the room, Maggard halted him.

"I kain't suffer ye ter go away without I tells ye suthin'," he said; "an' I fears

me sorely, when ye hears hit, ye're right like ter withhold yore blessin' attar all."

The patriarch wheeled and stood listening. Dorothy, too, caught her breath anxiously as the young man confessed. She sat down on the floor beside him and took his hand in hers.

For a time, while the story that the girl had already heard had its second telling, old Caleb stood stonily immovable. As the narration progressed, the gray-haired



—WHISPERED WORDS CARRIED TO THOSE ABOUT HER. "DID YE HEER THET? JASE CALLED HIM PARISH THORNTON. I THOUGHT HE GIVE THE NAME OF CAL MAGGARD!"

mountaineer bent interestedly forward; and by the time it had drawn to its close his eyes were no longer wrathful but soberly and judicially thoughtful. He ran his fingers through his gray hair, and incredulously demanded:

"Who did ye say yore grandsire was?"

"His name was Caleb Thornton. He went ter Virginny sixty y'ars back."

"Caleb Thornton!" Through the mists of many years the old man was tracking

back along the barefoot trails of boyhood.

"Caleb Thornton! Him an' me hunted an' fished tergither, and worked tergither, when we wasn't nothin' but small shavers. We was like twin brethren, an' folks used ter call us Good Caleb an' Bad Caleb. I was the bad one!" The old man's lips parted in a smile that was tenderly reminiscent. "Why, boy, thet makes ye blood-kin of mine! Hit makes yore business my business an' yore trouble my trouble. I'm

the head of the house now, an' ye see ye're related ter me."

"I hain't clost kin," objected Cal quickly. "Not too clost ter wed with Dorothy."

"No, boy, ye hain't but only a distant cousin; but a hundred an' fifty y'ars back our foreparent war the same man. An' ef ye've got the same heart an' the same blood in ye thet them old-timers hed, mebby ye kin carry on my work better then any Rowlett—an' stand fer peace and law!"

Here spoke the might of family pride and mountain loyalty to blood.

"Then ye kin give us yore blessin' atter all, despite the charge thet hangs over me?"

"My blessin'? Why, boy, hit's like a dead son hed done come back ter life—an' false charges don't damn no man."

The aged face had again become suffused with such a glow as might have mantled the brow of a prophet who had labored long and preached fervently for his faith, until the hoarfrost of time had whitened his head. It was as if, when the hour approached for him to lay down his scrip and staff, he had recognized the strength and ardor of a young disciple to come after him.

After a time, however, the emotional wave that had unconsciously straightened his bent shoulders and brought his head erect subsided into the realization of less inspiring facts.

"Atter all," he said thoughtfully, "I've got ter hev speech with old Jim Rowlett afore this matter gits published abroad. He's done held the same notions es I hev about Dorothy an' Bas, an' I owes hit ter him ter make a clean breast of what's come ter pass."

The wounded man in the chair was gazing off through the window, and he was deeply disturbed. He stood sworn to kill, or be killed by, the man whom these two custodians of peace or war had elected in advance as a clan head and a link uniting the factions. If he himself were now required to assume the mantle of leadership, it was hard to see how the ancient quarrel could be limited to a private scope.

"When I come over hyar," he said steadily and deliberately, "I sought ter live peaceable an' quiet. I didn't aim, an' I don't aim now, ter hold place as head of no feud faction."

"Nuther did I seek ter do hit." The old man's voice was again the rapt and fiery

utterances of the zealot. "Thar wasn't nuthin' I wouldn't hev chose fust. But when a man's duty calls ter him, ef he's a true man in God's eyes, he hain't got no rather in the matter which ner whether. He's beholden ter obey! Besides"—the note of fanatical exaltation diminished into a more placid tone—"besides, I've done told ye I only sought ter hev ye lead toward peace an' quiet—not ter mix in no warfarin'."

So a message went along the waterways to the house where old Jim Rowlett dwelt; and old Jim, to whose ears troubling rumors had already come stealing, mounted his "ridin'-critter" and responded forthwith and in person. He came as trustful as ever of his old partner in the task of shepherding wild flocks, yet resentful of the girl's rumored rebellion against what was to have been, in effect, a marriage of state.

Before starting he had talked long and earnestly with his kinsman, Bas Rowlett. As a result, he saw in Bas a martyr nobly bearing his chastening, and in the stranger a man unknown and tinged with a suspicious mystery.

Jim Rowlett made a brief and very formal visit. He listened in silent politeness to the announcement of the betrothal, and rose to depart.

"Caleb," he said, "through a long lifetime me an' you hev been endurin' friends, an' we aims ter go on bein'. Albeit I'd done sot my hopes on things thet hain't destined ter come ter pass, I wishes these young folks joy."

That interview was in the nature of a public announcement, and on the same day the news was discussed by the conclave at Jake Crabbott's store. It was reported that the two old champions of peace had differed, though not yet in open rupture, and that the stranger, whose character was untested, was being groomed to stand as titular leader of the Thorntons and the Harpers. Many Rowlett and Doane faces darkened.

"What does Bas say?" questioned some.

"Bas hain't a talkin' none," was the invariable answer.

But Sim Squires, who was generally accredited with a dislike of Bas Rowlett, was circulating among those Harpers and Thorntons who bore a wilder reputation than did old Caleb, and as he talked with them he was stressing the note of resentment



that an unknown man from the hated State of Virginia should presume to occupy so responsible a position, when others of their own blood and native-born were being overlooked.

One afternoon the girl and her lover sat together in the room where she had nursed him, as the western ridges turned to ashy lilac against a sky where the sun was setting in a glory of delicate yet gorgeous tints. The evening hush that early summer knows, between the day's full-throated orchestration and the night song of whip-poorwills, held the world in a bated stillness. The great walnut-tree stood as un-stirring as some age-crowned priest with arms outstretched in evening prayer or benediction.

Hand in hand the two sat in the open window. They had been talking of those little things that are such great things to lovers; but over them a silence had fallen through which their hearts talked on without sound.

Slowly the sunset grew more brilliant. Then the foregrounds gave up their detail in a soft veiling of purple dusk, and the tree between the house and the road became a dark and ghostly shape, etched in its unmoving majesty of spread and stature.

"Hit hain't jest a tree," whispered the girl with an awe-touched voice. "Hit's *human*, but hit's bigger an' wiser an' stronger than a human body."

The man nodded his head, for so it seemed to him, a woodsman to whom trees in their general sense were common things. In this great growth he felt a quality and a presence. Its moods were as varied as those of life itself, as it stood triumphing over decades of vicissitude, blight, and storm.

"I wonder ef thet old tree knows," said Dorothy abruptly, "who hit war thet shot ye, Cal?"

The man shook his head and smiled, but Dorothy insisted.

"What could anybody hev erginst ye hyar?"

The question was full of mystification, and the man turned his eyes from the after-glow and gazed into the girl's face, which was even lovelier. A smile of pride came to his eyes as he said:

"From the commencement of time men hev fit over women. Bas warned me when

I come thet ef I sought ter sweetheart with ye some of yore lovers would seek ter kill me. I 'lowed hit war wuth tryin'!"

"My lovers?" she exclaimed incredulously. "Thet narrers hit down ter a mouty small number of people."

"Does hit?" He laughed low. "S'pose ye starts out an' 'numerates 'em—all them thet sought ter spark ye."

There was enough light left for him to see the charming confusion that came with her sudden flush. She started to speak, and stammered, and was so altogether feminine and disconcerted that the man drew her close and buried his lips in her dark hair. At last the girl lifted her face and laughed with a silvery merriment.

"I almost wishes," she announced, "thet I could believe thet *war* the cause of hit; because ef hit war, once we're wedded hit's all settled an' done with."

He was just as willing to leave her that specious comfort, so he only nodded his head affirmingly.

## XII

THE blossom had passed from the laurel and rhododendron, and the June freshness had freckled into rustiness, before the day came when Dorothy Harper and Cal Maggard were to be married.

As yet the man had not been able to walk beyond the threshold of the house, and to the people of the neighborhood his face had not become familiar. Once only had Cal been out of doors, and that was when, leaning on the girl's arm, he had gone into the dooryard.

Dorothy did not wish the simple ceremony of their marriage to take place indoors. She urged that when Uncle Jase, the justice of the peace, joined their hands with the words of the simple ritual, they should stand under the shade of the tree, which, already hallowed as a monument, should likewise be their altar. So one afternoon, when the cool breath of evening came between sunset and dusk, they had gone out together, and for the first time in daylight he stood by the broad-girthed base of the walnut's mighty bole.

"See thar, Cal!" breathed the girl, as she laid reverent fingers upon the trunk, where initials and a date had been carved so long ago that now they were sunken and seamed like an old scar. "Them letters an' dates stands fer the great-great-gran'mammy thet wrote the book, an' fer

the fust Kenneth Thornton. They're our foreparents, an' they lays buried hyar. Hit's all in the front pages of thet book up-sta's in the chist."

The ground on which they stood was smooth now, for the mounds so long ago heaped there had been leveled by generations of time. Later members of that house lay in the small

"Hit was right hyar thet we diskivered we loved one another," she said softly; "an' ef ye'd ever read thet book up-stairs I think ye'd onderstand. Our foreparents planted this tree hyar in days of sore travail, when they'd done come from nigh ter the ocean-sea at Gin'ral George Washington's behest; an' they plumb revered hit from thet time on."

She paused and looked up fondly into the magnificent spread of



OLD SPIKE CROOCH HAD VOWED THAT HE "MEANT  
TER FIDDLE AT ONE MORE SHINDIG AFORE  
HE LAID HIM DOWN AN' DIED"

thicket-choked burial-ground a hundred yards to the side.

"Hit's a right fantastic notion," complained old Caleb, who had come out to join them there, "ter be wedded outdoors under a tree, 'stid of indoors under a roof."

The girl turned and laid a hand on his arm, and her eyes livened with a glow of feeling.

branches, where now the orioles had hatched their brood and taught the fledglings to fly. Then her eyes came back and her voice grew rapt.

"Them Revolutionary folk of our own blood bequeathed thet tree ter us, an' we heired hit from 'em along with all thet's good in us. They lays buried thar under hit, an' by now I reckon its roots don't only rest in the ground an' rock thet's underneath hit, but in the graves of our people theirselves. Their bones has done gone back ter dust long y'ars ago, gran'pap; but

whatever was life in them hain't plumb dead. Some of hit's done passed inter the old tree, I reckon, ter give virtue ter hits sap an' stren'th. Hit's a part of our family now, an' whilst hit prospers we're like ter prosper too. Thet's why thar hain't no other place ter be married at."

The July morning of their wedding-day dawned fresh and cloudless, and from remote valleys and coves a procession of saddled mounts, ox-carts, and foot travelers, grotesque in their oddly conceived raiment of festivity, set toward the house at the river's bend. They came to look at the bride, whose beauty was a matter of local fame, and for their first inquisitive scrutiny of the stranger who had wooed with such despatch, and upon whom, rumor insisted, was to descend the mantle of clan leadership, albeit his blood was alien.

But the bridegroom himself lay on his bed, the victim of a convalescent's setback, and it seemed doubtful whether his strength would support him through the ceremony. When he attempted to rise, after a night of fever, his muscles refused to obey the mandate of his will, and Uncle Jase Burrell, who had arrived early to make out the marriage license, issued his edict that Cal Maggard must be married in bed.

His patient broke into defiant and open rebellion.

"I aims ter stand upright ter be wed," he scornfully asserted, "ef I don't niver stand upright ergin! Uncle Jase, ask Dorothy an' her gran'paw an' Bas Rowlett ter come in hyar. I wants ter hev speech with 'em all together."

Uncle Jase yielded grudgingly to the stronger will, and within a few minutes those who had been summoned appeared. Bas Rowlett came last, and his face bore the marks of a sleepless night; but he had undertaken a rôle, and he purposed to play it to its end.

In after days—days for which Bas Rowlett was planning now—he meant that every man who looked back on that wedding should remember it and say of him: "Bas, he war thar—plumb friendly. Nobody couldn't be a man's enemy an' act the way Bas acted." In his scheme of conspiracy the art of alibi-building was the corner-stone.

Now it pleased Cal, even at a time when other interests pressed so close and absorb-

ingly, to indulge himself in a grim and sardonic humor. The man who had "hired him killed," and whom in turn he meant to kill, stood in the room where he himself lay too weak to rise from his bed; and toward that man he nodded his head.

"Good mornin', Bas!" he accosted.

"Howdy, Cal?" replied Rowlett.

Then Maggard turned to the others.

"This man, Bas Rowlett," he said, "sought to marry Dorothy hisself. Ye all knows thet; yet despite thet fact, when I come hyar a stranger, he befriended me—didn't ye, Bas?"

"We spoke the truth ter one another," concurred Rowlett, wondering uneasily whither the conversational trend was leading; "an' we went on bein' friends."

"An' now afore ye all"—Maggard glanced comprehensively about the group—"albeit hit don't need no more attestin', he goin' ter prove his friendship fer me afresh."

A pause followed, broken finally from the bed.

"I kain't stand up ter-day, an' without standin' up I couldn't hardly be rightfully wedded; so Bas air a goin' ter support me, and help me out thar, an' hold me upright whilst I says the words—hain't ye, Bas?"

For a moment the conspirator's hardihood threatened to fail. A hateful scowl was gathering in his eyes as he hesitated, and Maggard went on suavely.

"Anybody else could do hit fer me, but I've got the feelin' thet I wants ye, Bas."

"All right," came the low answer. "I'll aim ter convenience ye, Cal."

He turned hastily and left the room. Bending over the bed, Uncle Jase produced the marriage license.

"I'll jest fill in these blank places," he announced briskly, "with the names of Dorothy Harper an' Cal Maggard, an' then we'll be ready fer the signatures."

But at that Maggard raised an imperative hand.

"No!" he said shortly and categorically. "I aims ter be married by my rightful name. Put hit down thar like hit is—Kenneth Parish Thornton—all of hit!"

Caleb Harper bent forward with a quick gesture of expostulation.

"Ef ye does thet, boy," he pleaded, "ye won't skeercely be wedded afore the officers will come atter ye from over thar in Virginny."

"Then they kin come." The voice was

obdurate. "I don't aim ter give Almighty God no false name in my weddin' vows!"

Uncle Jase, to whom this was all an inexplicable puzzle, glanced in perplexity at old Caleb. For the moment Caleb stood irresolute; then, with a sigh of relief, as if for discovery of a solution, he demanded:

"Did ye ever make use of yore middle name over thar in Virginny?"

"No. I reckon nobody don't skeercely know I've got one."

"All right—hit belongs ter ye jist as rightfully as the other given name. Write hit down 'Parish Thornton' in thet paper, Jase. Thet don't give no undue holt ter yore enemies, boy; an' es fer the last name, hit's thicker then hops in these parts anyhow."

In all the crowd that stood about the dooryard that day, waiting for the wedding party to come through the door, one absence was recognized and felt.

"Old Jim Rowlett didn't come," murmured one observant guest, and the announcement ran in a whisper through the gathering, to find an echo that trailed after it. "I reckon he didn't aim ter countenance ther matter, atter all."

Then the door opened, and Dorothy came out, with a sweet pride in her eyes and her head high. At her side walked the man whose face they had been curiously waiting to see. They acknowledged at a glance that it was an uncommon face, from which one gained a feeling of a certain power and mastery—yet of candor, too, and fearless good nature. But the crowd, hungry for interest and gossip, breathed deep in a sort of chorused gasp at the dramatic circumstance of the bridegroom leaning heavily on the arm of Bas Rowlett, the defeated lover.

Already Uncle Jase stood with his back to the broad, straight trunk, whose canopy of leafage spread a green roof between the tall, waving grass that served as a carpet and the blue of a smiling sky. Through branches, themselves as heavy and stalwart as young trees, and through the myriads of arrow-pointed leaves that rustled as they sifted the golden flakes of sunlight, sounded the low, mysterious harping of wind-fingers, as light and yet as profound as those of some dreaming organist.

With her eyes fixed on that living emblem of strength and tranquillity, the girl felt as if, instead of leaving a house, she were entering a cathedral—though of man-

built cathedrals she knew nothing. It was the spirit which hallows cathedrals that brought to her deep, young eyes a serenity and thanksgiving that made her face seem ethereal in its happiness—the spirit of benediction, of the presence of God, and of human sanctuary.

So she went as if she were treading clouds to the waiting figure of the man who was to perform the ceremony.

The tone with which old Jase read the service was full and sonorous, and the responses were as clear as bell metal. On the fringe of the gathering an old woman's whispered words carried to those about her.

"Did ye heer thet? Jase called him Parish Thornton. I thought he give the name of Cal Maggard!"

Even Bas Rowlett, whose nerves were keyed for an ordeal, started and almost let the leaning bridegroom fall.

The loft of old Caleb's barn had been cleared for that day, and through the afternoon the fiddles whined there, alternating with the twang of banjo and "dulcimore." Old Spike Crooch, who dwelt far up at the headwaters of Little Tribulation, where the "trails jest wiggle an' wiggle about," and who bore the repute of a master violinist, had vowed that he "meant ter fiddle at one more shindig afore he laid him down an' died;" and he had journeyed the long distance to carry out his pledge.

He had come like a ghost from the antique past, with his old bones straddling neither horse nor mule, but seated sidewise on a brindle bull. To reach the place where he was to discourse music he had made a "soon start" the previous morning, and had slept by the roadside overnight. Now he sat enthroned on an improvised platform, his eyes ecstatically closed, the violin pressed to his stubbled chin, and his broganed feet—with ankles innocent of socks—patting the spirited time of his dancing measure.

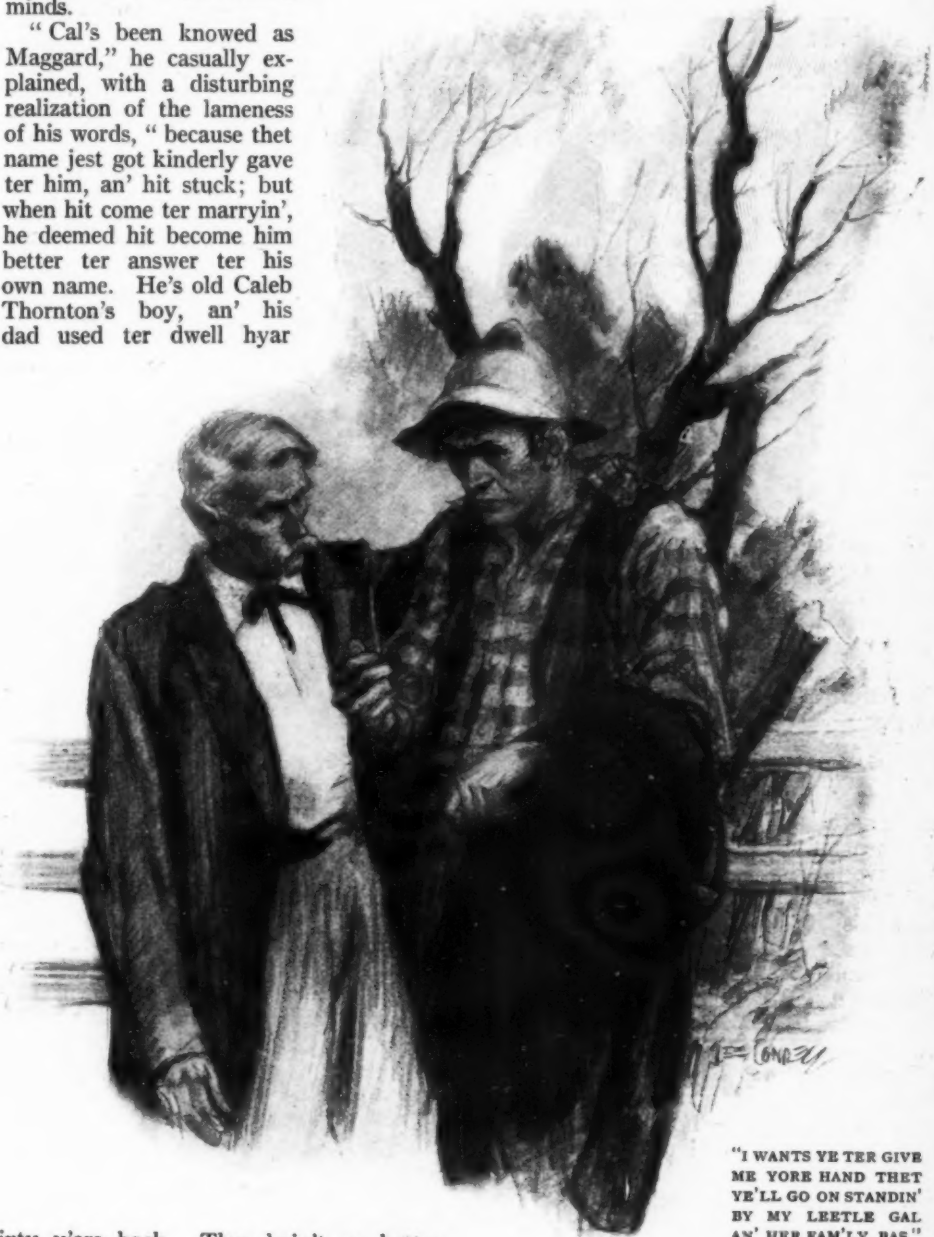
Outside, in the yard, certain young folk, who had been reared to hold dancing ungodly, were indulging in various "plays," as they called the games less frowned upon by the straight-laced. While the thoughtless rollicked, their elders gathered in small groups here and there and talked in grave undertones; and through these groups old Caleb circulated. He knew how mysterious and significant to these news-hungry folk had seemed the strange circumstance of the bridegroom's answering, in the mar-



riage service, to a name he had not previously worn; and he sought to draw, by his own strong influence, the sting of suspicion from their questioning minds.

"Cal's been knowed as Maggard," he casually explained, with a disturbing realization of the lameness of his words, "because thet name jest got kinderly gave ter him, an' hit stuck; but when hit come ter marryin', he deemed hit become him better ter answer ter his own name. He's old Caleb Thornton's boy, an' his dad used ter dwell hyar

Bas Rowlett did not remain through the day. When he was ready to leave, old Caleb followed him around the turn of the



sixty y'ars back. Thar hain't no better ner uprighter folks then hisn nowhars."

The people listened gravely, and if they failed to find their host's explanation satisfactory they gave no sign.

road to a point where they could be alone, and laid a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

"I WANTS YE TER GIVE  
ME YORE HAND THET  
YE'LL GO ON STANDIN'  
BY MY LEELE GAL  
AN' HER FAM'LY, BAS"

"Bas," he said feelingly, "I'd hate ter hev ye think I hain't a feelin' fer ye ter-day. I knows right well ye're sore-hearted, boy, an' thar hain't many men thet could hev took a bitter dose like ye've done."

Rowlett looked gloomily away.

"I hain't complainin' none, Caleb," he said.

"No. But I hain't got so long ter live, an' when Jim an' me both passes on, I fears me thar'll be stressful times ahead. I wants ye ter give me yore hand an' promise me thet ye'll go on standin' by my leetle gal an' her fam'ly, Bas; else I kain't die satisfied."

Bas Rowlett stood rigidly and tensely straight, his eyes fixed to the front, his forehead drawn into furrows. Then he thrust out his hand.

"Ye've done confided me until now," he said simply, "an' ye kin go on doin' hit. I gives ye my pledge!"

### XIII

AMONG the men who danced at that party were Sim Squires and Pete Doane. When the sun lowered toward the ridges they unhitched and mounted, Sim going one way and Pete another.

Each of the two was acting under orders that day. Such is the mad infatuation of poisoned blood, each was spreading an infection whose virus sought to stir and incite the wilder spirits toward a renewal of the war which the truce had so long held in merciful abeyance.

When old Burrell Thornton had agreed to leave those hills, few men had mourned his loss, though many had obeyed him, because his leadership was as strong and vigorous as were his vices. One man, however, had brooded over his going. Aaron Capper, a narrow-minded religious fanatic, had believed in old Burrell, and the bonds of enforced peace had galled him heavily. Three of his sons had been killed in the battle at Clayton, and he felt that any truce made before he had evened his score left him wronged and abandoned by his kinsmen.

Sim Squires, mounted on a swift pacing mare, fell in beside Aaron, his knee rubbing the knee of the grizzled wayfarer.

"Hit looks right bodaciously like es ef the war's goin' ter bust loose ergin, Aaron," he said impressively.

The other turned level eyes upon his in-

formant, and swept him up and down with a questioning and searching gaze.

"Who give ye them tidin's, son? I hain't heard nothin' an' I reckon ef the Harpers war holdin' any council they wouldn't skeercely pass me by."

"I don't reckon they would, Aaron." Sim now spoke with a flattery intended to placate ruffled pride. "The boys thet's gittin' restive air kinderly lookin' ter you ter call thet council."

"We still abides by what Caleb Harper says. We're pledged ter thet, an' we abides by our word. We Harpers hain't no truce-busters."

"So long as Caleb lives," replied Sim, "we all of us abides by what he says; but he hain't long fer this life, an' who's goin' ter take up his leadership? Some 'lows hit had ought ter be you."

Aaron laughed, but there was a grim complaisance in the tone that argued a secret receptiveness for the idea.

"'Peared like hit war give out ter us ter-day thet this hyar young stranger war designated ter heir thet job."

"Cal Maggard?" Sim Squires spat out the name contemptuously and laughed a hyena laugh of derision. "Cal Maggard? Thet woods colt from God knows whar? Him thet goes hand in glove with Bas Rowlett, an' leans on his arm ter git married? Hell!"

Aaron took refuge in studied silence, but into his eyes there had come a new and smoldering darkness. The germ had fallen to its leavening, and yeasting passions began to ferment in his thoughts.

"I'll ponder hit," he said, then added with humorless sincerity: "I'll ponder—an' pray fer God's guidin'."

As Sim talked with Aaron that afternoon, so he talked to others who were still more reckless clansmen. Pete Doane carried a like gospel of disquiet to those whose allegiance lay on the other side of the cleavage. In houses remote and widely scattered the security of the long-standing peace was being insidiously undermined, and guns were taken out furtively and oiled.

But in a deserted cabin where once two shadowy figures had met to arrange the assassination of Cal Maggard, three figures came separately on a night when the moon was dark. Having assured themselves that they had not been seen gathering there, they indulged themselves with the pallid

light of a single lantern for the conduct of their deliberations.

Bas Rowlett was the first to arrive, and he sat for a time alone, smoking his pipe with a face that was scowling, yet not altogether indicative of despair.

Soon he heard and answered the soft, whimpering call of a screech-owl. Then, at the cautious sound of a stealthy approach from the outside, he drew back into the shadow of one corner where he would be hard to see, yet where any one entering through the broken door must reveal and proclaim himself in the lantern's circle of light.

He waited with his hand on his revolver until a figure entered through the door, and he made out, under a down-turned hat-brim, the features of young Peter Doane.

"Come in, Pete, come in," he accosted. "I reckon the other feller 'll git hyar d'reckly."

The two sat smoking and talking in low tones, yet pausing constantly to listen, until again they heard the owl-note, which they recognized through the fitful chorus that went on in the black woods around them. Upon their answer, a third figure entered.

Here any outsider who was not an initiate to the mysteries of this inner shrine would have wondered to the degree of amazement, for that newcomer was an ostensible enemy of Bas Rowlett's, whom in other company he refused to recognize. Sim Squires came unhesitatingly in; and between himself and the man with whom he did not speak in public there passed a nod and glance that demonstrated complete and harmonious understanding.

When certain subsidiary affairs had been adjusted—all matters of upbuilding for Rowlett's influence and repute—Bas turned to Sim Squires.

"Sim," he said genially, "I reckon we're ready ter hear what ye've got on yore mind now." The other grinned.

"The Thorntons an' Harpers—they thet dwells furthest back in the sticks—air a doin' a heap of buzzin' an' talkin'. They're like ter bees gittin' ready ter swarm. I've done seed ter thet. When this hyar stranger gits ready ter rob the honey outen thet hive, I reckon he's goin' ter find a right brigatty an' furious lot of stingers on his hands!"

"Ye've done cautioned 'em not ter make

no move afore they gits the word, hain't ye? An' ye've done let 'em think ye plumb hates me, hain't ye?"

Again Sim grinned.

"Satan hisself would git right insulted ef anybody berated him the fashion I've cussed an' damned ye, Bas."

"All right, then. When the time comes, I reckon both Doanes and Harpers 'll be right sick of Mr. Cal Maggard, or Mr. Parish Thornton, or Mr. Whoever-the-hell-he-is!"

They talked well into the night. Peter Doane was the first to leave. After his departure, Sim Squires permitted a glint of deep anxiety to show in his narrow and shifty eyes.

"Hit's all right fer ye ter confidence Pete Doane so fur es ye sees fit, Bas," he suggested; "but ye hain't told him nuthin' erbout *me*, hes ye?"

Bas Rowlett smiled.

"I hain't no damn fool, Sim," he reassured his friend. "Thar don't nobody but jest me an' you know thet ye shot Cal Maggard; but ye war sich a damn disable feller on the job thet rightly I ought ter tell yore name ter the circuit-rider, so's he could put hit in his give-out at meetin', an' shame ye afore all mankind!"

July, which began fresh and cool, burned that year into a scorching heat, until the torrid skies bent in a blue arch of merciless drought and the ridges stood starkly stripped of their moisture. Forests were dusty and freckled, and roads gave off a choke of dust to catch the breath of travelers, as the heat waves trembled feverishly across the clear, hot distances.

Each day old Caleb Harper went out and studied the weather signs, and each day he came back shaking a gloomy head. Cal Maggard, fretting because as yet he was helpless and an encumbrance on a place where others worked, could only sit and look through the open window, gasping with the furnace-dry air that stuck in his throat.

Like a barometer of that scorched torpor, before his eyes stood the walnut-tree in the dooryard. At the beginning of the month, when he and Dorothy had stood beneath it and the neighbors had surrounded their marriage party, it had spread a little world of fresh and youthful green overhead in a canopy of abundant freshness and vigor. Its odor, like which there



"I DON'T SEE NAIRY A CLOUD," SHE OBSERVED ALOUD



is no other, had been a forest incense of pungent gratefulness.

Now it stood desolate with its leaves drooping in sunburnt inertia. The squirrel sat gloomily silent on the branches, panting under his fur, and the oriole's splendor of orange and jet had turned dusty and bedraggled. From somewhere high in the towering head-growth there sounded, all day long, the lamentations of a mourning dove; and when a breeze stirred like a breath of fever, its branches gave out only the flat hoarseness of rattling leaves.

One morning, before full daylight, old Caleb left the house to cross the low creek-bed valley and join a working-party in a new field, which was being cleared of timber. He had been away two hours when without warning the hot air became insufferably close, and the light ghost of a breeze died to a breathless stillness. The drought had lasted almost four weeks, and now at last, though the skies were still clear, the atmospheric signs seemed to augur its breaking.

Dorothy Thornton went to the door and looked anxiously out on the breathless vista of parched dryness.

"I don't see nairy a cloud," she observed aloud; "an' yit I'll nigh gorrantee hit's a comin' on ter storm."

An hour later, over the ridge came a black and lowering pall of cloud, moving slowly, and bellying out from its inky center with huge cottony masses at its margin. In the little time that she stood there watching, it spread until the high sun was obscured. The distant but incessant rumbling of thunder was a gathering together of all the growling storm voices against a muffled background of drum-beat.

"Gran'pap's goin' ter git drenched ter the skin," the girl said with a trace of anxiety.

While the inky pall spread and lowered until it held the visible world in a gray-green gloom, the stillness became more pulseless. Then, with a crashing salvo, the tempest broke, and it was as if all the belated storms of the summer had merged into one Armageddon of the elements.

The forest-tops were being tossed like grass, and a rending and splintering of timber sounded with the shriek of the tornado that swept and lashed the far-reaching spaces of the woods. The girl, buffeted and almost swept from her feet, struggled

with her weight thrown against the door, which she could scarcely close. Then the darkness thickened blottingly to night in the midst of day, and through the unnatural twilight clashed a mad chorus of roars and detonations.

Out of the window she and her husband seemed to be looking through dark waters that swirled turbidly and confusedly, yet leaped constantly into the brief and blinding glare of such blue-white lightning as hurt the eyes. The walnut-tree appeared and disappeared, waving its arms like a high priest in transports of frenzy, and singing its wind song in the mighty chorus. The old house, sturdily built as it was, trembled under the assault of the storm. When the first cyclonic sweep of wind had rushed by, the pelting of hail and rain was like the crackling sound of small-arms after the deep roar of artillery.

The girl found herself kneeling by her husband's side and spasmodically clutching his one uninjured hand.

"Gran'pap!" she gasped. "I don't see how a livin' soul kin endure—out thar!"

Under the plunging thrusts of naked lightning and the deafening reports, sight and speech were stripped to fragments, and the wild surging of the walnut branches was the one note recurrently clear. Then came a concussion as if the earth had broken like a burst fly-wheel, and a ball of white fire seemed to pass through the walls of the place. Dorothy pitched forward, stunned, to the floor. Cal felt a sudden and sickening sense of shock, which passed as instantly as it had come. He found himself electrically tingling through every nerve as the woman rose slowly and dazedly, staring about her.

"Did hit strike the house?" she asked faintly.

With the same abruptness as that with which darkness had come, the sky began to turn yellowish again, and they could see off across the road through the returning daylight.

"No," her husband said hesitantly, "hit warn't the house thet war stricken—but hit was right nigh!"

The girl followed his startled gaze, and saw that about the base of the walnut-tree lay shaggy strips of rent bark. Running down the trunk in the glaring spiral of a fresh scar two hand-breadths wide went the swath along which the bolt had plunged groundward.

For a few moments, though with a single thought between them, neither spoke. In the mind of Dorothy words from a faded page seemed to rewrite themselves:

Whilst that tree stands . . . and weathers the thunder and wind . . . the stem and branches of our family also will waxe stronge and robust, but . . . when it falls—

Cal rose slowly to his feet.

"Where be ye goin'?" the girl asked.

"I'm goin'," he said, as their eyes met in a flash of understanding, "ter seek fer yore gran'pap."

"I fears me hit's too late."

Her gaze went outward, and the man needed no explanation. She shuddered and gave a low, nervous scream as a dead squirrel fell to the ground.

"Hit's stricken, an' stricken hard," he said in an effort at consolation, "but I

reckon hit hain't dead. Lightnin' don't always kill a tree."

"Ef he's—still alive," she declared resolutely, recovering her self-control, "the danger's done passed now. Hit would kill ye ter go out in this storm, weak as ye be. Let's strive ter be patient."

Ten minutes later they heard a knock on the door. They opened it to find a man drenched with rain standing there, whose face anticipated their questions.

"Me and old Caleb," he began, "was comin' home tergether. We'd got es fur as the aidge of the woods." He paused, then forced out the words: "A limb blew down on him."

"Is he—is he—"

The girl's question got no further, and the messenger shook his head.

"He's dead," came the simple reply. "The other boys air fotchin' him in now."

*(To be continued in the November number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)*

#### UNDER THE SUN

EVERY song's an old song;  
Not a song that's sung  
But echoed in some grandam's heart  
When the world was young.

The song we made last night, dear,  
To the stars and dew—  
Never, never dream we first  
Discovered it was true!

A youth of Zoan strummed it  
On the city wall;  
A Moorish maiden hummed it  
Ere Granada's fall.

When our taut nerves quiver  
As through the city street  
Flows a brown-clad river  
To the war-drum's beat—

That song is but an echo  
Flung on dead years' foam.  
Assyrian cohorts sang it;  
The legions of old Rome

Marched to its mad music.  
Underneath the stars  
All is very old, dear—  
Love and life and wars.

Every song's an old song,  
There's not one that's new;  
Love and life and death, dear,  
Are forever true.

*Edna Valentine Trapnell*



## A Contract's a Contract

BY JACK BECHDOLT

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

**O**LD Fog-Horn Hood was happy as a clam at high tide. He again commanded the aged, unlovely, barnacle-bitten, hump-backed, rheumatic-jointed stern-wheel freighter Puget Queen, once more in the service of the Halsey Navigation and Freighting Company.

Three days ago, and for many months before that, Captain Hood had trod the little bridge of the new Princess, crack boat of the Halsey fleet, and he had been supremely unhappy. Not that the Princess was a bad craft in any way. She was new and swift and smart and freshly painted, almost as good a boat as any owned by Richmond P. Bown, head of the Sound steamboat trust and ancient enemy of

old Captain Hood and young Captain Dan Halsey.

The real trouble with the Princess was her unaccustomed smartness, which worried Fog-Horn Hood, used to long years of slouchy going. He had felt the necessity of smartening himself to match his command, and he had longed for the good old days when his suspenders looped from his belt; when his trousers threatened every moment to expose him to the blasts; when he wore carpet slippers on his feet, and could smoke his corn-cob pipe unashamed as he thrust his tousled head from the pilot-house window.

Now that the Princess had burned at her dock through no fault of his, and the

Queen had been summoned from a bone-yard berth in the East Waterway to do service again for Dan Halsey, the disreputable old skipper who loved her as loyally as he had served the Halseys, father and son, welcomed her return.

He told young Captain Dan about it.

"Take this here pilot-house, f'r instance," said Fog-Horn, speaking in his normal conversational tone, which carried from the Queen's berth at a Bellingham dock as far as the P. A. F. canneries a half-mile distant. "Take this here pilot-house—why, Danny, it's just as homey to me as the kitchen of my shack on Chuckanut Bay, with Mary Hood taking a batch of fresh-baked bread out o' the oven and the place smelling all warm and steamy. Why, I know every cockroach in this teredo-bitten, barnacle-eaten old Queen. I know every cockroach and his wife and their kids—yes, and I knew their fathers before them, 'way back to the days when the first roach come aboard. Why, boy, I've spent most o' my life on the old Queen, and I've run her ugly pug nose on to every mud-bank between Point Roberts and Shelton. She may be a floating home for retired seagoin' weevils, like you say, and she's a cross between a garbage-scow and a logging-engine besides, but Queenie and me's old friends, and I'll match her against any steamboat floating on Puget Sound to-day. I'm darned glad to have her back!"

At another time young Dan Halsey would have smiled sympathetically at this revelation of affection. He would have smiled, too, at the sight of Fog-Horn Hood, garbed as of old, pacing the square little pilot-house, his uniform trousers slipping alarmingly from his lean hips, while the looping suspenders swung free; his red flannel shirt unbuttoned about his lean, corded neck; the battered uniform cap perched at the back of his head, to allow a great shock of wild white hair to wave; the corn-cob pipe showering sparks. These things would have delighted him at another time, but to-day he had worries of his own—worries too deep to permit distraction.

"So you're glad," he said gloomily. "I'm glad somebody's glad. I'm not!"

Captain Hood's face sobered instantly. He gave Dan Halsey's boy a look eloquent of solicitous interest and sympathy. He knew that tone of old. Always the affairs of the Halsey Navigation and Freighting Company were close to some disastrous

reef, ever since young Dan Halsey had started out with the Queen to win back some of the business that Richmond P. Bown had stolen from his father. Bown was a nasty man to fight, for he had not only plenty of capital and a fleet of crack freight and passenger boats, but the additional advantage of a total lack of business conscience. To best Dan Halsey, Bown would stop only short of actual manslaughter.

Fog-Horn growled more softly.

"What's up, Danny? Ain't the insurance on the Princess all right?"

"Yes, that's straight."

"Well, you can build another. Meantime the old Queen—"

"Meantime the old Queen," Halsey interrupted, "is going to cost us the best freight contract we've got—the only one that's worth a hoot. Not having a decent modern steamboat, we're going to lose the Shell Clam Cannery business, that's all. The contract is up for renewal this week, and Bown's going to get it."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes! What's the use talking like that when I know—"

"But, Danny, ain't the Queen plenty good enough to ride canned clams on? Ain't she? When did a clam get so high and mighty he cared about what kind of boat he rode on? What's got into the clam business, anyhow?"

"Richmond P. Bown's got into the clam business, that's what."

Dan Halsey rose and stared bitterly from the pilot-house window. Fog-Horn Hood watched him anxiously. Presently Halsey went on.

"A syndicate bought out the shell concern," Halsey went on presently. "They sent out one of these college-professor managers that never saw a clam outside a can in his life to run the business, and the new man's been chumming around with Bown. That's Bown for you, the puffy old devil-fish! Getting hold of this fresh-water clam-canner and filling him full of lies about the service of the Tilikum Lines—about how modern they are, and how efficient they are, and how this and that they are! And the new man swallowed it all and asked for more. Quick as the Princess burned, he sends me word I needn't bother to bid on the new contract, since he must have a more up-to-date, dependable service than can be expected now my best



boat's gone. So we're through. I couldn't even charter this old tub for towing garbage-scows!"

For just a moment Fog-Horn Hood showed his real age. The lean, veined hand that steadied his corn-cob pipe trembled uncertainly, his lower lip drooped, and his eyes moistened a trifle. It was plain he dreaded to ask the next question, but feared more to leave it unasked.

"Danny, you mean—the old Queen's going back again—to the bone-yard?"

Dan Halsey nodded decisively.

"Got to, unless something turns up. We'll be lucky if we don't all go to the bone-yard—the way Bown's been cutting into us!"

For a long time after Dan Halsey went ashore Fog-Horn Hood remained leaning out of the pilot-house window, staring at the red-painted wall of a warehouse, which to him was not a timber wall at all, but a panorama of pictures. Some of the pictures dated as far back as fifty years, when Fog-Horn was a small boy hanging around the wood-yard up near Chuckanut, where the old-time stern-wheelers took on fuel; worshipping the supermen who smoked or spat tobacco-juice from their pilot-house windows and cursed in vocabulary strong enough to make a dog's hair curl.

There were memories, too, of his first command, and of the elder Captain Dan Halsey, who was something more than friend and little less than father to him; memories of the old Puget Queen when she was the fleetest craft on Puget Sound. One of the pretty girls who had been a frequent passenger on the Queen back in the early eighties had become Mary Hood, and often had stood beside him in this same pilot-house, her small hand beside his big brown one on the wheel. He did not forget her in his reminiscence.

It would be hard to part with the old Queen for good and all, and harder to part with active life in the pilot-house, but he saw that coming. Save for young Dan Halsey, nobody had a berth for Fog-Horn Hood, a brawling old ruffian whose past was not an unspotted book. When Dan Halsey went under, Fog-Horn would go down with him; and for once in his career of shady ingenuity he could think of no way to save young Dan and his business. He must be getting old.

A hulking Swede deck-hand ambled past the captain's window, knocking the ashes

from his pipe across the deck as he went. Fog-Horn, seeing the crime in all its detail, lacked the initiative to swear at him.

## II

ON July 12 the Queen made her last contract call at the town of Shell, at the head of that narrow, tortuous, riverlike arm of the Sound called Hootalinqua Inlet. The old freighter took on the usual allotment of canned clams, and, with a mournful last whistle, turned her back on the little town, which consisted of the big frame cannery and dock and a dozen cottages clustered along the beach near it.

On the battered deal desk in Fog-Horn's little cabin was a carbon copy of a memorandum from Captain Halsey:

### CAPTAIN HOOD:

Discontinue service for freight and passengers to Shell with the July 12 trip. Discharge freight as usual at Bellingham, then proceed to lay-up berth in East Waterway, Seattle. Officers and crew will be laid off with usual notice. Secure a watchman for the Queen. HALSEY.

Captain Dan had added a penciled note to his order:

### FOG-HORN:

Looks like bitter stuff, but directions say take it. The Councilor's taking the run in our place. May not see you till Sunday. Going to Spokane to follow up a tip I got. Good luck, old-timer!

DAN.

The little town and its big cannery were bathed in a copperlike radiance when Fog-Horn glanced his last at them. The annual forest fires, which start God knows how and yearly destroy millions of dollars in standing timber, were in full swing, and the sky was low enough to-day almost to touch the tip of the Queen's jack-staff. It was a dun-hued sky, and the horizon, moving on before the old freighter's snub nose, was scarcely three boat-lengths ahead. Eyes constantly ran tears from the irritation of the smoke, yet there was no sight of fire—only a dull brown, hot, breathless summer's day that bred in men a nervous apprehension of something worse to follow.

So thick was the air that Fog-Horn himself remained at the wheel, conning the stern-wheeler through the five miles of narrow inlet. Sometimes the meandering channel led so close to the banks that the branches of fir brushed the little boxlike pilot-house, while the abnormal dusk made sight difficult. Fog-Horn Hood cared nothing about that. Man and boy, he had

traversed this channel as he had almost every inlet and pass in the Sound's myriad meanderings, and he knew it as a man knows the road home.

When he gave up the wheel to Olson, the Queen's first officer, he chuckled grimly.

"Beginning to-morrow, this here is young Ford's run in the Councilor. I'd give ten years off o' my life to stand behind him and watch him sweat first time he runs it in this smoke!"

Olson shook his head heavily.

"Das Councilor she skal never make it," he declared. "Ford iss nice young faller, but he ain't got the guts. If das veather don't change by to-morrow, she iss so t'ick a man can't see the memory of his best girl's face, Ay bat you!"

### III

ABOUT noon of the following day the Puget Queen cleared her Bellingham dock and turned her nose southward, bound for the ignominious bone-yard berth that is the fate of such faithful old boats as survive the innumerable hazards of a career as long as hers. Every man aboard her knew where she was going, and even the most stupid and careless of them felt some slight stirring of regret and sympathy in their hearts.

Mate Olson, who was last aboard, having been up-town on an errand, brought a newspaper with him into the pilot-house.

"Hear about das Shell cannery?" he asked of Fog-Horn Hood. He had to repeat the question before the old man, wrapped in his own griefs, heard it. "Paper says das whole dam' town ban cut around by fires," Olson went on eagerly. "Vind she change during night, and town ban ringed in. Lucky they got a steamboat to get out on, huh?"

Fog-Horn carried the paper with him to his cabin, and read the brief message telephoned from the cannery town before the long-distance line went down. Forest fires in the hills had charged with the terrible

suddenness characteristic of big areas of blazing timber, and the extinction of the town of Shell seemed a certainty.

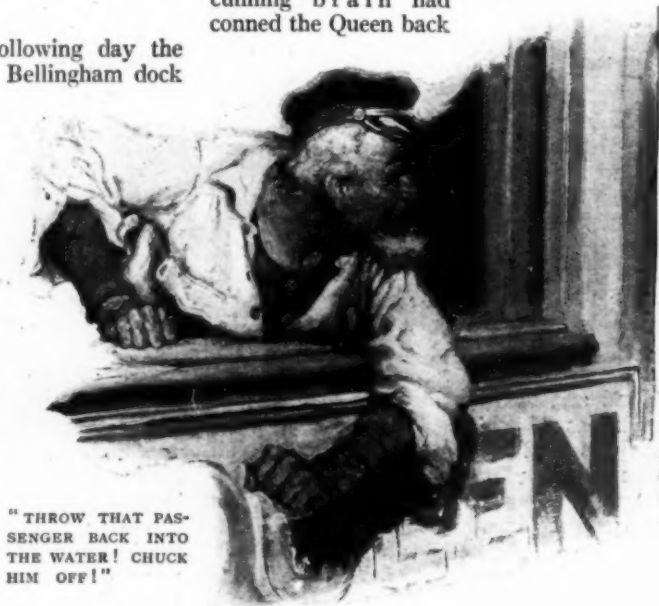
"Hunh!" Fog-Horn snorted, when he had read and digested this news. "Hunh! Where's Bown's clam contract now? Hunh! Gone up in smoke, sure's a Siwash eats fish. Everybody driven out, I bet. Serves 'em right, too. Let Ford get 'em out—he's welcome!"

Fog-Horn continued to stare at the paper, and a half-hour went by. Occasionally he repeated:

"Ford's welcome. His job now—glad it ain't mine. Hunh!"

Yet the old man was not tranquil.

Most of those long years Fog-Horn Hood had spent in serving. His strong arm and cunning brain had conned the Queen back



"THROW THAT PASSENGER BACK INTO THE WATER! CHUCK HIM OFF!"

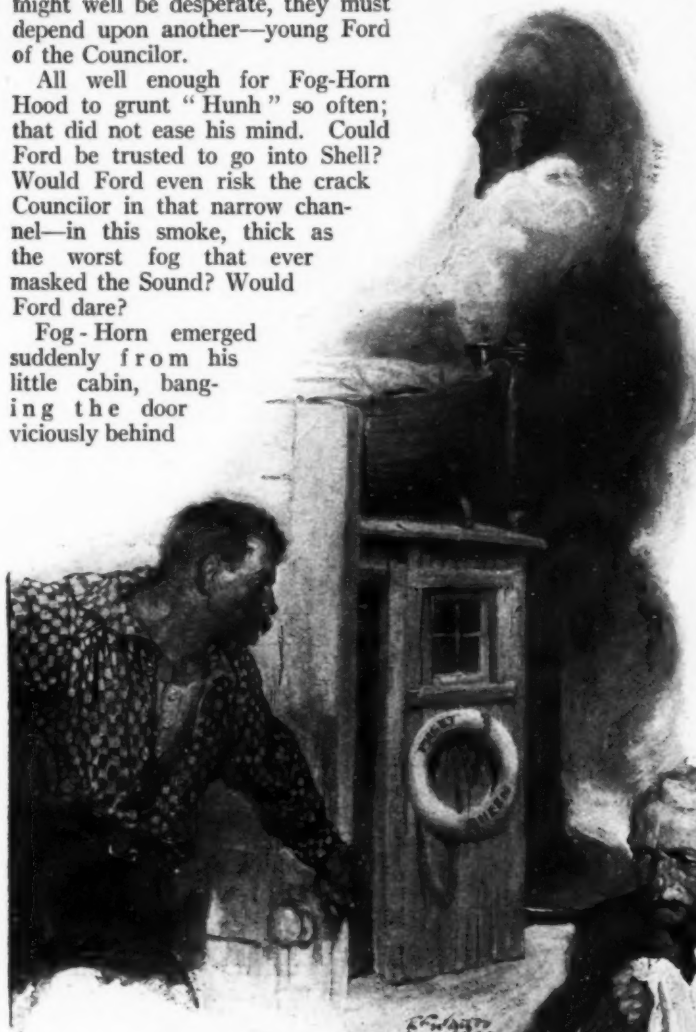
and forth on errands of service innumerable, never forgetting the least important landings, where perhaps a woman was waiting the delivery of a sewing-machine or some farmer the arrival of his new harrow. For years such places depended on Fog-Horn Hood for their freight and their passenger service; and they did not depend in vain.

From such a record comes a sense of responsibility. This little town of Shell, for instance—folks there had counted on him for a long time. In a way, they were his responsibility. To-day, when their need

might well be desperate, they must depend upon another—young Ford of the Councilor.

All well enough for Fog-Horn Hood to grunt "Hunh" so often; that did not ease his mind. Could Ford be trusted to go into Shell? Would Ford even risk the crack Councilor in that narrow channel—in this smoke, thick as the worst fog that ever masked the Sound? Would Ford dare?

Fog-Horn emerged suddenly from his little cabin, banging the door viciously behind



"CAPTAIN," THE STRANGER SAID  
SHARPLY, "I'M GOING IN TO  
SHELL WITH YOU"

him. In his carpet slippers he shuffled rapidly along the deck to the square box of a pilot-house, his suspenders streaming behind, his white hair flying. He was inside and had the wheel out of Olson's grasp before the mate realized his coming. The helm went up, and the squat, hump-backed old stern-wheeler swung in a slow circle, spreading astern a great fan of white water that bubbled and hissed and lost itself from sight in the dense pall of smoke.

Fog-Horn steadied the wheel without a

word, and Olson stood beside him without question. His wooden face showed no hint of surprise.

Rumbling thunderously, the old freighter plowed a new path into the murk, her every rheumatic joint squealing with vibrations, her decks jumping with her racking progress.

#### IV

THE Queen's bell signal sounded once and the pace of the old freighter slowed with a sigh. There was a deathly quiet about the boat and over the water—a quiet broken only by the little ripple off the boat's snub nose and the dripping of the big stern-wheel. Fog-Horn Hood had the upper half of his body hung out the pilot-house win-

dow, and the hand he kept on the wheel began edging it gently to starboard.

Olson watched beside him, his face wooden as usual, but in his crinkled eyes a little gleam of admiration for Fog-Horn's sagacity. The old man turned to him with a sudden brief nod.

"There's young Ford now," he said.

Olson had heard nothing, and no man could see anything, but he did not doubt Fog-Horn for a moment. When the Queen's whistle roared a note of inquiry, it was promptly answered by the groan of a steam siren close to starboard.

"Anchored off the point," Hood announced, after a brief interchange of whistling. He chuckled. "Lost his course, I'll bet you!"

The old freighter drifted gently alongside a high, white liner of the Great Lakes type. The larger craft loomed huge in the smoke, her tiers of decks rising high above the square and weather-beaten Queen. Richmond P. Bown's Councilor had about her a look of arrogant pride due to her size and smartness of line, her fresh paint, and the gleaming windows of her glassed-in observation deck. By comparison the Queen seemed something humble and pathetically ridiculous; but to-day the idle heads that peered down upon her looked with a new interest and respect. Particularly was this true of the smart young fellow in a spruce uniform who walked out on the Councilor's bridge so that he stood directly above Fog-Horn Hood.

Ford looked unusually worried. He began conversation at once.

"Morning, Captain Hood!"

"Lo!"

"Going into Shell?"

Fog-Horn affected to consider the question. He answered with another:

"Why, ain't you?"

"Blew a cylinder-head, captain. May be tied up for hours. I'd like to go in—it's our first trip on the new contract—ought to make it. I've got a passenger for Shell, too. I was wondering—"

"So you blew a cylinder?"

"Yes. Mighty glad you happened along, captain."

"Well, now, it is lucky, in a way, so it is." Fog-Horn Hood appeared to relish the situation. He went on to explain rather elaborately: "Y'see, I was heading down for Seattle by rights, but I got to thinkin' how thick 'twas and you bein' new to this run and everything, and I figured maybe you'd tie up."

"Oh, no! No!" Ford looked rather impatient. "Except for the engine-room trouble, of course—"

"Well, I figured you was tied up when I heard your exhaust blowing off," Fog-

Horn ambled on. "Didn't know but you might need some pointer about the channel; but of course, it bein' nothing but a cylinder-head—"

"Well, look here, Captain Hood," Ford interrupted hastily, "will you take in my passenger for me? Rather important to get him in. Mr. Bown's orders, in fact. I'd be awfully obliged."

Fog-Horn relished this situation. He went on gently now, holding his surprise for the best effect:

"If you ain't goin' in, Captain Ford, I don't know but I will. Come to think of it, I guess I'd *better*. Y'see, the town of Shell's been cut off by the fire, and likely they'll be dependin' on the Councilor to take folks out in case it gets too hot for 'em. Course, the old Queen ain't much for looks, but—"

Ford began to pace the bridge hastily. In the strange, coppery light his hot face glowed like a coal.

"I tell you I can't go!" he insisted. "I *did* blow a cylinder."

"Course, of course! Liable to happen to anybody."

"And I must ask you to transfer my passenger."

The white-haired old skipper was stung to sudden life.

"Passenger, hell!" he roared in his normal voice. "Ain't got time to monkey with Bown's passengers. There's trouble enough and passengers enough waiting for us in Shell. G'-by, cap'n! If you should happen to get around to it, you might limp in after me. Maybe you could be some use to them folks in there."

The Queen's engine signal clanked, and the jingle bell stepped close on its heels. The big wheel sighed and splashed the water astern. Rubbing the Councilor's paint with her own dirty flank, the freighter got under way.

There came a shout from the Councilor. A short, squat figure sped across her passenger deck and poised a second on the rail. Hood's harsh bellow seconded the uproar. The figure leaped across to the Queen's hurricane deck.

"Mr. Olson!" Fog-Horn shouted at the mate, whose shoulder touched his. "Throw that passenger of Bown's back into the water! Chuck him off! If he wants to get to Shell, let him swim! Now get busy!"

Olson left the pilot-house on the jump.



Fog-Horn glanced back at the blue-clad figure on the Councilor's bridge, and apostrophized it softly.

"Boy, 'tain't your engine's to blame. I'll say it's your innards. They don't stand up to a man's work. Nope, they ain't geared right." He added more gently, with a rare consideration: "And yet you can't blame him. Scared to death of their jobs all the time—that's Bown's gang. There's a young fellow—married, got a couple kids, buying him a house on Capitol Hill. If he was to stick that boat on so much as a mud-bank, he'd lose his ticket and his job. Damned if I ain't sorry for him!"

Olson reappeared at the door, rather embarrassed about something.

"Das passenger paid his fare, all right," he growled.

"Throw him off, I told you!" Fog-Horn roared back, without moving his head from the window. "You square-headed jelly-fish, have I got to do your job for you?"

"Better he skal stay now, captain."

"Mr. Olson, you hear what I'm telling you. Throw—"

"He ban steamboat man, Ay gass," Olson added mildly.

"Olson, I don't give a damn—"

"He ban haar to say a word to you, captain."

"Listen to me, you overgrown smoked herring! If you ain't man enough to do what I say—"

But here a third voice—the voice of the passenger—broke into the dialogue. The stranger had listened to Hood's remarks with a grim little smile scarcely discernible under his close-clipped mustache. He was a short, broad figure of a man in loose, comfortable clothes and a soft shirt. The skin of his face was pitted and rough, and his eyes were abnormally small and bright, gleaming sharply on either side of a big, bulbous nose. He moved with an easy briskness.

"Captain," he said sharply, "I'm going in to Shell with you. What I want to say is, you get this old tub in there and out again, and I'll make you a present of a hundred dollars and ten dollars for every man in your crew. That's all."

## V

FOG-HORN HOOD made no immediate answer. He was busy swinging the Queen around the sharp turn at the head of Hoo-

taliqua Inlet. No sooner had the freighter rounded the bluff and started into the narrow channel, than all the sky before her flared up red. The forest fire had come to the water's edge.

Hood answered the passenger with a sudden roar.

"Get to hell out of this pilot-house! Mr. Olson," he added, "roust out the hands with the fire-hose and keep her wet down. Shake a leg, now!"

Olson jumped to his work with a yell that brought his men tumbling. Fire-hose was stretched, and a stream was directed over the Queen's wooden decks and houses. There was need for the water.

The channel, dodging in close under a high bank where the soft boughs of fir-trees usually brushed the Queen in passing, was lined with a wall of fire. Edging along this furnace, the wooden stern-wheeler began to blister and smoke. Blazing brands showered upon her, and the hot blasts made men reel back in panic.

The very atmosphere seemed charged with fire. Its terrible breath scorched the lungs. Even Fog-Horn's leather-covered face reddened and blistered; yet he held it resolutely at the open window until the freighter was steadied into her close course. Then came a moment of comparatively easy going.

The white-haired captain spun on his heel and jumped at the unbidden guest who still lingered in his pilot-house. As he sprang, he roared, and the roar alone was enough to terrify a normal man.

"Outside!" he shouted.

His clenched fist landed one smart blow on the other's face before arms as strong as his own grappled him. The stranger held him tight. Both men were panting with the struggle, and both were shouting at once.

"Listen! Listen to me!" the stranger shouted.

Fog-Horn's bellowed rage drowned him out. This for a few seconds, perhaps half a moment; the fire outside lighting the locked and struggling pair with a demoniac brightness.

Then two things happened in a flash. The stranger snatched one apprehensive look across his shoulder through the open window, and in almost the same breath Fog-Horn Hood, who was the match of men half his age and twice his weight, was thrown reeling toward the corner.

Almost instantly there came a staggering crashing of timbers. Half of the square box that the Queen called a pilot-house flew into splinters, dust, and smoke.

A huge tree limb on the rocky bank alongside had burned through and, dropping, made matchwood of the little structure. The stranger's quick glance had saved Fog-Horn from death, but the old man's head struck a sharp molding as he went down, and he lay for a moment, half-stunned and bleeding.

Fog-Horn was stunned as much by surprise as by his hurt. He raised himself slowly, and what he saw left him more stupid than ever with amazement.

The amazing passenger had taken the Queen's wheel, and was handling the old tub deftly, his glance intent on the course. For five minutes this went on, and in the ragged ruin of the little pilot-house there was a deathly silence.

Then the staring captain of the Queen saw something even more startling. Close by the window was a little rack where he lined up his favorite pipes. Under that rack was a little box against the wall, holding a brand of tobacco which Fog-Horn Hood had smoked since his first pipeful brought swift juvenile regrets. The

tamped it—all this without a glance at what the hand was doing. With the same ease the groping hand found a match and lighted the pipe. Then he



CHOWDER BILL GORDON SMOTE  
HIM ONCE, FAIR ON THE BOWS,  
AND HE WENT DOWN LIKE A SHOT

squat man who handled the Queen so surely kept his glance ahead, but one hand groped with accustomed ease toward the pipe-rack, selected a pipe, dipped it in the tobacco-box and

managed a brief look at the fallen captain, and grinned.

"Fog-Horn, ain't you ever going to learn to smoke *tobacco*?" he complained. "This Yellow Dog's strong enough to kill a towboat captain!"

Only a second more did Fog-Horn gape. Then he was on his feet with a shout.

"Chowder Bill! By all that's holy, if it ain't Chowder Bill Gordon!"

"The same," said the stranger, as their hands met in a terrific squeeze. "And if you wasn't a doddering, half-witted seventh son of the seventh son of a quarter-wit, you'd have known it five minutes ago. A hell of a way you treat an old tilikum!"

"A second more, and I'd have throwed you into the drink," Hood declared with rare assurance.

"Yes, you would! You ain't the man to do it, Fog-Horn Hood."

They grinned some more. Fog-Horn continued to marvel.

"Bill Gordon! Why, I ain't seen you in thirty years, since we was young fellows together, handling the old Queen watch and watch; borrowing each other's money to get drunk on; borrowing each other's dress-up pants to go see our girls. You sin-steeped old reprobate, where you been?"

Gordon ignored the question.

"Fog-Horn," he demanded soberly, "think you get the old Queen into Shell?"

"I know I can, Bill."

"In this smoke? You can't see a foot ahead. And if this channel's what she used to be—"

"She is," Hood assured him. "She sure is, with a few new twists added on; but I can do it, see or no see. I got a nose, ain't I? Well!"



"A nose?"  
Gordon repeated, puzzled.

"I said nose,

Bill. That's a clam-cannery in there at Shell. Any man that can't smell a clam-cannery from five miles off had better have his nose attended to. What do I need to see?"

"Well," said Gordon abruptly, "you get your rotten old tub into Shell, and you've got your day's work cut out for you. Talk later. I'm needed outside."

There was plenty to do, outside and in. A half-dozen fires were smoldering along

the Queen's decks. There was a raffle of broken wood and smoldering embers where the pilot-house roof had broken in. The freighter, clear again of the high bank, was in mid channel, shut in by the all-enveloping clouds of smoke, soft and thick as wool on the back of a sheep; noxious with gases that blinded the eyes and etched into the lungs; blotting out all light from the mid-day sky.

There was plenty for Fog-Horn Hood to do, and plenty for his old tilikum, Chowder Bill Gordon. The two men did not even see each other again until the Queen had got a rope on the little dock at Shell; and there they found plenty more to do.

## VI

THINGS were pretty badly off with the town of Shell—about as badly as they could be. Most of the permanent cottages along the beach were ablaze, and the tents where transient helpers camped during the busy season had disappeared. The cannery roof was blazing brightly as the Queen poked her nose through the smoke.

At the end of the long wooden dock was an anxious crowd of people, perhaps seventy-five in all, more than half of them women. There was no frantic cheer raised when the dirty, blistered freighter swung alongside the dolphins, but there were any number of hands eager to take her bow and stern lines, and anxious faces brightened at her arrival.

Fog-Horn Hood speedily sized up the situation as he drifted his boat against the dock. To Olson and Chowder Bill he gave his directions.

"Get a plank out, Olson, and look smart, but keep your eye peeled for a rush. There's some Japs and half-breeds in that gang who look excited. Remember, the women come first. Bill, you old son of a gun, see if you can use that heavy fist of yours for some good purpose if they try to rush us."

The two lieutenants hurried to their tasks, and Hood stepped on deck. He raised his fog-horn bellow, and the crowd below listened.

"Room for everybody!" said Fog-Horn. "Plenty of room and lots of time! Remember your manners, boys, and let the ladies come first. The first cock-eyed son of sin that forgets he's a gent I'm going to scramble up something fierce! Get that?"

As the Queen drifted to rest, the crowd

followed beside her, a shuffling, quiet throng with scared eyes.

The tide was low, so that the Queen's freight-deck was a good five feet below the dock floor, while her upper deck was high enough above to be out of easy reach; and the housing made climbing almost out of the question. Until a gangplank was laid there was no easy way to get aboard.

Olson and Chowder Bill leaped to the dock and waited the coming of the gangplank from the freight-deck. The dock had an inclined apron in order to reach the lower deck of the freight-boats, and the two men ranged themselves at the head of the narrow passage to ward back any man who tried to rush the boat.

The refugees crowded slowly about them and waited. The plank bumped into place and was made fast. From above, Fog-Horn bellowed:

"All right, Bill! Remember, ladies first!"

The clam-canners crowded and shoved a little to make a lane for their women. A girl stepped forward, behind her came other women. They were smiling a little self-consciously, some of them giggling, and some joking shrilly with the men.

Suddenly a swift commotion shook the little mob. There was a brief struggle, and angry shouts arose. The women hesitated, and through the press burst a fat man, very important and red of face. He popped out of the congested canners and thrust himself past the hesitating women. He looked a little scared, a little hurried, very important, and altogether bent on carrying out his own affairs, which were based on the principle of safety first.

He raised one hand and waved it at Chowder Bill, saying something sharp and authoritative. Nobody heard what he said, and he never completed the sentence, for Chowder Bill Gordon smote him once, fair on the bows, and he went down like a shot.

As the fat man sank, a wild yell of joy rose from Fog-Horn Hood. It was echoed by a murmur from the canners.

"Mr. Olson!" Fog-Horn bellowed. "Mr. Olson! Throw that fat yellow dog off the dock—you hear me? Don't nobody move till he's done it! You hear me, Olson?"

Olson heard, and he seemed to relish the task. There were plenty of men ready to help him as the fat man was righted and hustled up the runway and across the

planking to the dock's edge. There followed a brief pause, a tussle, and a tremendous splash.

"Yowee!" Hood's roar echoed the splash. "Now, girls," he added quickly, "step along, step along! Got the old Queen all swept up to welcome you. Dancin' in the ladies' parlor, day and night—string orchestra in the main dinin'-saloon—prizes for handsomest lady and gent, and bokays for everybody. Step along, girls!"

The canners filed slowly onto the Queen, and as they came the white-haired old reprobate who commanded the craft kept up his bellowing nonsense until every face was agrin. Fog-Horn Hood seemed almost to have lost his wits. There was something unholy in his glee. He shouted, he sang, and he capered. An undignified kick sent one of his carpet slippers flying.

Nobody, apparently, had given any heed to the unfortunate fat man; but as the tail end of the procession went down the plank he was seen hurrying up the smoking dock, accompanied by one other man—the canner superintendent. Evidently he had either swum ashore or been fished out. He came fast, dripping and sputtering and waving his arms.

Fog-Horn welcomed his advent with a final delighted yell, and then whirled about to throw his arms around Chowder Bill Gordon. He danced Chowder Bill down the deck, yelling, until they fetched up against what remained of the pilot-house.

"Bill!" Fog-Horn gasped. "Bill, you old cockroach, listen! Know who that was you soaked, Bill? Say, got any idee who that was, Bill?"

"Get your dirty hands off me," Bill growled. "Leave me be, Fog-Horn. No, I don't know who that was, and I don't give a damn. The skunk—"

"Skunk! Bill, it's insulting the skunk family to call him that! Why, Bill, that's Bown—Richmond P. Bown himself—the dirtiest, low-downest, orneriest—"

"Bown! Head of the Tilikum Lines?"

"That's him! That's Bown, head of the Tilikum Lines, boss of all the freighting and passenger business on Puget Sound! That's Bown! Oh, Bill, Bill, I got to kiss you!"

"Lay off before I bust you wide open, you crazy old fool! Lay off o' me! Get your old tub out of here, and tell me something about this man Bown."

Fog-Horn obeyed, grinning widely.



When the Queen was past the menace of the fire, and he had time to be collected, he told Chowder Bill about Richmond P. Bown—how Bown had fought young Dan Halsey by every crooked trick he knew; how Bown had cut off Halsey's credits with the banks; how Bown had managed to get into his fat white hands control of all the steamboat business. All this Fog-Horn told his old friend with detail and elaboration. Finally he wound up:

"And that was Bown—Bown acting natural, like you'd expect him to in a pinch, shoving in ahead of everybody, tryin' to save his own dirty hide. That was him, though how he come to be in Shell is what gets me. That's the miracle!"

"I know that," said Chowder Bill unexpectedly.

"You do?"

"Yes. He came there from Hootalinqua by auto last night—ahead of the fire, I reckon. He came to meet me."

Hood stared at his friend for a long time. Slowly the grin faded from his face. The longer he looked, the more sober became his expression. He remembered now that this was the passenger Ford had asked him to carry into Shell. So Chowder Bill had dealings with Bown!

It had been years since he had seen Bill Gordon—a good half of a lifetime. In that first excitement it was very simple to slip back into their old ways; to take Chowder Bill at the old valuation; to claim him as a tilikum. Now he began to wonder.

Something of Fog-Horn's thoughts Bill must have guessed. He smiled beneath his mustache and repeated finally:

"Yes, Bown came to see me—"

He got no further, for Bown himself appeared just then in the ruin of the pilot-house. He had managed to dry and clean himself fairly well. He had regained most of his importance and normal suavity, but his little eyes gleamed with spite.

"Captain Hood!" he called sharply. "Captain Hood, I want to notify you that the Halsey Company and you personally will answer for murderous assault against me. You shall pay for this—you and that ruffian who struck me, and the ruffians who endangered my life! You're going to pay, all of you, and pay very dearly!"

"Are we?" Chowder Bill asked softly. "As one of the ruffians—as the principal one, in fact—I'm interested in that, Bown."

Bown wheeled on the questioner, his face reddening.

"Yes, and you, you'll answer for your blow," he wheezed. "You rough-neck, you murderer! I don't know your name, but I'll find it out. I'll have the information before to-night, and—"

"Don't wait until to-night. Get it now," said Chowder Bill. "Here's my name, in case you forget it."

He brought forth a wallet and handed Bown a card. The head of the Tilikum Lines and boss of Puget Sound shipping did a curious thing. He glanced at the card in his hand, and his face faded to a pasty yellow. He tried to say something, but choked on the words. Then he tossed his arms wildly, spun on his heel, and left the pilot-house almost at a run.

Chowder Bill chuckled with huge enjoyment. Fog-Horn Hood watched him with open mouth. Finally Fog-Horn managed to ask shakily:

"Bill Gordon, for the love of old times tell me what's the answer to that."

Gordon grinned widely.

"Simplest thing in the world, Fog-Horn. I gave him my name, that's all—just gave him my card."

"But—but, Bill! Bill, listen—"

"Fog-Horn," said Chowder Bill, "remember we haven't seen each other in a long time. I been in the East most of thirty years—in business. Part of my business, recently, has been reorganizing a cannery syndicate, and I'm the boss of the whole show. I'm the head of the Shell cannery, and that's what got Bown's goat."

Fog-Horn turned on his old friend with a growl.

"So you're the low-down pup that wouldn't let Dan Halsey have a chance to keep the only contract he could make any money out of! You're the skunk that's sending the old Queen to the bone-yard, and leaving me stranded out of a berth! You're—"

"No," said Gordon firmly, "I'm not. It was my superintendent made that contract. I've got to live up to it now. The United Cannery don't break contracts, Fog-Horn. It's not good business."

"No!" Fog-Horn echoed bitterly. "Nothing's good business that takes account of old friends and faithful service—not any more it ain't; but when you and I were young fellows, Chowder Bill—"

"Hold on!" said Gordon quickly. "Lay

off there! Let me tell you something you don't know and Bown does know. It isn't the Shell contract that's worrying Bown. He's got that, and he can keep it. A contract's a contract, and I don't go back on my word or the word of men I hire to do my business. No! The reason Bown was so anxious to meet me was because Bown got a tip that we are going to build six canneries on the Sound—six canneries with a fine, fat hauling business for some lucky bidder. That's why Bown wanted to see me when he heard I was coming West. Now Bown knows he hasn't got a Chinaman's chance."

Gordon's smile was grim. He added more amiably:

"And look here, Fog-Horn, if young Dan Halsey assays anywheres near as high as you and the old Queen, why, we're going to get together on that new hauling business inside another day—that's what! A contract's a contract, Fog-Horn, and I don't bust 'em, but old tilikums like you are something different. You put that in your old corn-cob, and meanwhile give me another fill of that stinking Yellow Dog you think's fit for a man to smoke!"

Chowder Bill deftly filled one of Fog-Horn's pipes from the little box beside the wheel and lighted it. For a long time both men smoked in silence, and, looking at each other, grinned widely. They had no further need for talk.

## The Pippin Passes

BY ELMER BROWN MASON

Illustrated by A. L. Bairnsfather

THE statement has been made in print that if you stand long enough on a certain corner in London, you will see every one you have ever known pass by. The same has been said of a famous restaurant in Paris and of a street in Cairo, and it holds equally good for the four corners of Forty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue, New York.

On the same principle, the court of St. James's will, sooner or later, see all those high in diplomatic circles; Sing Sing will receive the cream of the criminal fraternity; and that stretch of Broadway between Times Square and Forty-Sixth Street will exhibit the stars of the screen as well as the lesser satellites of the motion-picture industry.

A mother and daughter paused on the corner of Forty-Fourth Street and Broadway. The mother was large and richly dressed—overdressed. The daughter was small and pretty, and wore her hair in the twin-curl arrangement made famous by Mary Pickford. The unsophisticated male would have characterized her as "a lovely child." The sophisticated stroller of the

Rialto would have called her a "chicken," and let it go at that.

"I declare, mommer," said the girl crossly, "you just *creak*! I don't see why you can't wear clothes that make less noise when you walk."

"That 'll do, Bessie," retorted her parent. "I dress that way for your benefit, not my pleasure. You know perfectly well that a mother has to look prosperous when her daughter is on the screen."

"I *wish* you wouldn't call me Bessie!" continued the daughter, in tones of petulance. "It sounds just like a little country girl. Why can't you call me Tiny, the way every one else does? It's—it's more in character."

The older woman sighed rustlingly.

"I s'pose it is," she acknowledged; "but it isn't a Christian name. There are times, Bessie—I mean Tiny—when I just wish I was back in Tomkinsville attending to my church duties, while you were librarian, and universally respected, as well as the prettiest girl in town. Of course, the money is splendid, but where is it all leading to, say I? Now, in Tomkinsville—"

"For Heaven's sake, mommer, have you

gone crazy?" retorted the girl angrily. "Would you want me to be a hick all my life, instead of a star whose next contract ought to be a thousand a week? I just hate the idea of that horrid little town! There isn't the slightest sign of class there, there isn't. And, talking of class, here comes Willie De Goyler, mommer! You remember he starred in 'The Lounge Lizard.'"

"They say his contract was seven hundred a week," said Mrs. Roberts in a swift aside. "How do you do, Mr. De Goyler? How well you are looking!"

"Cheerio, what's the good word?" retorted the much-too-handsome young man. "Been looking for you everywhere, Tiny! Mrs. Roberts, you are more Juno like than ever."

"Well, here I am, beau-tiful man," answered Tiny, raising her innocent, child-like eyes to his. "I know you haven't thought of poor little me once since I saw you in California, though."

"Haven't I?" he retorted indignantly. "By Jove, you know, I haven't thought of much else. Where are you putting up? May I come to see you this evening?"

"We're staying at the Stilwell," Mrs. Roberts answered for her daughter, "and we'd be pleased to have you come and see us, Mr. De Goyler."

"To-night, then," the young man said eagerly. "Must hurry along now. Have a date with old Switzig—Switzig World Films, y' know. Wants me to do a picture for him."

"He's a nice, polite young man, and so handsome," declared Mrs. Roberts, when the overpudritudinous De Goyler had passed on. "Switzig doesn't pay any of his people less than a thousand a week, Tiny."

"What if he doesn't?" snapped the girl. "My new contract should call for that, though I suppose it will only be six hundred. Course, he's good-looking, but so are the men in the collar advertisements."

"That isn't at all a nice thing to say," reproved her mother. "He's a perfect gentleman, and you know he admires you awfully. And he's moral, too; hasn't been married but once, and then his wife died. You know yourself, Bessie—I mean Tiny—that that is very unusual in the profession. And him so good-looking!"

"He hasn't got a brain," said Tiny.

"He earned seven hundred a week on

his last contract," indignantly objected Mrs. Roberts. "I guess he has to have brains to do that."

"You marry him, then, if you admire him so much," suggested her amiable daughter. "I won't, if that's what you are driving at."

"That will do, Bessie," sternly reproved the older woman.

But Bessie—or, rather, Tiny—did not hear. She had rushed forward, and was vigorously shaking hands with an undeniably plain young man who was gazing down at her with a mixture of surprise and delight.

"Of all things, Ed Wing!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing in New York?"

"They wear shoes here, even if they are wild," answered the young man; "and the factory sent me from Tomkinsville to sell them some. What luck to meet you, Bessie! You are prettier than ever, I'll tell the world—and the world's aunt and cousins. You're going to let me come and see you, too, aren't you? It's over a year since you turned me down for the 'steenth time because of your capital A art."

"We're staying at the Stilwell," volunteered the girl. "Do come and see me! Come and take me for a walk to-morrow morning."

"Do you think it wise to go out in the morning?" interrupted Mrs. Roberts.

"You didn't see me, did you, Ed?"

"Howdy-do?" The young man extended his hand. "I really didn't see you, Mrs. Roberts; I was so surprised at meeting Bessie. Please—er—that is, please excuse me."

"Don't mention it," said the older woman stiffly. "I don't approve of Tiny going for walks, though. She is resting while her next contract is being drawn. It should be for a thousand dollars a week, you know."

"No, I didn't know," answered Ed Wing, his face falling. "Gee, Bessie, you're making a lot more than I do!"

"It's just luck," said the girl, and then went on quickly: "I'm crazy to hear all about Tomkinsville. Did Mary Williams marry that man from Pittsburgh? How are Tom and Florence Brown getting on?"

"Yes, she married him. I was best man. Florence has a baby. Preacher Whittaker baptized it Saturday—"

"I thought Dr. Whittaker had been

called to Belltown," interrupted Mrs. Roberts, interested in spite of herself.

"No, he turned 'em down," Ed Wing informed her. "I'll tell you all about the old burg to-morrow. Must hurry on, now, and sell some shoes to earn my salary—though it certainly isn't a thousand dollars a week," he added with a sigh.

"How funny to meet Ed Wing, of all people!" said Tiny, as mother and daughter continued up Broadway. "I used to think heaps of him, once—before I got on the screen. He's a dear boy."

"You can't compare him with Willie De Goyler," retorted her mother indignantly. "You just can't!"

"I'd like to know why not?"

"Why, take his manners, for instance. He never even saw *me*. Mr. De Goyler spoke to me at once—even paid me a compliment—and I could see that he noticed my clothes."

"I don't see that he paid your clothes any compliment," Tiny answered acidly. "All the pictures of Juno I've ever seen show her without any clothes at all."

"Bessie!" exclaimed her mother in horrified tones. "Bessie! For shame! And to your own mother!"

## II

THE Robertses hurried home to meet the four-o'clock mail. The habit of meeting the mails had been growing on them during the last few weeks, since Tiny's expected contract was overdue from California.

"Well, it isn't here," the girl stated petulantly, after she had run through the half-dozen envelopes. "I declare, mommer, if I didn't have such a pull with Winner Films, I'd take an engagement with some other company."

"And you'd do quite right," promptly agreed her parent. "They have no business to keep you waiting this way. I think you overdo your feeling of loyalty to them, Tiny. After all, they profit from you. 'The Power of Innocence' is one of the sweetest pictures that has ever been screened."

"Perhaps so," agreed Tiny. "I know my public likes me. There aren't so many stars up to the sort of things I do."

"Well," said Mrs. Roberts with finality, "I'm going to see some of the big producers myself. There's one thing I'd just love, Bessie, and that's to have you with the Switzig people. Furthermore, I know what you could do for them, and I'd like to tell them so. It would be just perfect if Louis Carroll's 'Sylvie and Bruno' was written into a picture for children. You could do *Sylvie*, and Willie De Goyler



would make a lovely *Bruno*, since he's smaller than you."

"I certainly could do that type," answered Tiny. "It would be a good picture. Especially if they'd put a ballroom scene at the end," she added reflectively.

"Cheerio!" greeted Willie De Goyler. "You look like your daughter's sister, Mrs. Roberts." He carefully ensconced his small, dinner-coat-clad person in the most comfortable chair in the room. "I've had an awful day, Tiny, with those money-mad producers!"

"Poor beau-tiful man!" said the girl. "Has he been all worried up by troubles?"

"Deed I have," the young man responded. "I went in to see Switzig himself, and he said he liked my work in 'The Lounge Lizard,' and asked me if I would consider a connection with Switzig World





"I DRESS FOR YOUR BENEFIT, NOT MY PLEASURE," RETORTED HER PARENT. "A MOTHER HAS TO LOOK PROSPEROUS WHEN HER DAUGHTER IS ON THE SCREEN"

Films at eight hundred a week. Of course, I held out for a thousand, and he finally agreed to it. Then I asked him what he was going to star me in, and he told me I was to work with Lilian Lemoine. Lilian Lemoine, mind you!"

"She gets two thousand a week, doesn't she?" queried Tiny.

"It isn't that," said De Goyler hurried-

ly. "I don't count money in connection with my art; but I'd be absolutely lost with her. She's always playing into the camera, grabs all the situations, and insists on innumerable close-ups. Besides, she's such a big woman that the contrast between us would be too ridiculous."

"What did you do?" demanded Mrs. Roberts with avid curiosity.

"I told him I wouldn't consent to appear with Lilian Lemoine under any circumstances. Of course, he was awfully disappointed; asked me to come in next week, and said he'd see if he didn't have something else worthy of me."

"I'm sure he'll have something for you," soothed Mrs. Roberts. "There are so few really good-looking men on the screen—so few that aren't the big, brutal type. And after your success in 'The Lounge Lizard'—"

"It's on at the Capitol this week," the young man said eagerly. "Would you care to go and see it?"

"I have some letters to write, but perhaps Tiny—"

"I'd love to see the beau-tiful mans in lounge lizardses," Tiny caught her cue.

Mrs. Roberts, that expression of tender approval on her face common to all parents when an eligible and favored suitor is concerned, was waiting up for her daughter when Tiny returned at eleven o'clock.

"Did you have a nice time?" she greeted the girl.

"Yes. We went to supper afterward. Oh, mommer, it's just surprising how popular small, good-looking men are on the screen! You could feel that every woman in the audience thought Willie De Goyler perfectly beautiful. They nearly went crazy when he flicked his glove in the German spy's face, and when he knocked down the coal-heaver."

The older woman nodded her approval.

"You'd suppose," her daughter continued, "that that type of man would fall in love with a large woman—law of opposites. I'm afraid he's going to give me trouble, though, mommer."

"My darling little girl!" ejaculated her parent. "Tell me all about it."

"Well, he told me that no one understood him, and that he was lonely. What was the use of making a lot of money, he said, when he had no one to spend it on, no home to go where some one would be waiting for him to hear what had happened at the studio, and to comfort him when things went wrong? You know what that kind of talk means, mommer."

"Yes, I do," agreed Mrs. Roberts; "and I think you ought to be pleased to death. I've always said that an artist should marry an artist. You owe it to your career to accept him, Bessie. I know he isn't a

church-goer, but so few people on the screen are. He'd help you with your work enormously."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Tiny doubtfully. "Somehow he doesn't seem interested in what I have done. He has a kind of 'woman's place is the home' attitude."

"All men have," explained Mrs. Roberts wisely; "or they think they ought to have, so they pretend to. It doesn't mean anything, daughter."

"I'm not a bit in love with him."

"He'd make a good, kind husband, and he's getting a large salary."

"Yes, he is," concluded Tiny. "I asked him to dine with us to-morrow, mommer."

"I think I'll wear my gray silk," said Mrs. Roberts meditatively.

### III

ED WING, being a normal male unversed in feminine psychology, arrived at the Stillwell at nine o'clock the next morning. Of course, this was much too early to call on a star, or even a near-star, of the screen, and Tiny had to hurry into her outdoor garments under a rapid fire of disapproval from her mother. When she came downstairs it was only natural that the first thing she noticed was that her admirer's necktie was most unbecoming. She greeted him kindly, however, and they started south on Fifth Avenue.

"I saw you in 'The Power of Innocence' in Tomkinsville," he began. "Gee, but you were sweet, Bessie!"

"Did you really like it?" she queried. "It was such a simple little thing, Ed."

"I liked it, but it made my heart ache, too. I just hated to have every one looking at you like I was."

"You selfish thing!" she reproved him.

"Why should you deny others pleasure?"

"Sure I'm selfish," he agreed cheerfully. "I happen to be in love with you, and I want you all for myself. I wouldn't be human if I didn't."

"How are you getting on, Ed?" she asked, switching away from danger. "When I left Tomkinsville everybody said you were doing splendidly."

"Change the subject, if you wish," he agreed good-humoredly. "I'll change anything but my affections. Yes, I'm doing fine—get the largest salary of any shoe-salesman in the business. It isn't a thousand dollars a week, though."

"Money isn't everything," parried Bessie.

"Just what I say," the young man stutted in his eagerness. "Why should a girl want a lot of money? Wouldn't you be happier with a man who adored you, and where you would not be bothered by professional jealousies and things?"

"How absurd!" objected Bessie. "When one gets to the top of the profession, one isn't bothered by jealousies; they are beneath one. You don't understand, Ed. I owe a duty to my public. It makes scores, hundreds of people happy to see me on the screen. I must sacrifice my own feelings to please them."

"Then you would rather be married?"

"I haven't said that," she objected. "Oh, I see it's no use trying to make you understand!"

"No, it isn't," he agreed. Then, with the stubbornness of a small boy, he went on: "I love you, and I don't want any one else to even see you. I'd like to shut you up in a satin-lined box and just keep you all to myself!"

"What a horrid life!" she laughed. "Just think how happy I am, and what good I do in the world! Why, literally thousands of men adore me."

"Damn!" said Ed fervently.

They had reached Washington Square, and they drifted to a bench beneath the trees. A young Italian woman, a baby in her lap, sat at the far end of their seat. Children played on the walks, lovers strolled by, arm in arm, oblivious of the busy world about them. There was rather a long silence. Bessie broke it.

"Did Louise Brooks ever marry?"

"No," said Ed shortly.

"She'd be just the wife for you," continued the girl reflectively. "She's pretty, even if she is a little cross-eyed."

Now there is nothing on God's green earth that so exasperates a man as to have the girl he is making love to suggest another mate for him. Ed Wing drew a long breath, and when he spoke there was masculine dominance in his tone.

"Look here, Bessie, why don't you shake all this cheap tinsel life and marry me? I can give you a good home, even a car, and you know I love you better than any other man ever could."

"Cheap tinsel!" repeated the girl angrily. "Cheap! Why, I'm making more than you are, Ed Wing; you just said so."

"What of it?" he objected stubbornly. "You'd be much happier married. No one loves you as much as I do."

"Don't be so sure about that," she warned him. "There's a rather famous actor—mommer wants me to marry in the profession, anyway."

"An actor! Some lounge lizard who'd make you work for him, and would run around after other women."

"Not much he wouldn't!" objected Bessie with spirit. "I'd like to see him, just once!"

"Bessie darling," the man interrupted her, "we aren't getting anywhere. Come on and marry me! Please, Bessie!"

"I can't, Ed, I just can't," she answered him. "I have my work."

"Is it that *actor*?" He stressed the word as if speaking of some reptile.

"Not exactly. Oh, Ed, don't ask me to marry you! Let's just be friends. I want to hear all about Tomkinsville, not to be made love to. My contract may come any day, now, and then I won't see you again for a long time."

"I've been going around to see some of the producers," Mrs. Roberts greeted her daughter crossly, "while you've been wasting your morning with that country boy. What you see in him I can't understand!"

"Ed is a nice fellow, and very fond of me," the girl defended her absent lover. "We talked about Tomkinsville all morning. The town must have changed a lot. Church people are going to dances, now. Louise Brooks isn't married."

"I declare," interrupted her mother, "the world certainly is getting wickeder every year! I never thought that Dr. Whittaker would countenance dances."

"He does, though—moving pictures, too."

"Oh, well, I suppose it had to come," the older woman acknowledged pessimistically. "I've had a horrid morning, Tiny. To begin with, I had to wait nearly an hour at Zugg Pictures. The place was simply full of old ladies waiting to try and get their daughters an engagement—I do hate amateurs! Mr. Zugg was very nice to me, and asked to be remembered to you, but he didn't even hint at having you work for him. The Steinfeldt people told me that they were full up without my saying anything about an engagement. I guess I put a flea in their ear! Told them I wasn't

looking for anything for you; didn't have to; just came in to pay a social call. They were politer then. I didn't go to see old Switzig. Mr. De Goyler will get you in there, if we decide to work for him."

"It's a shame you ran around and got all tired out, mommer," the girl said with ready sympathy. "I do wish that contract would come, though! It's getting on my nerves. I dropped

enclosed. The motion-picture star proved himself a person of taste. His offering to Mrs. Roberts was orchids; to Tiny, daisies. Shortly afterward he appeared, immaculately garbed as usual, to be received with shy pensiveness by the girl, effusively by her mother.



AL B. S. ILLUSTRATION

"THERE AIN'T NO MORE CUTIES  
LIKE YOU IN THE PICTURE BUSINESS  
NO MORE. THEY HAVE WENT OUT  
—LIKE VAMPS"

them a note last week, too, saying I wasn't sure of my address for the next month, and would like to hear from them."

"Well, patience is having its perfect work with us," sighed her mother, relapsing into a Tomkinsville colloquialism.

#### IV

Two separate boxes of flowers arrived just before dinner with De Goyler's card

"I don't see where screen art is coming to," began the young man, as soon as they were seated in the dining-room. "Old Switzig sent for me again to-day, and made me another proposition—twelve hundred a week. He wants me to do a society play with Mae Rose."

"How splendid!" enthusiastically interrupted Mrs. Roberts. "You were born for society!"



"That may be." De Goyler acknowledged the compliment with a graceful wave of his carefully manicured hand. "But with Mae Rose! Why, that woman has the most dominant personality on the screen, and she is so tall. I'd be completely eclipsed!"

"How foolish this fad for big women is, for it's nothing but a fad," soothed Mrs. Roberts. "Every one knows that it is the little woman, the pure, girlish type, that appeals to the public."

"Nobody loves poor little me no more," interjected Tiny plaintively.

"The trouble with all women," the man continued, "is that they must always be stars. They can't learn to play a subordinate part. It's against all traditions of—er—humanity that women should stand out above men; it's—unartistic!"

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Roberts. "Man is woman's natural protector—that's Scripture—and I think the only woman a man should play with on the screen is his wife. It's awfully sweet to think of two young people working that way together. I know it would appeal to the public, too. You've read that book 'Sylvie and Bruno,' haven't you? Well, wouldn't it be a lovely children's picture for—"

A glance of concentrated fury and anguish from her daughter silenced her.

"No, I don't get much time to read books," De Goyler answered. "I agree with you about the absurdity of big women on the screen—mere dummies to hang clothes on. I'm not quite of your way of thinking about a man's wife appearing with him, though. An artist looks to his mate for inspiration and comfort from the arduous labors of the day. He wants to go home to a dear little girl who will make him happy, who will prattle of homey, comfy things, far removed from the sordidness of his money-grubbing hours."

He glanced at Tiny, a warm look in his handsome eyes. The look was not returned, however.

"Your idea is that a woman's proper place is in the home, not on the screen?" she suggested.

"There must always be some women on the screen," he corrected her gently, "for the purpose of bringing out man's nobler emotions. Yes, there must be some women; but not the one you marry," he added tenderly.

"But don't you think it would be dear for a husband to do a picture with his wife—especially a picture for children?" queried Mrs. Roberts, clinging desperately to her favorite project.

"No," he said gently; "I can't see it, dear lady. Why bring the sordidness of money-making, even when it is associated with art, into the home? Let an artist's mate be his comfort, soothe him, care for him. He, as bread-winner, will face the world."

"If she's used to world-facing herself, won't it be rather hard for her to give it up?" demanded Tiny sharply.

The man smiled at her tolerantly.

"Love should be lord of all," he said, registering pensiveness. "It's a beautiful thing, for instance, to think of a mating between two artists. It's the ideal marriage. He rises to still greater heights, and she, happily and normally agreeing with him in all things, lays aside her art to glory in his greatness."

"How beautifully you put it!" said Mrs. Roberts quickly, noting with alarm the fire in her daughter's eyes.

"Great stuff!" said Tiny. "Great stuff! It's a shame that I intend to stick to the screen, or I should certainly make a dead set for you, Willie. Perhaps you'll be a father to me, though. Mommer seems to agree with you in all things. Take her with my blessing, beau-tiful man!" she concluded viciously.

## V

TINY ROBERTS rose early and hurried to the door of the apartment, beneath which the mail was thrust every morning. Among the half-dozen letters was one from the Winner Films. Its thinness warned her in advance what to expect, but she felt rather sick, nevertheless, as her eyes ran over it.

### WINNER FILMS

Los Angeles, California

"Better Than the Best"

June 21, 1920.

DEAR MISS ROBERTS:

Thanks very much for your letter of June 14. I was indeed glad to hear from you.

Pertaining to your contract, there has been an extraordinary demand from exhibitors for pictures showing the large, Junolike type of women. So insistent have been the calls for this kind of picture that we actually have every last one of our companies engaged in producing them at present.

There is no doubt in my mind, however, that the public will soon be clamoring again for the petite type of heroine, of which you are so charming an example. When that moment comes, we shall call upon your services immediately.

Most sincerely yours,

J. GOUD,  
Director.

Tiny Roberts idly turned over the other letters in her hands while she tried to readjust her world. The address on one of them caught and held her attention. It was inscribed "Miss Bessie"—not Tiny—"Roberts." She tore it open.

DARLING BESSIE:

I'm going back to Tomkinsville this afternoon. Would you meet me at the Astor at one o'clock and lunch with me? Please do! I won't promise not to make love to you, but I'll honestly try not to.

Yours entirely,

Ed.

Tiny thrust both these letters into the front of her negligée and answered her mother's querulous call.

"Is there any mail?" demanded Mrs. Roberts.

Her daughter silently held out the letters in her hand. The older woman ran rapidly over them, and then laid them down with a sigh.

"I declare, Bessie," she exclaimed wearily, "I don't know what to do! Here you throw over the chance of marrying a rich and handsome man in the vulgarest possible way; your contract hasn't come; and I suppose I'll have to go out and see producers till I get something for you, even though I can feel my rheumatism coming back. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"It is hard on you, mommer," the girl said contritely. "I just couldn't help it, though. He made me sick. It was my artistic temperament, I guess. Don't go out to-day, though, dear. I think I'll go and see the Switzig people myself. Might just as well begin at the top."

"It would be much better for me to go," objected her mother. "You never say enough for yourself."

"No, I'll go this time," the girl replied firmly.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" complained the older woman. "It's just awful the way those people keep you waiting! What if they shouldn't send you a contract at all? Where would we be? I declare, Bessie, I just wish we had never left Tomkinsville. I was so happy there, and you had a good job in the library. I know the Sunday-

school has just gone to rack and ruin since I've been away!"

It was with a heavy heart, later in the morning, that Tiny decked her small person in her most becoming finery. The day was warm, and she took a taxi to the office of the Switzig Films, wondering the while how long she would be able to afford such luxuries. Her card brought her an unexpectedly prompt admittance, and she found herself in the presence of old Jacob Switzig himself.

"How are you, my dear?" he greeted her. "I'm pleased to see you once. Y' ain't come to ask me for a contract already, though, have you?"

"I wouldn't mind working for the Switzig Films one little bit," answered Tiny, raising her innocent, childlike eyes to him. "I think you're an awful nice mans!"

A shadow came over old Switzig's face, and he gazed at her pityingly.

"Y' ain't tried no other producer since you made 'The Power from Innocence'?" he asked.

"No," acknowledged Tiny. "This little girl rather expected a contract to come through the mails from Winner Films for poor she. It didn't, though."

"I hate for it to be me to tell you," the producer continued, "but it is kindness in the end already. There ain't no more cuties like you in the picture business no more. They have went out—like vamps. The public don't want it nothings but clothes, and it takes a big woman to show off clothes. These here small-size women—these here pippins—they ain't the style no more on the screen."

"Surely the public always wants pretty girls, Mr. Switzig?" objected Tiny.

"Sure it does," agreed the producer; "but it wants 'em big. These here American women, they don't come much in small sizes, y' understand, and they're crazy from clothes. They hate to see a chicken carry off a man. For why? Them pippins don't *look* like themselves. It's this—y' know—fi-sology."

Tiny rose to her feet, her lips trembling.

"What am I going to do?" she asked helplessly.

"Y' ain't going to marry somebody once already?" queried the old man. "That's dead easy for small-size women. No? Well, maybe pippins come back next season—y' can't never tell for sure. In the mean time, my dear, if you need maybe a

little money, I lend it to you—from an old man, y' understand."

Tiny found herself in the street with only a vague recollection of thanking the old producer, and turned instinctively toward Fifth Avenue. It was close to one o'clock, and the memory of Ed Wing's letter flashed across her mind. Poor Ed, he certainly was fond of her! Just like every other man when it came to women, though! Wanted to shut them up, keep them away from all the real things of life. De Goyler's phrase—"a dear little woman who will make him happy, who will prattle of homey, comfy things"—recurred to her mind, and she shuddered.

Was Ed really that way, too, she asked herself? A sudden resolve took possession of her.

Ed flew to the door of the taxi that brought her to the Astor. Tiny gave him no time for greeting.

"Ed," she said earnestly, standing in the middle of the sidewalk, "if I married you, would you let me stay in moving pictures? Would you let me go on acting, if I wanted to?"

The young man gave her a glance of amazement; then the expression on his

plain face changed from utter incredulity to a wonderful joy that made it nearly handsome.

"Bessie," he said, "if you'll marry me, you can walk the tight-rope over Main Street every day in the week, and I'll just stand in the crowd and cheer!"

## VI

"Do you know it's nearly six o'clock, and I've been worried almost to death over you?" said Mrs. Roberts furiously. "It's a nice way to treat your mother! Nothing has come from the Winner people, either. *What* have you been doing?" She caught sight of her daughter's radiant face, and her tone changed. "Old Switzig has given you a contract—I know it!" she continued delightedly.

"No, he hasn't," Tiny answered. "I heard from the Winner Films, too, this morning. For the present they have nothing for me."

"What shall we do?" wailed Mrs. Roberts. "I should have seen Switzig myself. *What shall* we do?"

"We're going back to Tomkinsville tomorrow morning, mother," answered her daughter happily. "I married Ed Wing this afternoon!"

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## THE SPOILER

ON through the years, must life be this,  
A dreary waste, an empty day,  
And all because love battered down  
My house of dreams and went his way?

I always thought love entered in  
Like perfume from a budding rose,  
A fragile thing of blushing cheeks,  
With dainty form and eyes that glow!

But when love came to me he brought  
No whispered word, no fragrance rare;  
He rudely battered down the door  
And found me frightened, huddled there.

He roughly strained me to his breast,  
Stole from my lips a maiden's prayer,  
Sipped all my sweets of life, and then  
Passed on and left me broken there.

Now, stripped of dreams, of youth and love,  
I walk the empty, dreary day,  
While love breaks down another door,  
Collects his spoils, and goes his way!

E. J. Hervey

# Country Love<sup>\*</sup>

A STAGE GIRL'S STRUGGLE AGAINST FAME AND FORTUNE

By Hulbert Footner

Author of "Thieves' Wit," "The Huntress," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. K. STARRETT

WHEN Eve Allinson learns that her rise to stardom in musical comedy is due to Brutus Tawney's financial power, and that she is generally considered to be the mistress of her plutocratic admirer—whom she has regarded as her "guardian"—her horror is so great that she resolves to quit New York. Under the assumed name of Merridy Lee, she answers an advertisement and is engaged by a kindly old gentleman named Jolley for his floating theater, which plays small towns and villages along Chesapeake Bay and the rivers thereabouts.

Tawney is enraged on finding that Eve has disappeared, and believes that she has fled with a young man named Clough, who was dancing with her the night before. He orders Taylor, his financial agent, and Gibbon, manager of his theatrical interests, to trace her, and engages McVeagh, a famous detective, to direct the search.

In Travis County, Maryland—an isolated district almost cut off from the mainland by the Chesapeake and its wide estuaries—a young man named Page Brookins, a scion of an old Southern family once possessed of a large estate, is making valiant efforts to improve his remaining acres and to restore the fallen fortunes of his house. He attends a performance of Mr. Jolley's company at Absolom's Island, hears Merridy sing, and falls head over ears in love with her. He contrives to meet her, thereby arousing the enmity of another admirer, Ralph Horry, and there is a somewhat sensational affair at a local dance, where Horry and his friends threaten Page with violence, but lose their courage when young Brookins displays a revolver.

X

EARLY next morning the telephone-bells began to ring, and the most exciting piece of news that Travis County had enjoyed in many a long day began to travel up and down the wires. Everybody listened in, of course. Since there was no telephone at Brookins' Hill, Miss Molly's peace of mind was spared for the moment; but it was a safe bet that she would have lady callers during the day.

After breakfast young Ellick Sutor came over, driving his flivver at breakneck speed, to obtain private verification from Page. He got Page behind the barn.

"Good Lawd, boy! What you been up to? What's this I hear? Is it true?"

"Oh, hell!" muttered Page. "I suppose people are making a regular sensation out of it."

"Sensation? I reckon!" said Ellick dryly. "Did you think you could shoot up a dance without causing a sensation?"

"I didn't shoot," said Page hotly. "I only drew."

"Well, drew, then," said Ellick. He was even taller than Page, but of a more gangly habit and a pink and blue fairness. His years were the same, but in spirit he was still delightfully schoolboyish. He almost wept now to think of what he had missed. "Peggy, why didn't you tell me? Was that kind? Was that cousinly? Why didn't you let me round up our gang and go down there and do them up proper?"

"This was my own affair," said Page stiffly. "I didn't need any help."

"Just say the word, and I'll get the boys together to-day."

"The matter is ended," Page told him.

"How did it start?" asked Ellick.

"There was something about a girl—"

Page turned white.

"Who said that?" he demanded.

"Oh, you know they always say that," replied Ellick. "Give me the straight dope, and I'll see that you're put right."

<sup>\*</sup> Copyright, 1920, by Hulbert Footner—This story began in the July number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE



Page shook his head.

"Sorry—can't talk about it, Ellick. You'll hear enough different versions of the story, I expect. Take your choice; or add 'em all together, divide 'em by four, and believe ten per cent of the remainder. You know county gossip."

"You won't be able to go down to the island again," said Ellick. "They're laying for you."

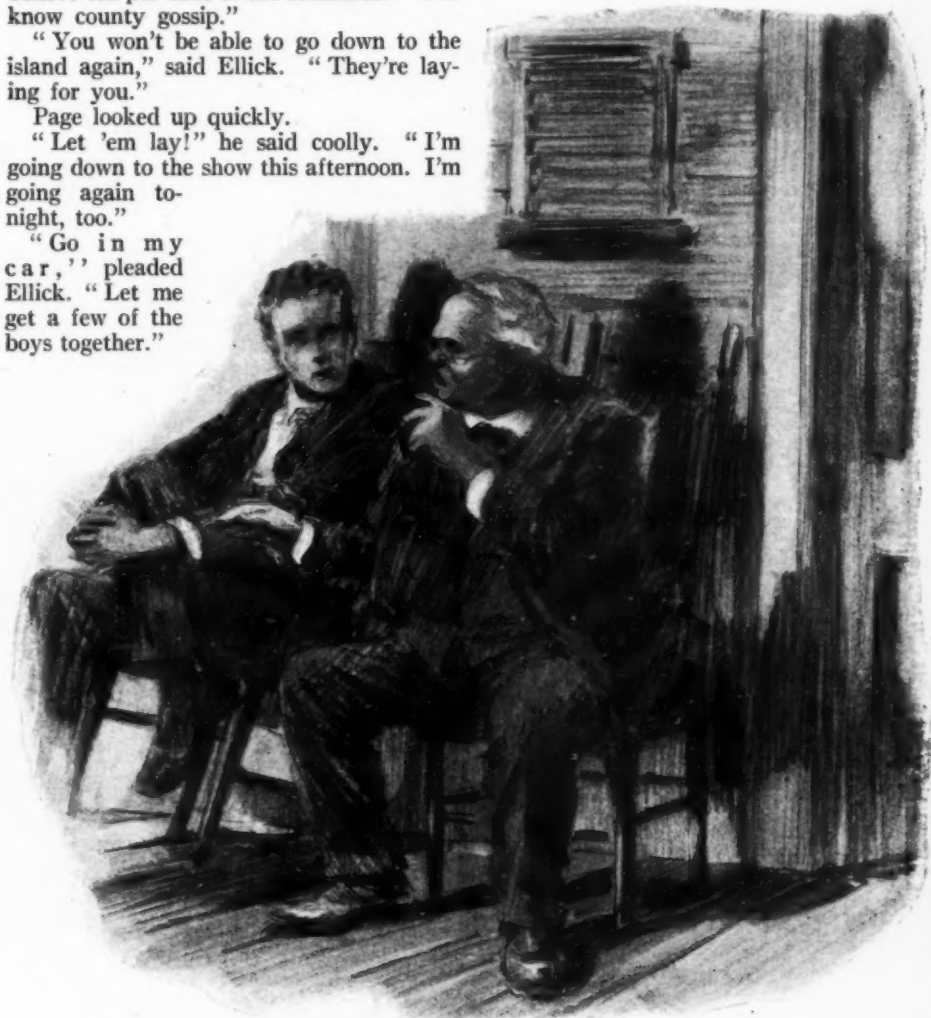
Page looked up quickly.

"Let 'em lay!" he said coolly. "I'm going down to the show this afternoon. I'm going again to-night, too."

"Go in my car," pleaded Ellick. "Let me get a few of the boys together."

George carried the news on board the Thespis at lunch-time.

"Here's a note!" he cried to the assembled tableful. "After we left the dance last night, Merridy's young man held up



MR. JOLLEY WAS TERRIFIED BY THE CRITICISM OF HIS WIFE. "EASY! EASY!" HE STAMMERED.  
"MRS. JOLLEY IS A WONDERFUL DIRECTRESS"

Page shook his head.

"That would look as if they had me scared. The truth is I threw a scare into them. There's not the slightest danger. I'm going alone in my own car."

"They'll wreck your car. You know that crowd!"

"I take care to leave it in a safe place."

the whole caboodle with a gun! Didn't I tell you that young fellow was dangerous?"

They gaped at him. Merridy turned as white as paper.

"What nonsense is this?" said Mrs. Jolley. "What do you mean by 'held up'?"

"Well, it seems there was some trouble there," said George. "The fellows on the

island—that red-faced Horry was at the head of it—they warned Brookins that they'd do him up if he came to their dance; but Merridy was going, so he came, of course. Put a ladder against one of the windows, they say, and slipped in that way while they were watching for him at the door. Well, they let him stay until after we left; then they rushed him, and he stood off the whole crowd with a gun, walked out as cool as you please, and—wait! Here's the richest part of it. He turned the key on them and bade them a pleasant good night. They had to break down the door before they could get out. By that time he was well on the road home. Some boy that! I saw it in his eye."

"Huh!" said Rollo, none too well pleased by this praise of one whom he looked upon as a rival. "That 'll be the last we'll see of him, then. He won't dare to come to the show this afternoon."

"Well, I got a dollar to bet that he comes," said George.

"Take you!"

"And I got another dollar to put on him," added Mortimer.

"I'll take your dollar," said Mr. Henry Hendricks.

"Emily, I betcha a quarter he comes," said Luella.

"Much obliged," said Emily. "You want a sure thing, don't you?"

Rollo's manly pride was touched.

"I'll take both you girls," he said with a bored air.

"Mr. Jolley, are we conducting a dramatic company or a gambling-house?" queried Mrs. Jolley severely.

Merridy said never a word. As soon as she could escape from the table without exciting remark, she ran down to her own little room and locked herself in. Afraid above all to look in the mirror, she cast herself down on her bunk and hid her face. The surprising shock she had experienced upon hearing of Page's escapade made the real state of her feelings clear to her. Little shivers chased themselves over her. She didn't know whether she was glad or sorry, but she was greatly afraid.

"I'm in love with him!" she whispered to herself. "What will become of me?"

Since it was George's job to sell tickets at the door, it was up to him to decide the bets. Very much astonished was Page to have his half-dollar thrust back at him.

"You go in on me to-day," said George, grinning.

"I can't let you do that," began Page.

"Go on, boy! Go on!" cried George. "I'm makin' money off o' you." A sinewy and none too clean hand was thrust out impulsively through the little hole in the glass. "Put it there, young fella! You're all to the good!"

Page obeyed, half pleased, half embarrassed. He liked the irreverent, energetic George. It was strange what a lot of people wanted to shake hands with him to-day. As a matter of fact, there was something in the story of the previous night's happenings that appealed to the sense of poetic justice in men. The better element on the island was just as strong for Page as his own people up the county.

During the first intermission George passed up the aisle and through the little door in the box that led to the stage. Merridy was singing out front. Within, Mrs. Jolley, with her back to the curtain, was silently directing the setting of the stage, Mr. Jolley and Rollo being the scene-shifters. Hendricks and Mortimer were standing about, waiting for the curtain.

"Mortimer, you and I win," whispered George. "He's out there!"

They shook hands, grinning widely. It was the confirmation of Page's gameness, not the winning of a dollar, that pleased them.

Mrs. Jolley's attention was attracted.

"What is it?" she asked.

"They couldn't keep Brookins away from the show," George told her.

"H-m!" said Mrs. Jolley. "You might ask this prodigious young man to supper, with my compliments. I'd like to have a look at him—that is, if it wouldn't be bad for business for us to seem to take sides in a local quarrel," she added prudently.

"No fear!" said George. "We pack 'em in anyhow Saturday nights, and we're gone to-morrow."

He returned to the front of the house. During the pause between the conclusion of Merridy's turn and the rise of the curtain, he whispered the invitation to Page, where he sat. Page, who at that very moment was racking his brains for some expedient whereby he might get to see Merridy, simply beamed. This seemed almost too good to be true.

"That's very kind!" he murmured. "Happy to come!"

"Just sit where you are when the house lets out," said George.

When the little auditorium emptied itself after the show, the curtain was raised again, and on the stage the usual amusing metamorphosis from the library of a mansion to a cottage kitchen took place before Page's wondering eyes. The practicable oil-stove was brought in and lighted; Mrs. Jolley, Emily, and Luella appeared in their every-day clothes and set to work. Page looked hungrily for Merridy, but she was keeping herself very carefully out of his way.

Mr. Jolley came down and joined him.

"Mrs. Jolley begs you to excuse her until she gets the supper on," he said. "Let's go out on deck and smoke while we're waiting."

Outside, they tipped their chairs back comfortably against the wall and surveyed the panorama of oyster-shells ashore.

"Wasn't that a pretty song about roses that Merridy sang?" remarked Mr. Jolley.

Now Page was full of this very subject. Like every resolute and capable young man, he had his ideas and liked to air them—that is, when he was not in fear of being misunderstood. He felt that he was safe with this simple little man.

"I didn't care so much for the song," he said; "but I think Miss Lee has the makings of a great artist."

Page's tone was entirely disinterested and unconcerned, of course, as one man to another.

"That's what I say," agreed Mr. Jolley.

Page's breast warmed toward him. He was encouraged to go on.

"But something's the matter. She doesn't make the hit that she's entitled to. On the stage she is not herself. Anybody can see it. It appears to me as if she'd been badly trained, somehow."

Mr. Jolley was terrified by these bold words. He involuntarily glanced over his shoulder through the open door.

"Easy! Easy!" he stammered. "Mrs. Jolley, you know—a wonderful directress! Wonderful!"

"Certainly," agreed Page. "Mrs. Jolley is a very fine actress, too."

Mr. Jolley looked grateful.

"But she's a big, powerful, commanding sort of woman," Page went on; "and Miss Lee is—well, you know—so young and slender. To try to fit Mrs. Jolley's style

to Miss Lee is like—why, it's like putting harness on a blooded horse."

Mr. Jolley tittered nervously.

"I'm not saying you're not right," he said. "I'm not saying I haven't thought the same thing myself; but you understand my position. Mrs. Jolley works so hard—such an admirable woman in every respect—any criticism—quite out of the question! The relations between husband and wife are so delicate; but why don't you speak to Mrs. Jolley about it?"

Page looked dubious.

"That is, if you're not afraid," Mr. Jolley added cunningly.

Page bristled.

"Afraid? If I don't speak to Mrs. Jolley it will not be because I am afraid, but because I doubt if I am qualified."

"But, as you say, it's something anybody can see," said Mr. Jolley.

"Very well, I will speak to her."

"Don't quote me, I beg," Mr. Jolley nervously suggested.

"I understand you're going to show up at Rhettsboro all next week," said Page.

"Yes, we pull out of here at eight o'clock to-morrow. I have engaged Captain Hastie's launch. It will be an all-day journey up the river. Towing by launch is so slow. I hope we'll see you up there next week."

"I'll try to run up once or twice," said Page carelessly. "It's a forty-mile drive."

Mrs. Jolley welcomed Page to the stage as impressively as if it had been a baronial hall she was bidding him to enter. Under her grand airs there was real warmth, too, for the artist's imagination had been touched by the story of Page at the dance. She seated him at her right hand.

The meal that followed was a novel experience for Page. The noisy, friendly crowd, ceaselessly jollying one another and jumping up and down to get things—they were just folks, nothing strange about them; but the surroundings, half real, half painted, with the dim auditorium yawning beside them, were strange indeed. Page could not but marvel at the ingenuity which stowed so much in such a little space. The stage of the Thespis was like a conjurer's hat; everything under the sun came out of it, from a play to a meal.

His enjoyment of the affair was considerably dashed by Merridy's attitude toward him. She sat opposite, and attended strictly to her plate.



MERRIDY APPLIED HER EYE TO THE PEEP-HOLE. THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY. HE HAD GONE!

"She's offended with me," Page thought sorely. "Somebody has been filling her up with lies about last night. She thinks I'm just a common brawler. How can I

set myself right with her, when I can't talk about it?"

Everybody else vied in friendliness.

"Hey, Page! Got a job for you after supper!" cried George. "Can you solder a round terminal on a copper wire?"

"I can make a stab at it."

"Mr. Brookins, why don't you take a week off and travel with us?" suggested Mr. Jolley. "We could keep you busy."

"Excellent idea!" boomed Mrs. Jolley.

Page, blushing furiously, explained that he would be delighted, but he was just in the middle of the planting season.

"Mr. Brookins, have you ever considered taking up the stage as a profession?" asked Mr. Henry Hendricks in his heavy style.

Page allowed that he had not.

"One can see that you have the natural qualifications," said Mr. Hendricks.

The tousle-haired Emily gave a little squeal.

"Oh, don't tell the poor boy to his face that he's simply the handsomest thing!" she cried, with a languishing glance.

Page writhed—but of course he could stand it. George whistled piercingly. Merridy viciously stabbed a piece of meat.

"Really, Emily ought to be restrained!" she thought.

"Yes, he reminds me of what I was at his age," said Mr. Hendricks, with a shake of the greasy curls.

A great laugh greeted this.

They were busy folk. Immediately after the meal they distributed themselves, like ants, about the multifarious preparations for the evening performance. Page went with George to his stuffy workshop in the hold, where they fixed the terminals together, made some colored slides for the spot-light, and prepared a snow-storm.

Later Page found himself outside the curtain, and the theater beginning to fill;



and still he had not had a chance for a word alone with Merridy. He was sore.

"She might at least have given me a chance to put her right about last night!" he thought.

Merridy was sorer still. That perverse girl was raging against him in her mind for not breaking down the barriers she had herself erected.

"Never spoke to me!" she said to the stormy reflection that faced her in the mirror. "My last day here! When everybody is coupling our names together, he went out of his way to show them he didn't give a pin about me! Surely he'll come back after the show to say good night. What shall I do if he doesn't?"

Young Ellick Sutor, arriving at the theater, caught sight of Page already seated, and took the seat next him.

"Have any trouble?" he said offhand.

"No, indeed!" replied Page scornfully.

"Where's your car?"

"At Brinsley Stocker's."

"Well, I'm going to carry you up as far as that, anyhow."

"All right," said Page.

After the first curtain, when Merridy came out to sing, Page was uncomfortably aware that his cousin's bright eyes were glancing at him. He made his face as wooden as possible. When she had gone, Ellick clapped him affectionately on the knee and whispered:

"Old boy, you're in luck!"

Page scowled like a pirate.

"You don't know what you're talking about! She's a great artist—not for the likes of any of us!"

Ellick grinned to himself, but had the wit to hold his tongue.

Later Page asked very casually:

"Going to see a girl to-morrow night?"

"Reckon so," said Ellick. "Why?"

"Who?"

"Reckon I might go up to King's Green and have supper at Mary Hall's. They have waffles Sunday nights."

"How long will you be staying there?"

"Till I'm thrown out," said Ellick.

"Say eleven o'clock," suggested Page, unsmiling. "Would you be willing to drive on to Stribling's Hall to pick me up? It's twenty miles farther."

"What the deuce—" began Ellick.

"Don't question me," said Page, scowling. "Just yes or no."

"Why sure, old boy!" said Ellick. "I'd go twice as far for you."

"Thanks," replied Page laconically.

"Meet you there at midnight."

"Go on!" said Ellick, instantly jealous for the reputation of his flivver. "Won't take me an hour to drive twenty miles. My car isn't Madeleine."

"Go on!" said Page. "Madeleine can run round your abandoned tin-works in circles!"

Thus they concealed their real feelings. Young Ellick's arm had a tendency to steal around Page's shoulders—which embarrassed the latter very much, though he liked it, too.

After the show, Page made no attempt to see his friends behind the curtain. He was diffident about making his way up on the stage; he was afraid of outstaying his welcome. Besides, it was not the last night to him. He had plans of which Merridy knew nothing.

To Merridy it was a tragic matter. After the curtain went down, she hung about the stage, hoping against hope. For a while pride kept her away from the curtain; but she succumbed at last, and applied her eye to the peep-hole.

The house was quite empty. He had gone! Gone without a word on her last night! Her heart could scarcely credit it. Despair settled down on her like a pall. She ran down-stairs, singing blithely, as girls do, and, locking herself in her room, wept as if her heart would break.

Searching around in her mind for some explanation of his conduct, a new thought turned her breast cold.

"Could anybody have told him about me?"

There was to be little sleep for her that night.

## XI

SUNDAY morning broke gloriously fair, as summer Sundays ought always to do. Page sprang out of bed light-hearted, in spite of himself.

"No work to do, and the sun shining like all possessed! What a day for the river!" his thoughts ran.

Miss Molly was waiting for him downstairs with a stormy face. As forecast, callers the day before had informed her of Page's exploit on Friday night—no doubt with many embroidered details.

"Give me that revolver!" she said.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Page. "Am I never to hear the end of that?"

He tried to silence her with a kiss, but she would have none of his blandishments now.

"Give me that revolver, you wild and headstrong boy, or you'll disgrace us all!"

"Now, come, mother," Page pleaded. "I didn't lose my head. Indeed, I pretty well kept it on me. Be fair! You're fed up with a lot of old women's tales. You don't even know what happened."

"You would never tell me," she protested passionately.

"I can't talk about it," he said, scowling. "Your own good sense ought to tell you to discount Cousin Ella Smallwood's yarns."

Miss Molly changed her mode of attack.

"Give me the revolver to keep," she said cajolingly; "or I'll never be able to sleep when you're out at night."

Page set his jaw.

"I can't do it, mother," he said. "It served me a good turn the other night, and I might need it again some time; but I'll tell you what I'll do," he added with a twinkle. "I'll promise you not to go down to Absalom's Island again this summer."

She was obliged to be content with that.

While breakfast was making, Page was busy for an unconscionable time in the garden. As a matter of fact, he was picking half a bushel of spinach, four quarts of strawberries, and half a dozen heads of lettuce. He carried it over the brow of the hill, and, caching it, returned to the house with an innocent air.

After breakfast he said very casually:

"Will you sell me four chickens, mother?"

Miss Molly stared.

"Oh, I just thought I'd go for a little picnic to-day," Page explained. "The weather is so pleasant."

"Your appetite is good," she said dryly. "Help yourself. They were raised on your corn."

"No. I'll weigh them up and pay you market price," Page told her, departing to catch the birds.

Every few minutes he went out to the brow of the hill and searched down the river with Mr. Jimmy's brass-bound binoculars. Shortly before nine o'clock he saw the clumsy hulk of the *Thespis* come crawling around Eagle Tree Point, and his heart began to thump hard against his ribs,

though she was still five miles off. He hung around the house for a quarter of an hour longer in horrible uneasiness, then said abruptly:

"Well, I'm off! Don't expect me till you see me."

"Come here and kiss me," said Miss Molly peremptorily.

He submitted sheepishly. She flung her arms passionately around his neck.

"I will have a kiss, though I have to beg for it!" she said. "Now be off with you, you plague of Egypt!"

Page, with his baskets, went careering down the hill, over the fences, and across the flat fields to the creek shore. Here he loaded up the little skiff in which Mr. Jimmy was accustomed to go fishing, and pulled out into the middle of the river. So energetic were his strokes that he was out in the channel long before the *Thespis* reached this point. He lay on his oars and waited.

On board the floating theater, this Sunday morning, all was peace. Mrs. Jolley had decreed a real day of rest. Mr. Jolley was up in the pilot-house, steering the clumsy craft; Mrs. Jolley was in the stage kitchen, making the first moves toward breakfast; and everybody else was still asleep.

That is to say, they were still in their rooms; but Merridy, for one, was not asleep. In her night-dress, and with her crinkly bright hair hanging loose, she was looking out of her window. The little window was close under the ceiling of her room; the sill just permitted her to rest her forearms upon it, and her chin on her arms.

She was gazing at the green shore half a mile distant, wondering which of the little white houses that crowned the different eminences might be Page's house. She knew it was somewhere along here. The sharpness of her pain was past now; she just felt dull. She felt as if she had a flat-iron on her breast crushing down all feeling. Let the sun shine ever so gloriously on the river, life had no savor; Page did not love her; she would never see him again.

A little scraping sound along the outside of the barge caused her to draw back in alarm. Suddenly he who filled her thoughts swam squarely into her field of vision, so close that she could have touched him. Merridy stared as if she saw a ghost there

in the sunshine. Page was standing up in his skiff, clinging to the larger vessel, and letting himself slide back alongside, hand over hand.

"Page!" gasped Merridy, and a lovely rosy color flooded her. "Page—Brookins!" she hastily added, to save her face. "What are you doing here?"

Page blushed, too, and his eyes clung to hers in the way that stirred her so deeply.

"I just pulled out to tell you good morning," he said. "Our place is in here, you know."

Merridy, searching his soul through his eyes, said to herself:

"Everything is all right!" And her heart sang; but in the suddenness of the reaction her voice began to shake treacherously. "And I thought—I thought—"

"What?" asked Page eagerly.

With a great effort she mastered that treacherous quiver.

"Never mind," she replied quickly.

"Are you going right back?"

"Well, if Mrs. Jolley should ask me aboard, I have a way of getting back from Rhettstboro to-night," he said diffidently.

As a matter of fact, of course, the prevaricator had not the slightest intention of returning home before night.

"Oh!" said Merridy.

Speech failed her again. They gazed at each other in a sort of divine and happy clownishness.

Suddenly Merridy recollected the night-dress and the flowing hair. She knew that she looked lovely so; still, it was rather overwhelming not to have recollected her state sooner. What would he think of her? With a little cry she sank out of sight.

For a moment Page stood looking at the place where she had been with rapt eyes. She needn't have been worrying about what he might think of the night-dress. Then, with a sigh, he continued letting himself back alongside the barge, and under the stern.

Mrs. Jolley was sitting on the narrow stern deck, peeling potatoes. She was not in the least discomposed by Page's sudden appearance.

"Good morning, Page Brookins!" she boomed. "Oh, my prophetic soul! It told me we should see you to-day!"

Page blushed.

"I couldn't let you pass," he said.

"Come aboard," she told him. "This is Sunday. Even farmers have a day off

on Sunday, I suppose. I hope you'll sail up to Rhettstboro with us?"

"If you'll have me," said Page.

"Have you? There is nobody who would be more welcome!"

"I brought you a little garden truck," Page remarked, passing up his baskets.

"What? Chickens! Spinach! Lettuce! Strawberries!" she cried. "This is indeed a princely offering!"

Page, following the provender up on deck, made the skiff fast.

"I thought fresh food might be hard to get while you were traveling," he explained deprecatingly.

"Hard?" said Mrs. Jolley. "We haven't had chicken since the ides of March!" Then she looked at the birds in sudden alarm. "God bless my soul! They're alive, aren't they? In my old age I have been obliged to play many and divers parts, but that of executioner—"

"I'll attend to that," Page volunteered.

"Just lend me a hatchet."

She brought him the desired implement and beat a hasty retreat inside.

Later they sat side by side, picking the birds. The feathers flew astern in a shower.

"One great thing about keeping house afloat—you don't need any garbage-can," Page observed.

"True," said Mrs. Jolley. "On the other hand, you lack a clothes-line."

"She's in a grand humor," thought Page. "This is my chance to tackle her about Merridy's songs. If I could only think of a beginning!"

After a couple of false starts, he said:

"You have some clever people in your little company, Mrs. Jolley."

"They work hard," she replied.

"I think Miss Lee has the makings of a great artist," continued Page, attending very closely to his chicken.

Mrs. Jolley glanced at his lowered head in grim humor.

"Um!" she said. "It has always been my opinion that Merridy was too sweet a girl to make a first-class success on the stage."

"Why shouldn't sweetness make good on the stage, as well as anywhere?" asked Page.

"Not with modern audiences," Mrs. Jolley told him. "They favor the grosser qualities."

"Well, of course my experience has been

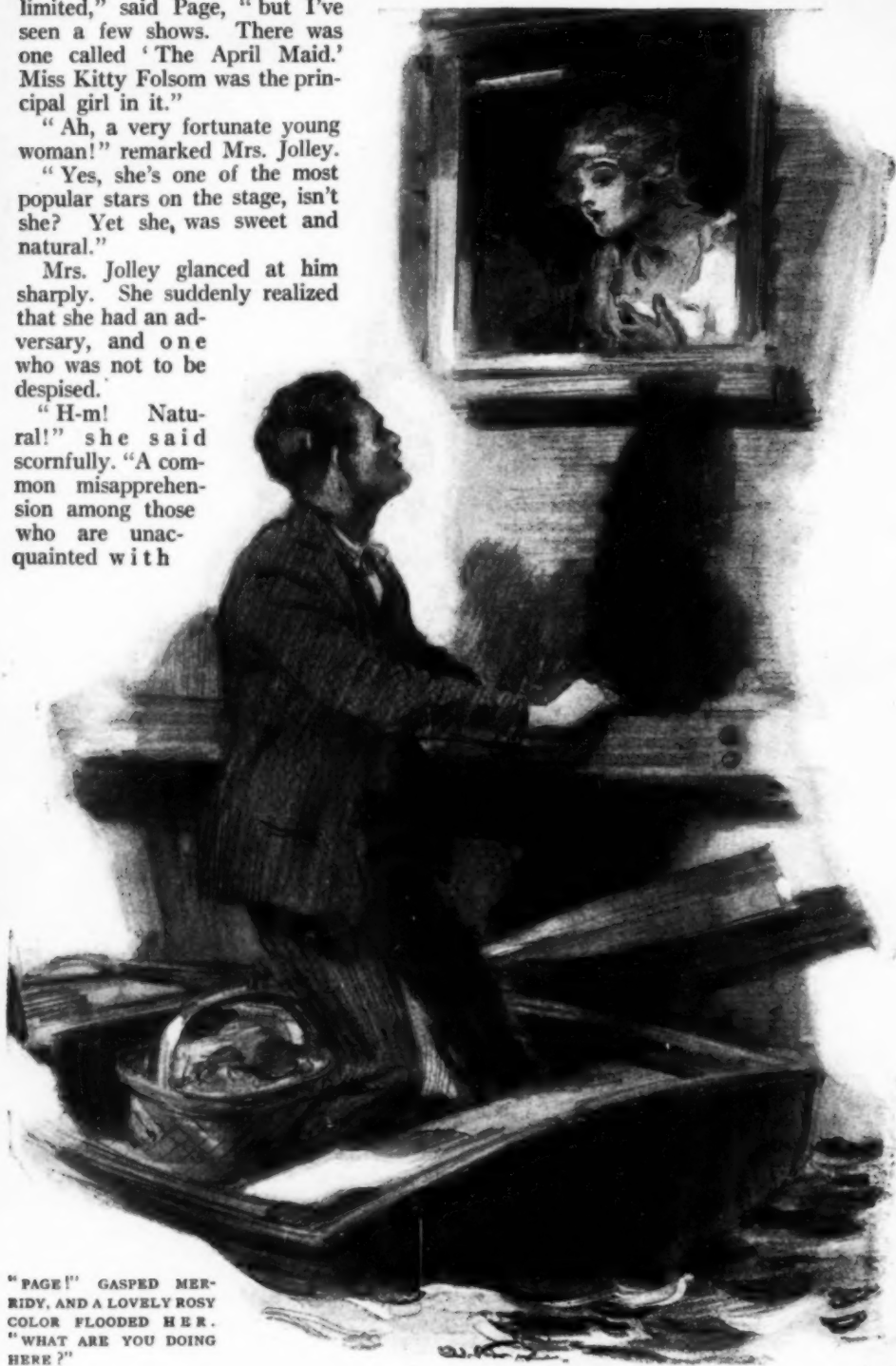
limited," said Page, "but I've seen a few shows. There was one called 'The April Maid.' Miss Kitty Folsom was the principal girl in it."

"Ah, a very fortunate young woman!" remarked Mrs. Jolley.

"Yes, she's one of the most popular stars on the stage, isn't she? Yet she, was sweet and natural."

Mrs. Jolley glanced at him sharply. She suddenly realized that she had an adversary, and one who was not to be despised.

"H-m! Natural!" she said scornfully. "A common misapprehension among those who are unacquainted with



"PAGE!" GASPED MERIDY, AND A LOVELY ROSY COLOR FLOODED HER. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"



the stage! You cannot *be* natural on the stage; you have to learn to *act* natural!"

"I suppose so," said Page. "She acted natural."

"She had the advantage of appearing before cultivated city audiences," retorted Mrs. Jolley.

"But aren't audiences much the same everywhere?" asked Page. "I mean that I can't see much difference between audiences in town and down here. Of course, they laugh and applaud a lot of foolishness, but a touch of real sentiment always gets them, and they get a new joke quick as a flash; and it's the artists who give them the real stuff that make the greatest reputation."

"Pretty good for a farmer!" thought Mrs. Jolley grimly. Aloud she said tartly: "What's all this got to do with Merridy?"

"She's not natural at all," Page boldly declared.

"Um!" said Mrs. Jolley ominously.

Page plunged desperately ahead.

"We can all see how sweet she is in herself; but as soon as she goes out on the stage she ceases to be herself; she is just mechanical."

"Have you talked this over with her?" demanded Mrs. Jolley.

"No, indeed," said Page quickly. "I wouldn't presume so far."

"Um!" said Mrs. Jolley. "Do you know who taught her those songs?"

"Why, no," said Page with an innocent air.

"I did," Mrs. Jolley told him, with an air as much as to say: "What are you going to do about it?"

But Page refused to be intimidated.

"You don't mean to tell me she sings them just the way you'd like to see her sing them," he said.

He had her there.

"No," she admitted. "She lacks force."

"Well, wouldn't you back sweetness against force any day?" queried Page.

Mrs. Jolley had the sensation of being backed slowly into a corner. Being but human, she put on a high, authoritative air to set this upstart in his place.

"My dear young man, you are confusing two entirely different things. Force isn't noise, violence; force is power. You have to have force to put over your sweetness or anything else."

"I see that," said Page; "but Miss Lee's sweetness has been squelched."

"Well, did I squelch it?" demanded Mrs. Jolley toweringly.

"Yes, I think you did," replied Page, gathering up all his courage.

Mrs. Jolley stopped picking the chicken and stared. Not in many years had she been bearded like this—and by a mere lad! Page, bracing himself, waited for the lighting to strike; but in the end Mrs. Jolley only laughed queerly. Perhaps she enjoyed the novel sensation of being called down; perhaps she had already secretly come to the same conclusion about Merridy, and was honest enough to confess it; perhaps she was not so old a woman but that she could still be sensible of Page's charm for the sex; perhaps all these reasons had a part in it. At any rate she laughed—chuckled, rather—just one note. Page relaxed at the sound.

"If Merridy was a great artist," she said quite mildly, "neither I nor anybody else could squelch her."

"I don't think you're quite fair to her there," Page suggested. "She's so young. And of course she has the greatest respect for your opinion."

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?" asked Mrs. Jolley dryly.

Page was wise enough not to betray any elation.

"Well, of course, having learned to sing those songs in one way, she can't very well relearn them," he said.

"Wonderful perspicacity!" murmured Mrs. Jolley.

"She must have some new songs—better ones."

"Where will we get them down here?"

"I have a friend in New York," said Page, "secretary to a big hotel man. He's on to all the ropes. I'll write to him for some songs."

It seemed more diplomatic not to mention that he had already written.

"And when they come, who will teach her to sing them?" queried Mrs. Jolley. "I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks, much less teach them."

Once more Page dared greatly.

"With your permission, I will."

She looked at him over her glasses.

"Don't laugh," said Page. "I'm well aware that I know nothing about acting, or about stage business; but I know her from having watched her. Perhaps I could help her a little to be herself. Then you could put on the finishing touches."

"Do you think you could trust me?" she said.

Page didn't mind her sarcasm, so he got his own way.

"That's only your joke," he replied. "Of course we could do nothing without your help."

"Um!" said Mrs. Jolley.

"You will let me try, won't you?" urged Page. "Just one song to begin with, and one trial! If it should fail, nobody will be any the worse off; but it will not fail. I will guarantee you that wherever you try it out it will make an instant success."

"Well, go ahead, and let me see what you can do, Mr. Impresario," she said mockingly.

"I have actually brought the old lady around!" Page thought incredulously.

After breakfast all morning long, and again all afternoon, Page and Merridy sat up on the roof of the Thespis, talking, Merridy shielded from the sun by an umbrella. It was the happiest day of their lives. Everybody has one such day to look back upon, or else he has been very unlucky. The river scenery slipped lazily past them unheeded; they had eyes only for each other. They never touched but their eyes embraced, and in the warmth of those glances they could have no doubts. There was no word of love spoken, but they fell fathoms deeper in love merely through gazing. Their talk was not very wise nor very witty, but for them every word was charged with significance.

It was mostly about themselves, of course. Merridy talked quite freely about herself, saving only that one little year and a half of her life. Page did not consciously doubt her; nevertheless his subconsciousness was dimly aware of an unexplained hiatus in her story, and the questions came involuntarily.

"And did you never have a chance in New York to show anybody what you could do?"

She shook her head.

"There were so many girls!"

"Not like you!" Page's eyes said. "How did you happen to come down here?" he asked.

"A chorus girl's salary isn't sufficient to carry you through the summer without work. I answered Mr. Jolley's advertisement."

"What a lucky chance!" said Page's

eloquent eyes. Aloud he asked: "What has become of the lady you went to New York with?"

"She's still there," said Merridy, rather uneasily.

"Don't you hear from her?"

"Why, of course!"

"But Luella said—"

"She was only joking." Poor Merridy thought: "Oh, why does he force me to lie to him? I don't want to lie to him!"

Page had much to say about Merridy's future career.

"I don't see how you could have shown yourself even in the back row of the chorus without somebody's having discovered you," he said. "They must have been blind!"

Merridy dimpled.

"You will be discovered soon, though," he went on; "and with your beauty and youth and cleverness there will be no stopping you then."

He could say such things to her in this indirect fashion.

"Nonsense!" said Merridy.

She loved his praise, but the pictured career left her cold; indeed, his talk of it troubled her at first.

"Does he want to send me away from him?" she thought; but seeing his eyes warm and luminous with love, she was reassured. "It's only a young man's dreamy nonsense," she told herself. "So long as he loves me, what he says doesn't matter!"

Page told her of his conversation with Mrs. Jolley. She opened her eyes very wide, and laughed delightedly.

"You told her that? To her face?"

To Merridy this seemed as brave a thing as holding up the crowd on Absalom's Island. On board the Thespis, Mrs. Jolley was the oracle who might not be barked at.

She entered into Page's plans for her simply to humor him. Her nightly songs had become a habit by now, and the false style that Mrs. Jolley had imposed on her no longer irked. In Merridy's breast art, never very firmly entrenched, had now been completely overthrown by love. But it would be sweet to have Page teach her new songs—or to think he was teaching her; a lot he knew about it, the darling! She was willing to sing in Choctaw or Chinese if it would please him.

Sometimes Page showed an insight that frightened her, as when he said:

"In my mind's eye I can see you singing

in an immense theater, carrying along all those hundreds of people with you, making them laugh or cry just with the feeling in your voice!"

"But that's just nonsense," she protested nervously.

"No," he said. "I'm not a fanciful kind of person. This is a picture that keeps coming back." He laughed. "Maybe you were a singer in some previous life, and I was your manager."

Merridy shivered delicately.

"If only I can make him love me hard!" she thought. "If only I can bind him to me with many chains of love before he finds out!"

## XII

RHETTSBORO, in the adjoining county of Humber, was a larger place than any of the villages in Travis County. It was the seat of the Rhettboro Military Academy, where Page had completed his education; consequently he was well known in the place. He had had no difficulty getting a lift over to Stribling's Hall, on the State road, where Ellick Sutor was waiting for him at midnight.

In the mail next morning the songs arrived from New York—quite a goodly sheaf to choose from. The accompanying letter said:

According to your instructions, I got the most melodious and refined of the latest songs for soprano voice. These are the class among recent publications. You can depend on it, because I got expert advice in picking them out. Say, old fel, I don't want to be curious, but who's the soprano? If it was any of the other fellows, I wouldn't think anything of it; but you don't fall so easily, and when you do fall I suppose you'll fall hard. You can depend on me to keep my head shut.

Page was on fire to try the songs. Though he didn't know a note of music, he gravely studied the black dots meandering up and down the staves singly and in bunches, as if he would force them to yield up their melody by sheer determination. Fortunately for his peace of mind, the weather remained clear and warm, and planting had to stop until they got another "season"—that is, more rain.

Immediately after dinner Page started to grease up Madeleine again. Mr. Jimmy was aggrieved and sarcastic, but Miss Molly contrived to sidetrack him.

At three o'clock Page was back in Rhettboro. Getting hold of Merridy and

Emily, he dragged them up to the village hotel, where he was known, and they took possession of the moldy little parlor. Page could do anything with Emily; and her affection was certainly disinterested, for she knew that he was head over heels in love with Merridy, though he might not know it himself.

The piano had not been tuned in half a year, but they discounted that; the one aboard the Thespis was not much better. In order to save time they concentrated on one song at a time. The first one they chose—Merridy chose it—was called "Love Me." The preliminary trials were rather discouraging, for neither of the girls was exactly a first-rate musician. Finally Merridy said to Page:

"You go out and walk for an hour, and give us a chance to get our notes. Then we'll be ready for criticism."

Page walked the streets of Rhettboro with his watch in his hand. When he got back, they were ready for him.

"You sit over there," said Merridy, pointing to the back of the room.

"But the window is behind you," objected Page. "I can't see your face well."

"You can see well enough," replied Merridy demurely.

She could see his face very clearly. Poor Emily, at the piano, could not see either of them.

They began rather inauspiciously with a fumble, but the upward tilt of Page's head, the rapt fire of his dark eyes, his parted lips, thrilled Merridy through and through. She soon got into the swing of it. She sang that song, "Love Me," as it had probably never been sung—as perhaps the composer had not even heard it in his dreams. It was her chance to tell Page something that she could not tell him in any other way.

"This must open his eyes!" she thought.

She sang it direct to his eyes with passion, with tenderness, and with humor, too, because that was her nature. She had to smile when she was most wistful.

Page still told himself it was all art—just a song. It overwhelmed him. When she came to the end, he could not speak; neither did Emily immediately turn around on the stool. Poor Emily understood the little comedy she was assisting at, and her heart was rather sore.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Merridy demanded.

"Great!" mumbled Page gruffly.

Merridy made believe to be aggrieved. Though as a matter of fact she could scarcely have asked for a finer tribute.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"I said it was great," replied Page, almost crossly. "Don't change a thing."

Merridy could not resist the temptation to tease him a little.

"But I thought you were going to teach me—to make suggestions, and so on."

"I was a fool to think I could," muttered Page. "Just sing it again like that to-night."

"I'm not sure that I can," said Merridy, lowering her eyes. "Before a crowd of people, I mean. You see, I was specially on my mettle, because I wanted to win your approval."

"He can't miss the meaning of that!" thought Emily.

But he did.

"I shall be there to-night, too," he said simply.

Merridy raised her eyes to his with a reproach that he did not understand. She threw it off with a shrug.

"I'll do my best," she said gaily. "You must run away, now, because we've both got to memorize this firmly before night."

"Couldn't I just sit here and listen?" pleaded Page.

She shook her head firmly.

"No, indeed! I'm not going to have you see the works."

Page dined that night at the school, as was the custom of old boys upon visiting Rhetttsboro.

The head master placed him at his right hand and made much of him. Page had left a more vivid impression behind him than the run of boys.

At the end of the meal the master suggested:

"Would you like to say a few words of greeting to the boys?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Page, blushing. "I'm no speaker." In his confusion his wits did not desert him, for he quickly added: "Tell you what they'd like better than that, sir, to sort of commemorate my visit."

"What's that, Brookins?"

"Give them permission to go to the floating theater to-night."

The idea was received with favor. The head master arose and made the announce-

ment, adding that it was "at Mr. Page Brookins's request." Page got a great cheer then.

Thus the wily impresario packed his house with the finest kind of an audience.

Page went early to the theater and sought out Mrs. Jolley on the stage.

"Miss Russell and Miss Lee have been practising a new song all afternoon," he told her with a casual air. "Sounds pretty good to me. Do you mind if they try it out between the first and second acts to-night? Monday's always an off night."

Mrs. Jolley looked at him hard.

"H-m! You didn't lose any time, did you?" she said.

However, she gave her permission.

It was nearly two o'clock before Page got home that night, but sleep was still far from his eyes. Instead of going to bed, he sat down in his room to write a letter. It will be perceived that, like most young men, he strove to conceal his feelings under a very matter-of-fact style; and it will further be perceived that he did not altogether succeed.

DEAR HOWE:

It certainly was decent of you to answer my letter so promptly. The songs came all right to-day. I've only heard one of them so far—the one called "Love Me." It's a crackerjack! Much obliged for your trouble, old man.

It's not at all what you think about these songs, Howe. I'll tell you who I wanted them for now. Not for any of the girls down here. Our girls are not much on the prima donna business. They're still beating out "Dreaming" on the ivories. This is a stranger. Her name is Miss Merridy Lee.

Do you remember Jolley's Floating Theater, or did it never come in here when you were home? Well, it showed at Absalom's Island all last week, and this week it's up at Rhetttsboro. Miss Lee is a member of the company. You mustn't jump to any conclusions from that. I don't know what actresses mean to you, but this one is a lady—none finer. She's the most beautiful girl I ever saw, Howe. You know how every fellow once in his life longs to see a girl who is absolutely beautiful in all ways. Well, that is what Miss Lee is.

You mustn't think by this that I've just lost my head, like any silly fool. I know exactly what I'm doing. You always used to call me a cool head, you remember. Well, I'm just as cool this minute as I ever was. Perhaps I ought to say right here that I'm not in love with Miss Lee. She's going to be a great artist, and such a one is not for the likes of me, of course. A great artist belongs to the public.

I'm not much of a hand at writing letters, Howe. Everything crowds into my mind together, and I simply get balled up; but please remember that I don't fly off the handle every time I see a girl. I tell you this girl is a won-



der. The minute you lay eyes on her, you feel that she is different from the common run. She would stand out in any company, anywhere. How she got lost in this insignificant little troupe down here I can't tell you; but I'm going to get her out of it. That's my only object in writing this to you. I wish to be her friend and give her a helping hand—that's all. So please don't think any more about any common girl-and-fellow business. I don't like it.

When I first saw her, I was so struck with her appearance that I didn't pay much attention to her singing. Later I saw that it wasn't much—just mechanical. You see, I'm perfectly able to see her faults, too. At the same time something told me that she had it in her to make a great artist. Call it a hunch or hocus, if you like, but I know I can't be mistaken. When I got to know her, and to know the other people in the company—a nice, decent lot of all of them, but very different from her—well, I began to see what the matter was. The old lady who runs the troupe is pretty strong-minded, and she had taught her badly. The songs were N. G., too; so I wrote to you for more, and I got the old lady to agree to let her sing them in her own way.

Seems as if I'd never get to the end of my story. Well, she and the girl who plays for her practised "Love Me" all afternoon, and to-night they put it on. I previously got old Dapple to let the R. M. A. boys go to the theater in a body. Monday is pretty near the worst night of the week, and I wanted to make sure of some enthusiasm. With the other people that came, they simply packed them in. The worst of it was the boys got on to the fact that Miss Lee was a friend of mine. I suppose some of them had seen us on the street together. Say, it's fierce the way nobody can think of anything but that! Made me damned uncomfortable.

She sang it between the first and second acts of their play. You can imagine how I felt, after getting the whole thing up, and with all those kids grinning at me and joshing. Say, it was hell to have to be there at all! But I had promised her to sit where she could see me—just to give her courage, you know; so I had to hold myself down.

Well, it needs a better pen than mine to describe it, old boy. She sang that song in a way that made every fellow in the house feel as if she were singing it to him specially. That was her art, you know. And did it go? My God, Howe, they like to split the roof on the old shanty-boat! The clapping was like music in my ears. They cheered, too. None of those people had ever seen such an artist before, and they certainly didn't expect to find one in a little floating theater; but they recognized the real thing when they saw it. They made her repeat the song twice. There was a Baltimore drummer there; he said Kitty Folsom was nowhere alongside of Merridy Lee. I thought the same thing myself, but then maybe I'm prejudiced.

The old lady who runs the show was a good sport, too. She shook us both by the hand—me, too, though I hadn't done anything. She wouldn't let Miss Lee go on again, because she had only learned the one new song, and the old lady wouldn't let her risk spoiling the effect by singing one of the old ones after it. She's a sarcastic old bird, but she's all right.

Now, Howe, can't you help me out in New

York somehow? You must know the right people there. What can you do to interest them in Miss Lee? I forgot to tell you that she sang for a couple of seasons in the chorus there. I wouldn't mention that. It might lower her in their eyes. I leave it to you how to proceed. In a couple of weeks, when I get my crop in the ground, I could run up to New York for a day or two, if you think best; but I'm sure you could handle it better for me. I don't know if you could get any manager to come all the way down here to see her; but I read how they're always on the lookout for new talent, and how they'll spend any amount to secure it. I'll guarantee you that if any manager does come, it'll be worth his while, I don't care who he is. Maybe he'd send a young fellow out of his office; I'd pay his expenses. I leave it all to you.

I'm enclosing a picture that Miss Lee gave me for myself. It's only a snap-shot, but it shows something. For God's sake don't let it get away from you! It means a great deal to me, for it will be all I have when she's gone. Try to get somebody to come down here, Howe. It wouldn't be nearly so good to have Miss Lee sing for a manager in his office. What we want to show him is the way an audience rises to her. It's wonderful! The old lady said it would be too good for a rube audience, but I knew!

Well, Howe, the dawn is breaking. This is the longest letter I ever wrote, old boy. I know I can depend on you not to say anything to anybody down this way. It's fierce the way they gossip!

Well, so-long, Howe.

PAGE.

P. S.—Be damn careful of my photograph. Don't let it out of your possession. Register it when you return it.

The floating theater goes to Cupplestone next week—fifteen miles below Rhetsboro.

Miss Lee doesn't know that I'm writing this to you.

### XIII

THE event of the social year in Travis County, the tournament at King's Green, was at hand. This year, preoccupied as he had been, Page had not been able to give it as much thought as usual; but it was always present in the back of his mind. He had not ceased to harbor a certain design in relation to the tournament and Merridy.

On Tuesday and Wednesday nights, with additional new songs, she repeated her triumph in the floating theater. As a result of her success both Merridy and Page enjoyed increased consideration behind the scenes. He gave himself no credit for bringing it about, but of course, as an astute young man, he did not scruple to use it in order to further his design.

On Wednesday he made bold to ask Mrs. Jolley for a night off for Merridy on Thursday.

"We have our annual tournament tomorrow," he said. "It would be a great

privilege if I could take Miss Lee, and ride for her."

Mrs. Jolley reflected that since the company still had several weeks to play in the neighborhood, the publicity thus gained might not be a bad thing for their lovely

home in the morning; but as the rain still held off, his conscience was the easier about leaving the farm. Cousin Tom Sutor was



BROOKINS'S FEAT WAS ALMOST AN UNPRECEDENTED ONE, AND THE ENTHUSIASM KNEW—

young singer, who had suddenly become such an asset to the show. She graciously consented.

In order to get Merridy back to the tournament field in time for the opening, at half past two, Page was obliged to leave

to bring Miss Molly up in his car. Mr. Jimmy affected to scorn the affair.

Merridy looked most blossomy. She was gradually acquiring a wardrobe, as pretty girls will under the most adverse circumstances. By Page's instructions, she

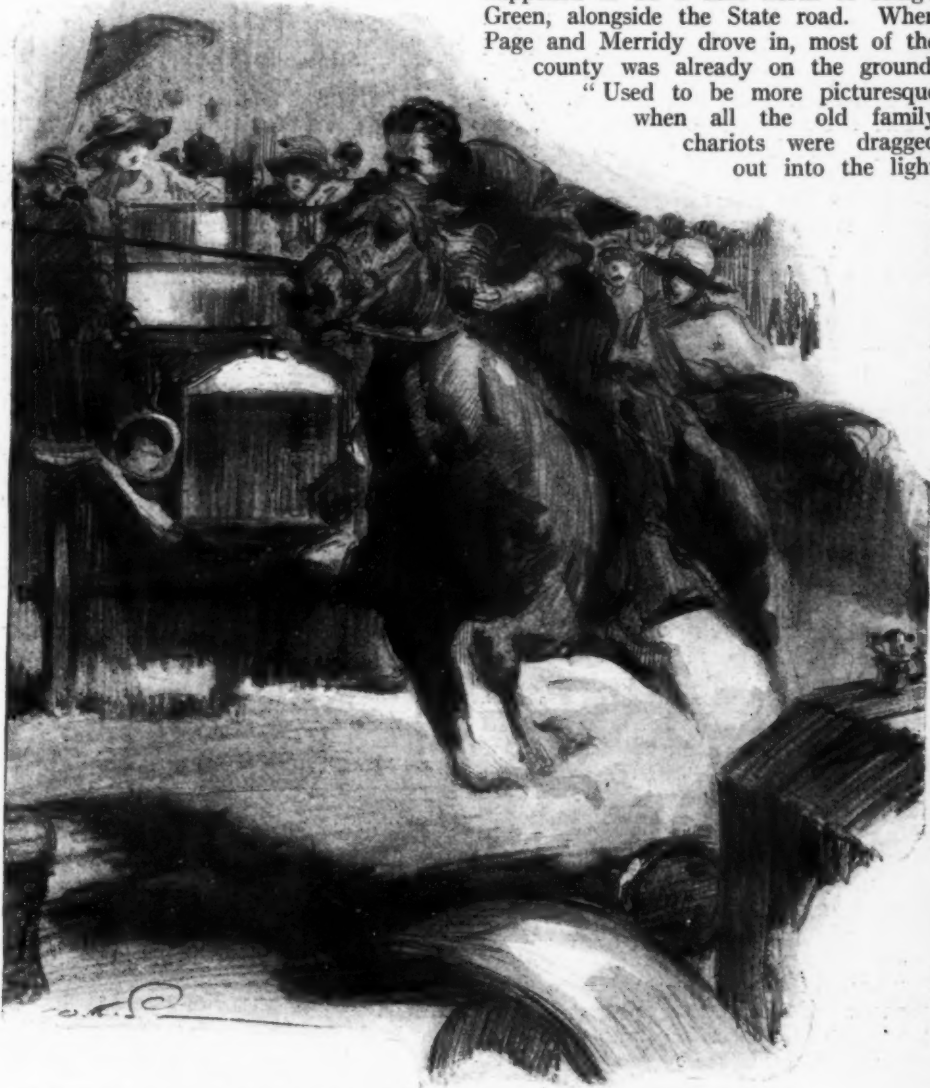
brought with her one of her simple evening dresses.

She had only the vaguest idea of the nature of the affair; but as she had discovered that it disconcerted Page to be ques-

it was clearly a highly important occasion; and she was prepared to do it all honor.

With Merridy on the seat, the dilapidated Madeleine seemed almost to renew her youth. The tournament was held on the nearest available flat pasture field, which happened to be a mile north of King's Green, alongside the State road. When Page and Merridy drove in, most of the county was already on the ground.

"Used to be more picturesque when all the old family chariots were dragged out into the light



—NO BOUNDS. IF THERE WERE SOME DISAPPOINTED HEARTS, THEIR OWNERS HID THEM

tioned, she made up her mind to wait and see. Under other circumstances Merridy might have smiled at the simple country show, but she had come to the state of mind of Ruth—"thy people shall be my people, and thy ways my ways." To Page

of day," Page said. "Some of them dated from 'befo' the wah.' When they got here, they would take the horses out for the knights to ride. Nowadays everybody has an automobile—mostly flivvers."

It was true that the few who still came

in buggies tied their horses, for very shame, in remote parts of the field.

Down the middle of the ground a long alley was roped off, and three tall posts were set up in it at regular intervals, each with a cross-piece like a gallows; but instead of a highwayman or sheep-stealer, there hung from each gallows only a swinging iron rod, with a ring about an inch and a half in diameter loosely affixed to the end.

The automobiles were parked closely together down each side of the alley, and facing the middle of it was a little stand built of fresh pine boards. This was for the judges, the orator of the day, and the band. It is always customary to import a band from the distant city at great expense for these affairs, though for fear of scaring the horses it can never play more than a muffled *bla-bla-bla*, and a *rum-ti-tum-ti-tum* when the successful knights are led up. Down at the far end of the alley was a picturesque huddle of horses, knights, and negro grooms.

Page found a point of vantage for the flivver among the cars, and remained long enough to point out some of the celebrities to Merridy. These included the herald, Cousin Tom Sutor, who was young Ellick's father, and who was himself an incorrigible boy, with his blond curls and his grin. He cantered up and down the alley mounted on a fine bay, his wife's best purple willow plume flying in the breeze.

A still more striking figure was old John Camaleer, who came out of retirement on these occasions. He was the marshal, and he wore an embossed green velvet parlor lambrequin with tassels across his breast, and a whole cascade of particolored feathers in his battered felt hat. This barbaric head-piece rose with quaint effect above his grim, seamed face, but he was not conscious of any incongruity. He sat his horse like a marshal, indeed.

"You get the idea?" said Page. "We try to catch the rings on the points of our lances. The knight who gets most rings crowns the queen of love and beauty"—this with a sidelong glance at his blossomy companion. "The next six in order crown the queen's maids. There are money prizes offered, too, but generally only outsiders take those."

Presently a mounted youth came tearing through the alley with his lance couched. His legs and body were wrapped in strips of red, white, and blue bunting. He did

not much resemble a knight of fable, perhaps, but at least the fixed, stern gaze and the resolute young lips were in the old spirit. That never changes.

The boy missed all three rings, and was guilty of a gesture of chagrin. He was very young.

"Formerly all the fellows used to dress up," said Page; "but it's gradually gone out. Only the kids do it now."

"That's a pity," commented Merridy.

"Oh, I don't know. Fellows hate to be laughed at."

"But the riding has commenced," said Merridy. "You'll be late!"

"It takes nearly an hour to ride a round," said Page. "There's plenty of time for me to get in it."

Miss Molly now joined them, so that Merridy would not be left alone while Page was riding. There was continual visiting among the automobiles, and there was seldom a moment when Page's flivver was not the center of a little circle. Miss Molly was a popular matron, and Merridy was the object of no little curiosity.

Page went to make his entry and to get ready. He was one of the best riders of the younger generation, but on this occasion, for a good reason, he had not been able to ride a single trial. He was to ride one of Tom Sutor's horses, which had been led up with the other by Ellick. Ellick was waiting for Page now with a long face.

"Ralph Horry, of Absolom's Island, is riding," he said.

"What of it?" replied Page coolly. "There are a dozen of our fellows can beat him."

"I don't know," said Ellick. "He's never ridden at a tournament, so far as I know, but he's a horseman. He always had a good horse to ride until his dad bought him a car."

"I'm not worrying about Ralph Horry," declared Page, looking to the girths of his saddle.

"Wait till I tell you," Ellick went on. "Horry had three posts set up on the point, down at the island, and for four days he's been practising—all day long, mind you. He's got nothing else to do. Think what that means in training for the horse as well as the man! You haven't been astride a horse in a month; and your horse, Bess here, is too fresh. I've been riding her around for you as much as I could, but she's still full of the devil."



Page's face turned grim.

"Sorry," he said, "but I can't be in two places at once."

"In case Horry should win the queen's crown, you'd better warn Miss Lee not to accept it from him."

"He sha'n't win it!" muttered Page.

"He's got a damn good chance, if you ask me," said Ellick.

Page studied the ground with a scowl. Finally he shook his head.

"No! If he wins the crown he can give it to her. After bringing her here, I wouldn't have her put off with an ornery maid's crown."

Ellick stared.

"Well, you're a funny one," he said. "If it was me—"

"Anyhow, Horry hasn't won it yet," added Page, setting his jaw.

When he caught sight of Ralph Horry mounted, a scornful glint appeared in Page's eyes. Horry was riding a big, quiet, well-fed black.

"Plow-horse!" said Page.

"That's all right," said Ellick. "We can have our own opinion of a fellow who rides tournament on a hobby-horse, but it doesn't disqualify him. He can take his time picking off the rings."

The band played a fanfare, and the herald cried, with delightful unconsciousness of mixing his metaphors:

"Knight of Absolom's Island on deck!"

Ralph Horry trotted down to the lower end of the track and took up his position.

"Knight of Absolom's Island prepares to charge! Charge, sir knight!"

Horry lowered the point of his lance and urged his horse forward. His round head was sunk between his shoulders, his prominent eyes were fixed on the rings in sullen determination. Horse and rider were alike too fat. They went lolloping through. Click! Click! Click!

The sharpest eyes can scarcely see the point of the lance go through the ring, but if it does not fly to the ground the knight must have it. At the lower end of the track Horry raised his lance in triumph, and the three white rings were clearly seen upon it.

There was perfunctory applause. The band played its unrecognizable three bars. The successful knight was led back to the stand between the herald and the marshal, where he delivered the rings to the judges. His triumph was considerably dashed, on

the way, by the cool look that he received from his intended queen. Merridy did not intend rudeness; she had forgotten him.

Some time later the herald cried:

"Knight of Brookins Hill on deck!"

Ellick waved his hand to Page, who was cantering up and down a distant part of the field, talking to his mare, to put her in a good humor. Page rode back to the starting-point.

"Knight of Brookins Hill prepare to charge!"

A silence fell on the crowd, and there was a deal of craning of necks. To tell the truth, there were more than the young girls present whose imaginations were struck by the sight of the tall, slender Page with his falcon gaze and his plummy black hair. He had put off his coat, his hat, and also his necktie, that it might not fly in his face, and with an unconscious touch of vanity he had unbuttoned the collar of his soft shirt, revealing a throat like a chiseled column.

His horse was a rangy sorrel who had a thoroughbred in her ancestry not too far back. She was a luxury to her owner, and had never yet known the degradation of harness.

"Charge, sir knight!"

Page touched heels to Bess's ribs. She came down the course true as an arrow. He took the first ring with almost a disdainful air; but between the first and the second posts Bess took a fright at a flowing scarf, and shied across the track. Page lowered his lance.

Under the rules he was permitted to try again for the two rings; but the devil had Bess now. She came down the track arching her pretty neck and side-stepping. It was impossible for Page to get either ring. He accepted his ill-luck doggedly.

"Try again! Try again!" the crowd shouted, but Page would have held it un-sportsmanlike to accept a third trial.

The loss of the two rings was a crushing handicap. Ellick was waiting for him with a face full of wo. To cheer his friend, the faithful lad said:

"I took three rings on the first round. If I get the queen's crown, I'll trade with you."

It must be confessed that such traffick-ing in crowns is not unknown at tournaments. Indeed, it has been scandalously rumored that they sometimes change hands for a money consideration.

Page shook his head.

"Much obliged," he said curtly. "If you win the queen's crown, you crown the queen yourself."

Ellick did not mind his curtness.

Tournaments are rather long-drawn-out affairs, and likely to pall on any spectator who has not a special concern in the result; but at King's Green everybody had, so there was no visible falling off in the enthusiasm as the afternoon waned. Quite the reverse, in fact; for as with a well-constructed drama, the excitement mounted higher and higher as the contestants were gradually eliminated.

When it came to Ralph Horry's turn to ride again, out of an excess of confidence he missed a ring.

Page spent the whole of the intervening time in training and soothing his horse. Ellick meanwhile had made it his business to see that the offending scarf was tucked away; and when the word to charge was given, Bess held to the course as steady as a wild swan in flight. Page took all three rings, and was rewarded with a great cheer. It was worth the waiting to see that lithe figure of youth astride a spirited horse.

On the third round Ralph Horry, his confidence a little shaken now, again missed a ring; whereas Page, riding in his old nonchalant form, took all three. This tied them. Page was led back to the stand showing his white teeth. The smile in that dark face, being so rare, was surprisingly effective. Merridy had eyes for none but him.

Three rounds completed the regular contest. To-day seven rings was the highest score, and no less than eight knights were credited with that number. Consequently they had to ride off for the crowns.

This was the point at which the real excitement began. Eight girls among the on-lookers sat forward on the seats of their automobiles, crushing their handkerchiefs in their little hands—or seven, to be exact, for two of the knights had fixed upon the same girl.

On the first round of the ride-off, Page, Ellick Sutor, Ralph Horry, and a contestant who called himself the Knight of Young America each took three rings, while the other four tailed off two, one, one, and none respectively. This eliminated the last man, and gave the last three crowns to the next three in order. The four leaders rode again.

It took two more rounds to eliminate Ellick and Young America. The third and fourth crowns went to them respectively. After that Page and Ralph Horry rode three times without either missing a ring, and the excitement in the crowd was breathless.

Somehow it became known that the two were disputing the honor of crowning the same girl, and she the stranger, the *actress*! Some of the ladies affected to be scandalized, and some were sore. None could find any fault with the appearance of the girl, though; she was modest, she was not even too well dressed.

Small bets began to be offered on Page, but there were few takers. Page was cool, whereas the knight of Absolom's Island showed signs of nervousness. Moreover, the men were for Page to a man, for was he not their own lad? And if there were some of the ladies who for very human reasons would not have been sorry to see the actress fall to Absolom's Island, they were not showing their hands, of course. It will be conceded that these ladies were in a difficult position; their feelings were mixed.

Ralph Horry had a crop hanging from his saddle, though no one had seen him use it on his lolloping steed. He and Page were still tied and awaiting the call for the next charge. In the press of riders and grooms down at the end of the track, at a moment when nobody happened to be looking, he suddenly gave Page's horse a sharp cut across the withers. The nervous animal sprang away, almost unseating Page, and bowling over a negro helper.

Bess was at the boundary fence when Page got her under control. When he came back, he found a violent argument in progress. Ellick Sutor was indignantly demanding that Ralph Horry should be disqualified, while Horry noisily defended himself, claiming that Page had purposely cramped him.

The herald scratched his curly poll, in a quandary. He had no reason to doubt his son's account of the affair, but it would look bad, he felt, to disqualify the stranger in favor of his own kin. When Page rode up, Tom Sutor appealed to him mutely.

"Let him ride," said Page curtly. "I don't want it by default. I'll beat him!"

"Good!" said the herald. Raising his voice, he cried: "Put up the small rings!"

The small rings were always saved to break a deadlock, and this was the high

point of every tournament. Ralph Horry, who was not familiar with the rules, thought they were trying to put something over on him, and said so. He got scant sympathy.

"Ride or shut up!" said the herald. "You're lucky you're still on the field!"

To take the small rings, of course, requires a hundred per cent greater skill. Ralph Horry came riding through with exaggerated caution. The big black was scarcely ambling, and laughter greeted the exhibition. With all his prudence, Horry's arm shook, and he took but one ring.

When they were hung up again, Page came breezing through with the offhand air under which he chose to hide a white-hot determination. They heard the three little clicks, but it was impossible to be sure whether he really had the rings until, at the end of the course, he proudly held his lance aloft with the three tiny circlets impaled on the point.

It was almost an unprecedented feat, and the enthusiasm knew no bounds. If there were some disappointed hearts, their owners hid them.

The successful knights dismounted and led their ladies up to the judges' stand. The couples ranged themselves in a semi-circle in the track, and everybody else crowded up behind as close as possible. Page and the smiling Merridy had the place of honor at the left end of the row. Only the sullen Ralph Horry had no girl. He stood next to Merridy, but did not look at her.

The orator of the day now arose. Minor politicians are much in demand at these affairs. The speakers change, but the speech never. There is a rigid convention, and the auditors would feel cheated did they not hear the looked-for phrases.

"Fair women and brave men! The days of chivalry may have passed, but the spirit lives on! My friends, as long as the red blood runs in young men's veins, they will contend with every ounce of their strength for the smiles of the favored fair. Fair women and brave men! Nowhere in this broad land—God's country, if I may so call it—nowhere, I say, is the banner of chivalry lifted higher than in old Travis, God bless her! Those who were unsuccessful deserve to be remembered, too, for they did their best. Fair women and brave men, my friends!"

Finally the speaker came to the actual

presentation of crowns, each with appropriate remarks.

"I have the honor to award the queen's crown to Mr. Page Brookins, who crowns Miss Merridy Lee the queen of love and beauty." (Great applause). "I express the sentiments of all, I am sure, when I say that we are especially pleased thus to honor the stranger within our gates."

The orator handed a little square pasteboard box to Page, who in turn offered it to Merridy with his stiff bow from the waist. Merridy accepted the simple trophy with more emotion than she had experienced at her greatest triumphs.

When the speaker turned to Ralph Horry, the latter said with sullen bravado:

"I'll take the money prize."

A five-dollar bill was silently handed him, and he walked away without waiting for the conclusion of the ceremony.

This incident necessitated a hurried rearrangement of the whole line. Each of the knights below Page moved up one, and he who had been last eliminated was quickly found and brought up with his girl, the pair of them overjoyed by their sudden turn of fortune.

When the last pasteboard box was handed out, everybody hastened to the cars, and a grand free-for-all race down the State road was on, the object being to secure seats at the supper-tables. These were spread on trestles under the trees behind the town hall. Of course, there were not enough seats to accommodate everybody at once, and it was rather agonizing, after a long afternoon on the field, to have to stand around for three-quarters of an hour and watch your luckier neighbors gorge.

In the background the colored cooks "patted" oysters and fried them on stoves set up in the open air. In Maryland a fried oyster contains within its skin two or three of the original bivalve. The ladies of the village waited on the tables, for the proceeds were to be devoted to the church. Merridy was naturally the object of general regard, warm on the part of the men, cooler from the ladies—at any rate the younger ones. She sat between Page and Miss Molly, and pronounced the food good.

After supper there was an interval of circulating and visiting; then the girls gradually vanished, to dress at various houses in the neighborhood for the ball.

Miss Molly still piloted Merridy. By half past eight the last vestiges of the supper paraphernalia had disappeared, and all was ready for the dance on the second floor of the town hall.

The band, now with real work ahead of it, was waiting on the stage, and the company crowded about the walls. The wait was always a long one, for custom ordained that none might dance until after the "royal set," and the queen and her maids were sure to be late. Who could blame them? They say it takes a good half-hour to properly adjust a crown.

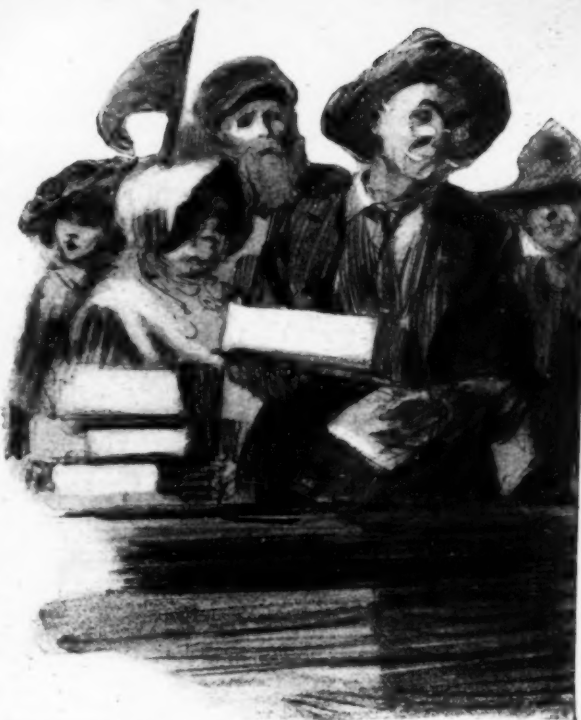
But at last, on the arms of their knights, they entered, doubly charming in their evening dresses, and proud under the crowns. The crowns were more properly tiaras made of little wax flowers and leaves cunningly intertwined, and vastly becoming alike to blond tresses and to sable. The couples lined up before the stage, for there was still the orator of the evening to be heard before the fun began. Everybody prayed that he might be brief. His speech differed from that of the afternoon no more than one pea from another.

"My friends, as I look about on the fair women and brave men—"

He made his bow, and at last the music was free to start. Only the successful knights and their ladies might dance the first number, which was still called the "royal set," though square dances had long since disappeared. Nowadays the royal set is a fox-trot, as like as not. Fortunately the shimmy went out of style before it got down as far as Travis County.

Page and Merridy were now able to dance together sufficiently well not to attract attention, but they did not get the joy out of it that they had a right to expect. It was agonizing to Page to be obliged to keep his mind on their course, while he was dizzyingly conscious of the touch of her hand on his shoulder and of the fragrance of her hair.

The boys crowded up to be introduced. Miss Molly saw to it, too, that the girls were not permitted to ignore Merridy.



THE SPECTATORS CROWDED UP BEHIND AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE

They greeted her according to their natures, coolly, kindly, or wistfully. Among the boys, however, there was perfect unanimity on the subject of Merridy. Her smiling simplicity put them entirely at their ease. Page reserved every third dance for himself, and the rest she distributed impartially.

To tell the truth, Merridy had the time of her life. She would not have exchanged this party for a dozen of Brutus Tawney's splendid affairs. What though these boys had not a dress suit among them? Their eyes had a warmth and candor that thrilled her, and they spoke their hearts.

They danced until dawn—the tournament having then lasted more than thirteen hours. Miss Molly sat it out to the last. According to prearrangement, Page and she took Merridy home with them. Miss Molly and Merridy were to enjoy a good visit the next day, and Page was to drive the girl back to Rhettstboro in the afternoon.

At noon the next day, when Page went out to the road to look in the rural delivery



box, he found the following letter from New York:

DEAR PAGE:

I expect you'll be surprised to get an answer to your letter so soon; but sometimes things

winter. It occurred to me that Eve Allinson's manager, Maurice Gibbon, might be a good one to tackle first. My idea was that he might want your friend as a possible understudy for Allinson.

I started out on his trail yesterday afternoon, but it was this afternoon before I located him at his office. My boss's name got me a hearing.



MERRIDY AC-  
CEPTED THE  
SIMPLE TROPHY  
WITH MORE  
EMOTION THAN  
SHE HAD  
EXPERIENCED AT  
HER GREATEST  
TRIUMPHS

happen quickly in this burg. When I looked at the photograph you sent me, I was struck by Miss Lee's resemblance to the published photographs of Eve Allinson, the famous musical-comedy star, who had all New York talking last

Gibbon's not a bad sort of fellow, more polished than some of them. He's a newcomer in the managerial field, but is said to have made a pot of money out of Allinson. There's a bit of a foreign look about him—extremely well-dressed and all that, smooth as velvet, impossible to tell what he's thinking about. He has a trick of showing the whites of his eyes, like a horse whose temper is uncertain, or as if he had a sudden twinge inside him somewhere.

Well, I gave him my song and dance, to which he listened with an absolutely expressionless face. That's how these fellows try to cow you. Finally I showed him the photograph. I swear he acted queerly at the sight of it—turned pale and breathed hard. Dog-goned if I know whether it was the photograph, or if he did have a twinge in his insides. Anyhow, he excused himself and left the room for a minute. When he came back, he was his usual smooth self.

He asked me many questions about Miss Lee, but of course I couldn't give him any more than you gave me in your letter. When he saw that he had got all he could out of me, he made believe to be very indifferent again.

"The young lady is pretty," he said, "but of course you know I'm simply bombarded with applications."

He said he'd think it over, and told me to come back next week. Page, I believe that was a stall, for he had previously asked me a dozen questions about Rhettsboro—where it was, how to get there, *et cetera*. Looks to me as if he meant to go down there, maybe to-morrow. Before I left he said in his patronizing way:

"This young lady attracts me somewhat, but you shouldn't say anything to your friend until I see you again. No use raising false hopes."

I made out to agree with him, but you're my friend, not he, so I'm writing to put you wise. If

he turns up at Rhettsboro, don't let him put anything over on you. If he's sufficiently attracted by Miss Lee's photograph to go all that way, he'll be glad to pay a good sum to get her. Don't be afraid to strike for a big figure. Two hundred a week is not much nowadays. Above all, if Miss Lee has the goods, warn her not to tie herself up to Gibbon by a long-term contract. He has a reputation for doing that sort of thing. They say he only paid Allinson a hundred and fifty a week when she was making thousands for him.

I'm free to confess it looks funny that a mere snap-shot should get him going like that. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I misread the man entirely. So don't be too much disappointed, old boy, if he doesn't turn up. Just the same, I felt that I ought to warn you to be on the lookout. Stranger things have happened.

Let me know what happens. I'll keep you posted from here.

Yours in haste,  
HOWE.

Page read this letter twice over with a fast-beating heart, and put it in his pocket. It was characteristic of him that he said not a word about it to Merridy or to Miss Molly.

(To be concluded in the November number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

### BALLADE OF A KISS

IN vain, beloved, your speech denies

The truth your lips, another way,  
Told me last night in Paradise!

It is too late now to gainsay  
The love you gave me yesterday,  
When I at last had greatly dared,  
And you no longer said me nay;  
I take your kiss, but not your word.

Nor could you have it otherwise;  
Or shall I deem we kissed as they,  
The common lovers we despise?  
'Twere an ill compliment to pay  
The Lord of Love, whom we obey!  
Be sure, beloved, not unheard  
Of him that silent plighting—yea,  
I take your kiss, but not your word.

My heart your morning blush defies,  
For, when my lips upon yours lay,  
I gave you faith that never dies;  
All that I am, all that I may,  
All that to be I nightly pray,  
Blent with the sacrament we shared—  
All the divine in this poor clay;  
I take your kiss, but not your word.

### ENVOI

Princess, 'tis not for us to play  
Profanely, like the amorous herd;  
Words cannot take that kiss away.  
I take your kiss, but not your word!

Nicholas Breton